

1878.

New Series.

Vol. XXVII—No. 5.

THE  
**ECLECTIC**  
**MAGAZINE**

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

MAY.



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.



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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,  
Vol. XXVII., No. 5.

MAY, 1878.

Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

LORD MELBOURNE.\*

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

If it is desirable that there should be a faithful and accurate record of the men who have held all but sovereign rule over the British empire, Mr. Torrens' book will be a welcome addition to our political literature. Apart from any interest in individual character, such writings are integral parts of our history, and the personal biography is necessarily supplemented by much collateral information and diverse aspects of public men and things. In this case the work has not been done a day too soon. Lord Melbourne's generation has passed away, and, unlike his great and only-surviving colleague, he is not primarily associated with any of the enduring memories of his time. The story of the liberation of Catholics and Dissenters from political disqualifications, of the abolition of the Slave-trade and the extinction of Slavery in our colonies, of the

mitigations of our Penal Code, of the extension and organization of National Education in England and Ireland, of the Poor Law Amendment and similar social reforms, of the Tithe-Composition and analogous ecclesiastical accommodations to the spirit of the age, and, above all, of the expansion of constitutional rights, Parliamentary and Municipal, to the mass of the people, can be fully told without the occurrence of his name. And yet by perfectly legitimate means, without the possession of any doubtful privilege or the exercise of any objectionable power, he rose to the highest offices of the State, and may be distinguished as the last Gentleman Minister of England. His successors have each had some other distinguishing attribute. Sir Robert Peel was identified by birth and inclination with the commercial growth and middle-class interests of his country. Lord John Russell had his decapitated ancestor and his genealogy of traditionary politics. Lord Palmerston

\* Memoirs of Lord Melbourne. By W. M. Torrens, M.P. London: Macmillan and Co.

combined an English frankness in his treatment of affairs with an Irish light-heartedness of temperament that might have made him a demagogue if he had not been a statesman. Lord Derby had the wondrous faculty of speech, without which he would probably have devoted his life to sport and local management; and of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield it is enough to say that their remarkable careers owe nothing to social accidents and little to personal bearing.

The wealth of the Lamb family came from no territorial estate, but was due to the individual talents and exertions of two of its members. Mr. Peniston Lamb was a legal practitioner in the earlier part of the last century, who accumulated a large fortune by equity-drafting and pleading below the bar, which he left to his nephew Matthew, who followed the same profession, which he combined with the still more profitable occupation of agent to the Salisbury and Egmont estates. The Lambs were settled in Southwell, in Derbyshire, and they were intimate with the Cokes of Melbourne, an historic race also of legal origin, one of whom was member for Cambridge University in the first parliament of Charles I., rose to be Secretary of State, and was saved from the worst consequences of the Civil War by having been thrust out of his office by a Court intrigue. His descendant became Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Anne, and lives in elegant fiction as the Sir Plume of "The Rape of the Lock." Mr. Matthew Lamb, after his succession to his uncle's fortune, won the hand of the courtier's daughter, who, by the death of her only brother unmarried, became heiress of Melbourne. But before this accession of property, he had already purchased from Sir Thomas Winnington the pleasant residence of Brocket Hall, which became the family-seat and the scene of the good company of successive generations. It ultimately devolved on the present Lord Cowper, and is now the residence of his brother Henry, the intelligent member for Hertfordshire.

There was nothing in this genealogy or estate to distinguish its representative towards the end of the last century from other country-gentlemen of good position, had he not had the advantage of marrying a lady of singular personal attractions and social talents, the only daughter of Sir

Ralph Milbanke, a Yorkshire baronet, who seems to have at once acquired a command of the very exclusive, accomplished, and fastidious society, which at that time dominated in London life, and in which social and political influences went together. Under these auspices, no one was surprised when Sir Peniston Lamb became Baron, and shortly after, Viscount Melbourne, and formed part of the first Household of the Prince of Wales. Sir Matthew had been a contemporary and friend of Sir Stephen Fox, an intimacy which was cemented by the purchase of his town-house, now the front of the Albany, after he had restored the "brave old house at Kensington" sufficiently to inhabit it. This naturally brought about close relations with the leading Whig families, and it was chiefly into their companionship that the young Lady Melbourne was thrown, though the society at Melbourne House had not the exclusive political character that some of the Whig houses assumed, and which increased with the party-feeling that was intensified by the events and antipathies of the French Revolution.

The domestic life of Lady Melbourne's earlier days is transmitted to posterity in a happy association that may last as long as there exist representatives of our best English School of Painting; the colors may fade, the skill of the burin may be an extinct art, but in some form or other the eyes of men will for generations to come recognise with pleasure the young mother and child—the first-born Peniston—and the three children, Peniston, William, the subject of this memoir, and Frederick—in the "Maternal Affection," and "Affectionate Brothers," of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

William Lamb went from Eton to Cambridge, where he took no especial honors, but won the declamation-prize at Trinity College, an ordinary distinction, which resulted in an incident curiously illustrative of the political men and manners of the time. Mr. Fox, in pronouncing in the House of Commons an eulogy on Francis, Duke of Bedford, concluded with "a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator," an extract from William Lamb's academic discourse. What Parliamentary leader of our days would go out of his way to perform such an act of considerate good-nature, to gratify a family in which he felt a strong



personal interest? There was nothing original in the passage itself, but a commonplace nicely worded. The tone and subject of the essay, on "The Progressive Improvements of Mankind," deserve a certain notice from its date, so close to the period when the events of France had driven some of the best and noblest sympathisers with the cause of humanity to despair—when Charles Fox's praying to his "dear boy" Lord Holland, "still to have faith in liberty," had been a cry in the desert—when the closest ties of political amity had been severed, and the sense that the good cause had gone down weighed upon the hearts of men. But the hopeful ardor that characterizes this Essay testifies not only to the larger and more tolerant spirit of a society unaffected by the gloom of Burke and the panic of Windham, but to the sanguine and genial temperament of the writer. One ordinary observation, indeed, attracted my attention in reading Mr. Torrens' extract—"The mass of mankind can be amended only by experience, and experience can only be acquired by time,"—for I well remember Lord Melbourne, in his later days, replying to some one who had said that So-and-So would be benefited by his experience, "No, no; nobody learns anything by experience: everybody does the same thing over again—*mutatis mutandis*." Such are the lessons of life!

He was admitted to the bar in 1801, and went once to the Lancashire Sessions; but the death of his brother Peniston in 1805 altered his prospects, and in the same year he married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, cousin of the rising Mr. Grey, and his sister Emily was engaged to Lord Cowper; he thus became enrolled into the family-compact, of which he spoke as a considerable political embarrassment during the formation of one of his ministries: "Damn the Whigs! they are all cousins!" His entrance into Parliament was contemporaneous with Mr. Fox's accession to power, and had that statesman lived and successfully compromised with the opposition of the king to Catholic concession, he would probably have soon come into office, and prosecuted his career with a fair field and abundant favor; but the kindly master who had called public notice to his academic oratory was not there to hear and applaud his serious efforts, and it was under the lead of the man with whom he

was destined to co-operate in a great political revolution when they had both far passed the meridian of life, that he made his maiden speech. He moved the Address to the Crown in December, 1806, and the year after seconded the motion of censure on the succeeding Government for pledging themselves not to incommode the king further on the Catholic question. The latter speech is a clear and powerful statement of a constitutional principle, reading nowadays as very elementary, but no doubt at that time regarded as uncertain and debatable. It was well asked by him, "How ministers could at once act up to what they believed to be for the good of the country, and withhold their advice from the Crown upon any occasion, however important and indispensable—how could they keep their oaths as Privy Councillors, when they sank their responsibility as ministers?" But the majority of the House thought otherwise, and the party which took that pledge governed England for near a quarter of a century.

I have often thought that the fidelity of the Whig party to this matter of the equality of political rights to their fellow-countrymen in communion with the Church of Rome, has never been justly appreciated. Take it altogether, it is the most steadfast and purest protest for liberty of thought on record. There was nothing in the position or character of the Catholics of England to excite any especial interest. Their nobility, though personally popular, as in the case of "Jockey of Norfolk," were politically insignificant. The creed which excluded them from the rights of Englishmen was the very same for the maintenance of which the king had been driven from the throne, and an alien prince made sovereign of England by the Whig party themselves; for a century a conspiracy had existed for the establishment of a Catholic dynasty, bursting out into two rebellions, and only ceasing with the extinction of the race. Nor was anything to be gained in popular favor. On the contrary, the notion of the justice and policy of exclusion from political rights on account of ecclesiastical opinions and practices was thoroughly familiar to the English mind, and the counter-doctrine of the independence of religious thought only existed and fructified in a few superior intelligences as the philosophy of

the eighteenth century. The French Revolution, in its orgy of liberty, had persecuted the Catholic clergy with the energy of the Inquisition, and the newly-united Kingdom of Ireland was looked upon as rescued from the papist ferocity of '98. Notwithstanding all this, the Whig party did for the work of individual liberty of conscience all that, and more than, the Legitimists of France have done for the passion of affectionate Loyalty, or the English Dissenters for the maintenance of the rights of private Conscience. This tolerance of the intolerant cost some of the wealthiest and most powerful Houses of our Nobility, and the highest intellects in the political arena, the loss of all the honors and emoluments of public life for nearly a generation of men, and when at last their persistence and self-sacrifice had triumphed, the result of the victory was so unsatisfactory, the failure to weld the Catholics into one national unity so palpable, that, when some one was reviewing this phase of our history in Lord Melbourne's presence, he said, "The worst of it is that the fools were in the right."

There is much forgetfulness of this disposition of the country in the continual accusation brought against the Regent, that he did not call on his personal companions and political associates to form a government, as soon as the restrictions on his position were removed, and he became the virtual sovereign of the realm. Even with the limited constituency that then existed, it is very doubtful whether the authority of the Crown itself could have carried Catholic Emancipation. But the rooted objections of the reigning family were in accordance with popular prejudice, and had the old associates of the Regent been placed in office, they would inevitably have been turned out on the first dissolution. They could not with honor have left the great subject of controversy an open question, as Lord Liverpool could do with perfect consistency; for with men like himself and Mr. Peel, it was a matter of policy, not of principle; and thus it was inevitable that all the well-meant attempts at coalition, which it appears from Lord Grey's correspondence were repeatedly made by the Regent, should have entirely failed in their object. It is indeed well that that deed of justice was consummated even at what appeared the eleventh hour, for the spirit that resisted the Occasional

Conformity Act of James II. is still dominant among us, showing itself in determined opposition to all historical and ritual developments in the Church, in the indignation at the supposed Papal Aggression, in the defeat of every scheme of Concurrent Endowment or higher Catholic education in Ireland, in the fact that there is not a single Catholic representative in Great Britain, and that no amount of personal ability or influence has given, or would give, a Catholic a seat in the Cabinet. Under the suffrage of the Reform Bill, and still more with the present extension, Catholic Emancipation could only have been won at the imminent risk of a Civil War.

The mild and tolerant Opposition, almost confined to this topic, that prevailed during the whole of Lord Liverpool's administration, was very agreeable to the temperament of William Lamb. With one of its members he was on terms of more than intimacy. There may, therefore, have been some bias of personal inclination in Mr. Canning's words in January, 1817, when, in reply to his speech on Mr. Ponsonby's amendment to the address, he alluded to him as "an honorable gentleman who never spoke without making a deep impression by his eloquence and ability." The speech, though well reported, hardly justifies such eulogy, especially as it is the best of his efforts at that time, as given in these volumes. It has, however, an indirect interest as showing the state of his mind at that time, on the demonstration of popular opinion which had been provoked by the prevalent distress. After vindicating the right of the people to petition for any lawful object they thought connected with their interests, privileges, or well-being, and expressing his reverence for popular meetings which were regularly and quietly conducted, he goes on to speak with much severity of all riot and disturbance. "Tumult for liberty and right was not only dangerous and destructive, but was a liar and never kept its promises: it led in the end, through scenes of anarchy and blood, to a political tyranny or military despotism—the more fatal in its nature, and the more hopeless in its consequences, from the circumstance that the people were taught to seek refuge under its protection from the more appalling evils of insecurity and confusion." In the autumn of the following year oc-

curred the disaster of Peterloo Fields, near Manchester, and the public excitement in consequence caused Lords Sidmouth and Eldon to announce severe measures of repression. But before they were taken into consideration, Lord Althorp moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the state of the country, with a view to ascertain the cause of the discontent and distress which had led to the recent manifestations of a desire for organic change, and among the speeches of that debate occur the first words of Mr. Lamb on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. "He was apprehensive that coercive measures in the present state of the country must prove injudicious, and was afraid that more meetings like that of Manchester might be expected, if something was not done to conciliate and tranquillise the public mind. A measure, he understood, was to be brought forward by an honorable friend of his, the object of which was to effect a reform in Parliament. He should be ready to support it if he thought its provisions were good. He had hitherto objected to the plans of the advocates for Parliamentary Reform, because he thought them not calculated to effect their object, and tending to degrade rather than to improve the representation of the people." But that question had to wait many a day.

With the redress of economical abuses, which in parliamentary history are mainly identified with the persevering and ultimately successful, but altogether unrewarded, efforts of Joseph Hume, and which were tepidly supported by the Whig party, Mr. Lamb showed no especial sympathy; indeed, he was complimented by Mr. Canning as not regarding retrenchment as an unmixed good, taking into account the pain and loss it might inflict on individuals. This consideration for the feelings of others he never lost during his own administration of public affairs, and it found expression in an answer to some one who offered his opinion that the retaining of power in 1840 was doing the party more harm than good—"Nobody supposes I want to stay—do they? But I must think of the poor fellows who will have to put down their broughams,"—a sentiment which will sound very loose and unpatriotic in these more conscientious days. It is therefore not surprising that Lord Liverpool should have offered sub-

ordinate office to Mr. Lamb, nor, to those who knew his idiosyncrasy, was it surprising that he declined it. "If I am anything in politics," he once said, "I am a leader." Not, indeed, that he underrated purely administrative work; but he knew that he had no need of any such apprenticeship, as he proved in his Irish Secretaryship and in the Home Office. The late Sir James Graham was wont to advise any young man in whom he saw capabilities for a high and responsible position not to accept any inferior post, if he had a safe seat and the prospect of a successful and continuous parliamentary career. "The House of Commons," he used to say, "is the best school for official life: a man who takes a leading part in its business, who watches its temper with observation, and who uses it for the acquisition of friends and acquaintances, wants nothing more to fit him for any place he can get. I went straight from it and St. James's Street to the Admiralty, was in the hands of the clerks for a fortnight to learn the routine, and was my own master ever after."

There are however men to whom the mere transaction of public business is grateful in itself, and who rather shrink than otherwise from the superior and more responsible functions of State. They like the occupation and its interests for their own sake, and want nothing more. Of this there is a remarkable example in that generation—Mr. Wilson Croker, who, while performing the modest functions of Secretary of the Admiralty, became in his own way a political power, and who said, when he left his public life, that "he retired as from a feast from which he had derived all the satisfaction of which his nature was capable." But William Lamb knew he had a future, and knew how to wait. He lived, indeed, in a society which fully accorded with his talents and inclinations, of which Melbourne House in its prime had been one of the chief resorts, and of which, during his maturer life, Holland House was the centre. Literary not learned, speculative not philosophical, sympathetic not enthusiastic, this form of high life was the last survival of the spirit and bearing of the eighteenth century, and it is well that its leaders have passed away before they had to confront a state of manners where civility has lost its gaiety and humor is transmuted into frivolity.

But much as he gave to and received from Conversation, William Lamb did not depend on it for occupation. Besides his political interests, he was a systematic and various reader; and all these habits went well together, for in his younger days it had been the fashion not only of politicians, but of men-about-town, to read. Beau Brummel was a good scholar, besides being a man of much natural wit, and an apt quotation in Latin, French, or English was then the best contribution to a dinner-party. Down to its close, the visitors of Holland House were supposed to be familiar with their own and French literature, though German probably came to them through translation and was hardly good company. But even here Mr. Lamb was distinguished for his general knowledge and quaint way of producing it. He had had, in common with Lord Henry Petty and Lord John Russell, the peculiar training in mental inquiry which was then thought of some value to a future politician; and Lord Lauderdale had introduced him to Professor Millar—the author of the *Historical View of the English Government*, which now rests on our ancestral shelves, to use the words of Charles Lamb, with Whiston's Josephus and the lettered backgammon-board,—as “the only person I have yet recommended to you of whom I think I could with any safety say that you will have real comfort and satisfaction in having him as a pupil.” It is not recorded whether this anticipation was fulfilled, but the winters of 1779–80, spent in Glasgow, left their mark on William Lamb's tastes and tendencies. It seemed to superficial people strange that, with the very secular education he had had, and what was then thought the over-free thought that prevailed among his habitual associates, he should take so much interest in Theology. Sydney Smith used to recount how he carried off Jeremy Bentham in triumph from Holland House to Kensington Church, and drilled him through the novel experience of service, and there is no doubt that ecclesiastical considerations were then and there very much at a discount, though there was no ribaldry or even indecorum on such topics. But Lamb's interest in those subjects had a deeper basis. It is a necessity for really humorous minds not to rest content with second-hand authority, but to trace all

serious conclusions to their sources, and to recognise the immense effects that have followed the development of the religious faculties of mankind too earnestly not to desire to get at the root of the matter. In the case of Christianity it seemed to him that the early writers of the Church must have stimulated, and in many cases generated, certain doctrines, and he was happy in a sufficient retention of the original languages as the means of consulting and analysing its most valuable documents. Nor could he keep the feeling of religion out of his calculations of the public welfare. At his own table, in 1840, he said, “The Whigs have always neglected two great powers in their estimate of public opinion: the Church of England and the Pope.” And he supplemented this remark by a reminiscence, which had a curious application to the conduct of his colleague, Lord John Russell, not many years after, on the advent of Cardinal Wiseman: “Not that I have any reason to speak well of the present Pope; he was very rude to me. I wrote to Aubin, asking him to give a Cardinal's hat to an Irish bishop who had been of great use to us in the management of the country, but he took no notice whatever of my request.” This Mr. Aubin was the recognised but unaccredited representative of the English government to the Court of Rome, a delicate office filled in our days with so much ability by Mr. Odo Russell, but which has been discontinued since the fall of the Temporal Power. The Pope was Gregory XVI.

There are many public men in whose biography the relation of the circumstances of their domestic life would be superfluous and even discordant, but the character of Lord Melbourne would not be faithfully delineated were his altogether omitted. They have besides acquired a kind of after-notoriety from the journals and notices of the period. Mr. Torrens has not had the advantage of any confidential communications from the family, and thus has been free to use what materials he could get, and he has done this with discretion and kindly feeling. From what the public has known of Lord Melbourne's relations to the other sex, it is evident that he required for his satisfaction something more than ordinary womanly companionship, and that in selecting a partner for



life he ran the risk that must always attend the desire for the deeper affections and the higher sympathies. In the autobiography of the most notorious courtesan of the time, she mentions that one of Lamb's brothers offered to introduce him to her. "Perhaps he will supplant you," she said. "No fear of that," replied the other; "William will never fall in love with you." All that knew Lady Caroline Ponsonby agree in her charm of manner, grace, vivacity, and real talent, marred, however, by an excessive love of admiration. Her early childhood had been passed with an invalid mother abroad, and her education, after she was sent to Devonshire House to be brought up with her youthful cousins, is thus described by herself in a letter to Lady Morgan:—"We had no idea that bread-and-butter was made; how it came we did not pause to think; but we had no doubt that fine horses must be fed on beef. At ten years old I could not write. My cousin Hartington loved me better than himself, and every one paid me the compliments shown to children likely to die. I wrote bad, spelt bad, but made verses what they all thought beautiful. I preferred washing a dog or polishing a piece of Devonshire spar, or breaking-in a horse, if they would let me. All my childhood I was a trouble, not a pleasure, and my temper was so wayward that Lady Spencer told Dr. Warren to examine me. He said I was neither to learn anything or see any one for the fear the strong passions and violent whims found in me should lead to madness, of which, however, he said there were as yet no symptoms. I differ." In this account there is probably the exaggeration that characterized all Lady Caroline said and did, but there is enough to show how perilous was her union with a susceptible, tender-hearted man. With a husband of a severer type she might have been tamed into an orderly state of mind, though not without much suffering; but it soon became apparent that she must be a constant anxiety and a discord in the life of William Lamb; and when their only son passed from a childish promise of superior intelligence to a condition of gradually increasing incompetency, a cloud settled on his house, which even his happy temper could not remove.

The name of Lady Caroline figures in a scandalous chronicle that seems to have

a special attraction for mankind—the Loves of the Poets. Had we possessed Lord Byron's Journal—which we might have done, as I have been assured by the only surviving person who has read it, without any outrage on public decency or anything worse than a caustic picture of the London of his time—there would assuredly have been an amusing description of this romantic passion, in which he could hardly be said to have participated. Mr. Torrens does not insert the traditional but undoubtedly authentic story of her stabbing herself with a supper-knife at some entertainment where he did not respond to her attraction, and, while he gives a very modified version of her following him about in male attire, represents the whole connection as an outburst of æsthetic vanity. It is certain that Lord Byron's relations with Melbourne House depended far more on its maturer owner than on the younger inmate; and, besides, it was there that he met the cousin whom he unfortunately married. For this untoward alliance Lady Melbourne was mainly responsible. In Lady Caroline's journal the first insertion respecting Byron is "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know," qualities probably the most attractive to her idiosyncrasy. She afterwards speaks of him as altering the character of the amusements at Melbourne House or Whitehall, where they practised the recently introduced dances of waltzes and quadrilles. "There was nothing so fashionable, but Byron contrived to sweep them all away." The repugnance of Byron to these social attractions, as was manifested in his verse, probably came from his own lameness, of which he was always morbidly thinking, but the circumstance that he was able to affect the habits of such a house shows that considerable regard must here have been shown to his tastes and inclinations. With true discrimination, Mr. Torrens suggests that the affinity between the poet and his admirer was the self-idolatry which was predominant in both—in the man who was all for himself, in the woman who wished the man to be all for her. No doubt in her own way the poor lady's passionate declamations in prose and verse had a sincerity of which his replies were entirely deficient, even up to the two last forms of the romance, her novel of *Glenarvon* and his lines to her on

quitting England (if, indeed, they were ever intended for her, as she and her friends believed):—

"Farewell! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal avails on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky."

To her husband, whatever might have been his disposition, the mere publicity of the affair must have been profoundly painful, and there is little wonder that the incompatibility of the parties should have resulted in a project of separation. His family were especially urgent on the matter, and, in fact, looked on it as a happy release. But there seems a good foundation for the anecdote that when the lawyer came to arrange the terms, he found Mr. Lamb with his wife on his knee, feeding him with small bits of bread-and-butter. By this time, indeed, he must have been deeply impressed with the necessity of yielding to the inevitable, and thus seems to have made no further attempt at any legal measures. The domestic tragedy of wife and child went on darkening his life till hers ended in a paroxysm of gratitude and affection in 1839, and his only child's just after attaining manhood, in physical comeliness and mental decay.

By the time, therefore, that Mr. Lamb attained any political eminence he was practically alone in life. He accepted the Irish Secretaryship from Mr. Canning in 1827, and retained it till Mr. Huskisson's irresolution drove himself and his friends out of office. Of this period, which is in truth the touchstone of Lord Melbourne's administrative capacity, Mr. Torrens is a most explicit historian. He has had full access to any papers that could be supplied by the family of Lord Monteaule, and by the representatives of the man who, above all others, influenced his political fortunes, Henry Lord Lansdowne. The circumstances were not unfavorable; the Emancipation of the Catholics was evidently drawing nearer and nearer, and the uncertainty of many public men was only waiting for some event which should give them an excuse for closing this weary controversy. That came before long in O'Connell's election for Clare County, when George IV. showed himself, as indeed it seems to me he always did, a constitutional sovereign, who, however positive in his predilections, gave way when he found that his ministers and his people were agreed.

From the vantage-ground from which we now look on the history of the Protestant Church in Ireland, it appears astonishing that resistance should have been made by the Tory party to every measure which tended to mitigate its annoyance and arrogance to the Irish people. The dearest friends of the Establishment could have done nothing better to insure its continuance than to substitute any other mode of tithe-collection than that which brought before the Catholics the daily sense of the exaction of tribute to an alien Church. Yet it was only after long and repeated efforts that a satisfactory Tithe-Composition Act was passed, and no attempt was made even to redistribute the revenues of the Church in any equitable proportion to the wants of the Protestant population itself. It was otherwise with the Appropriation Clause, which afterwards decided the fate of a Government. Let us not press hardly, as has been frequently done, on the Liberal party for abandoning that ground after they returned to power in 1830; for, in truth, even the fall of the Establishment itself has failed to decide that question, and the appropriation of the surplus of the revenues of the Irish Church is still a problem of the future. Mr. Gladstone himself had to give up his ingenious solution of transferring it to Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums, and was glad to leave the difficulty to his successors.

There was a certain Irishry (as Irishmen then were) in William Lamb's character, and during his time there was a clear improvement in the relations between the Irish Office and the leading classes. He was amiable and accessible to all the world, but what could he do with the lawyers when he found only one county-court judge in this country professing the ancient faith, and when Lord Manners persisted in denying to O'Connell, then practically at the head of the bar, any professional precedence? What could he do with the Civil Service, when he had to suspect that his own letters were opened, and only hoped they might not be sent to his wife; and when a noble friend of his own and of the Government protested against a measure facilitating the recovery of debts on the ground that if it passed "all poor gentlemen who happen to be in difficulties must fly the country"? What could he do with the expression of public opinion,

when, on discovering the subsidies that were regularly given to the Irish Press and proposing to abolish them, Plunket laughed loudly and said, "This is Utopian"? What could he do with patronage, when his friend Lord Clare wrote violent and offensive letters to himself and the Lord Lieutenant, because he did not give a living to a man of no particular character, whose father had the largest benefice in the diocese, and when he was obliged to think it a triumph of liberal opinion to appoint, for the first time, a Catholic to be a Lunatic-Commissioner? It is certainly no wonder that William Lamb left Ireland very disheartened as to the effects that Catholic Emancipation would produce when it came at last, and with little faith in Concurrent Endowment, and with no belief in a possible scheme of National Education.

During Mr. Lamb's residence in Ireland his wife became seriously ill, and there is a pathetic correspondence in which the great Reconciler obliterates the painful past. She writes to him, "I never met with such affection and kindness as from all persons of both our families; but what pleased me the most was your dear letter saying you loved and forgave me." He left Ireland to be with her at the last, and returned to it no more. In the summer of 1828 his father died, in his eighty-third year, and there seems to have been a question of his becoming First Lord of the Admiralty, when the Canningite experiment of the restoration of the ancient dignity in the person of the Duke of Clarence had lamentably failed. In his first appearance in the House of Lords he was successful, for a competent judge remarked, "He speaks like a great man," but he characteristically damaged his position by vindicating his brother Frederick's diplomatic conduct against the government of which he himself had been a member.

The frequent and often rapid changes of opinion with regard to the capacity and character of public men, which Mr. Grenville allowed himself to insert in his *Journal*, while damaging to his own powers of judgment, are interesting testimonies of the estimate of the day. Thus his views of the members of Lord Grey's administration in the autumn of 1830—"Graham too idle, Melbourne too inconsiderable, Auckland too ignorant"—may have re-

flected the notion of the moment. But before a month has elapsed, he writes that "the only minister who has had anything to do is Melbourne, who has inspired all those about him by a sudden display of activity and vigor, expert and diligent transaction of business, for which nobody was prepared, and which will prove a great mortification to Peel and his friends, who were in hope he would do nothing, and let the country be burnt and pillaged without interruption." His Irish experiences were thus probably of use in his dealings with the agrarian disturbances in Hampshire; but somehow or other they had not taught him to insist upon such a policy in Ireland as should make Catholic Emancipation a reality. Mr. O'Connell, who by professional standing alone might well have been Attorney-General, was not even offered a silk gown, and was provoked into a Repeal agitation, followed by an arrest of doubtful legality. It would be wrong to infer from Lord Melbourne's general amicability that he was without his dislikes and even antipathies, and he seems fully to have shared the repugnance of the leading Whigs to the great Agitator. Immediately after Emancipation O'Connell had been invited to Holland House, and some attempts at social conciliation were made, but, on whatever side the fault lay, they entirely failed. Even when later negotiations were going on to place him in the highest judicial offices, and which were very nearly successful, there was no real friendship between the parties. As an example of this ostracism, Mr. Torrens records that Lord Lansdowne mentioned that after Lord Melbourne's second administration, his friend, Mr. Thomas Grenville, the retired politician and bibliophile, had written to him, regretting that he was obliged to give up visiting at Lansdowne House for fear of meeting O'Connell, and I myself remember when Lord Morpeth, about 1841, gave a *fête* at Chiswick, chiefly for the purpose of showing civility to the Irish members, that many of his personal friends declined to go to it for the same reason, though one lady of high position told me she did so, not on political grounds, but "because the man would not fight."

The part that Lord Melbourne took in the Reform Bill was an evidence of his largeness of view when he applied his

mind to a great question. Notwithstanding the inclination he had shown in 1819, he had never been regarded as desiring any organic change in the representation of the people, and therefore when the question was once launched and the details came to be considered, his colleagues must have been surprised when on the debatable point of the amount of the franchise he pronounced in favor of a low figure. "Unless we have a large basis to work upon, we shall do nothing." "Lord Althorp," says Sir Denis Le Marchant, in his admirable biography, "and Lord Durham, on the other hand, would have consented to a £15 or £20 franchise, if accompanied by the ballot, which brought on them the shrewd remark of the Lord Chancellor, that the Bill would thus create more nomination-boroughs than it destroyed." As at the beginning, so at the end of the great struggle, Lord Melbourne was for doing the thing thoroughly if at all, and he did not shrink from the determination to create sufficient Peers to carry the Bill. But he was unable to profess any cordiality or earnestness in the whole matter, which would account for Greville's description of his general attitude at the time: "his lazy, listening, silent humor, disposed to hear everything and to say very little;" "his sense of the weakness of the government, and his expression of belief that there was no strong feeling in the country for the measure."

And this relaxation of interest was probably not confined to himself in the Cabinet; for the distrust as to the effects of their own measure was very much that of their opponents, who asked, "How the king's government was to be carried on?" Lord Durham's pertinacity, even, perhaps, his unmannerly treatment of his chief, whom he accused of lukewarmness, and which on one occasion was such that Melbourne said "if he had been there, he would have knocked him down," may not have been without its use; and the foundation of the ill-will between Lord Brougham and his colleagues was evidently laid in those discussions. But Melbourne's consideration in council must have been considerably augmented for him to have been designated, as he was, for the premiership on the resignation of Lord Grey. The King, in sending for him, had no doubt been actuated by the hope that he might form a coalition-government, and had de-

sired him to put himself into communication with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Stanley. The supposition that Lord Melbourne would and could have done this, is evidence of the King's estimate of his political moderation, and belief in the comparative weakness of his party ties. But the firmness of his reply must have undeceived the Sovereign, who, in permitting him afterwards to form his own administration, made little concealment that he yielded to necessity.

There were, in truth, two men in his Cabinet whom Lord Melbourne must have felt the country and the party might have preferred to himself, if they had been willing to take the lead, Lord Althorp and Lord Lansdowne. But the repugnance of Lord Althorp to the position, both then and afterwards, was unsurmountable. Such interests as he had were departmental, and they were by no means strong. It was a simple fact that he disliked office, and the sacrifice of time and private occupations, which is so often a phrase or a bait for applause, was with him a plain reality. Lord Lansdowne was a very different man—essentially a public man in all senses of the word and in all interests of human existence, able and ready to lead, not only in political, but in the best walks of social and intellectual life. And yet when the Premiership was within his grasp, and it was so more than once, he quietly let it go by. Perhaps it came too late. If it had followed in a continuous line, such as Lord Henry Petty began, he might have accepted it as the legitimate termination of his career. But, whatever the motive, no doubt the effect, as far as his own repute was concerned, was greater than would have followed on any successful Administration. As it was, Lord Lansdowne held for the last thirty years of his life a unique position in this country. He was not only the man who might have been Prime Minister had he so willed, but he remained the natural leader of his party in the House of Lords, the necessary member of every Liberal Cabinet, even when he held no office; he was the simplest host of the most noble mansions, the intelligent patron of letters and art who became the familiar friend, the frequent and welcome guest of the plainest as of the most lordly houses, the man who has left the largest gap in the London



world, and whose name is a synonym, both here and in foreign lands, of all that is most creditable in our aristocratic life. He would hardly have been all this had he been identified with the fortunes of any government as its chief: he might not have had fewer friends, but he must have made some enemies.

The shortness of Lord Melbourne's first administration gave it no opportunity of political action, but its dismissal is connected with questions of constitutional interest. The initiative taken in this affair by the Crown has been lately appealed to by the advocates of a similar course taken in a neighboring country. Curiously enough the ultimate issue has been identical. In France now as in England then, the executive turned its Ministers adrift on the plea that they had the confidence of only one branch of the Legislature. The incoming government was obliged to dissolve Parliament, and a majority was returned against them notwithstanding the exercise of much illegitimate interference. The King, like the Marshal in France, yielded to necessity and took back the Whigs, but with an exceedingly bad grace and an unnecessary display of submission to coercion. This continued till his death; and it required all the tact, delicacy, and good-humor of Lord Melbourne to manage the daily communications with the Crown without scandal or collision. In small matters the King was continually asserting his authority, and concessions had to be made with care not to draw them into precedents. The House of Lords kept up a factious opposition, throwing out Bill after Bill which had been agreed to by their own party in the House of Commons, and a serious revival of the popular anger which had been generated by the resistance to Reform arose in the country. On this point Lord Melbourne said, in reply to Lord Lyndhurst's call to the Government to resign—"The promises made in the King's speech were what I had the power of asking, but their performance I could not command;" and continued—"I have been accused of entertaining a desire to hold up to contempt the House of Lords, and break in upon the constitutional powers of the State. This is not the case. I know too well the assistance and the services which such a branch of the constitution is capable of rendering to the State,

and I know full well that the State stands in need of all the honest services which it can command. It is not we whom your Lordships have to accuse, but your own conduct only, if you find your power and influence with the people upon the decline. If it should ever happen that the party opposite should hold office again, and you should find yourselves hurrying forward the very measures which you are now rejecting, as has happened to you before, it will be much less easy for you to explain that part of your conduct to the satisfaction of the public and to your own consciences, than it is for me to stand erect under the load which the noble and learned lord says I have pressing me down."

There were three men whom Lord Melbourne had converted into active opponents by the formation of his second administration—Lord Durham, Lord Brougham, and Mr. O'Connell. Having failed in obtaining the Foreign Office in 1835, Lord Durham had gone as ambassador to Russia, but with a continual regard to employment at home. There was, however, so direct an antagonism of temperament and political object between him and Lord Melbourne, that he must have been a dissolvent of any Cabinet of his that he had joined. In the exclusion of Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne knew very well what he was doing, and every anticipation was realised. Lord Brougham became not only the personal opponent, but the political enemy, at the risk of the loss of a great liberal reputation, and at the sacrifice of the associations of a long public life. Never was there a juster nor more skilful reproof than that delivered by Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords in reply to one of his displays of angry oratory: "Your Lordships have heard the powerful speech of the noble and learned lord, one of the most powerful ever delivered in this House, and I leave your Lordships to consider what must be the nature and strength of the objections which prevent any government from availing themselves of the services of such a man." O'Connell behaved with more dignity. He owned he had wished for office. He told Mr. Ellice that he longed for the opportunity to prove to the Protestants of Ireland that when in power he could and would do them justice. Mr. Torrens, indeed, does not think that an

opportunity had occurred to make O'Connell a suitable offer until the death of Chief Baron Joy in 1838, when negotiations were entered into to make him Master of the Rolls. It is never clearly understood why he declined it. I heard him once allude to the subject in the House of Commons, when he did not say, as he might have done, that his ties and pledges as a political agitator had rendered him inappropriate, to the Bench, but he alleged in a tone of much pathos that he had feared that his desire to do justice to his political opponents might have made him unjust to his friends—a somewhat forced application of what he had said to Mr. Ellice three years before. The truth may well have been that the ancient injustice rankled in his heart, and could not be drawn out by any such late and tardy reparation.

It was soon after his return to power that Lord Melbourne had to encounter what must have been very distressing to his gentle nature, a public inquisition into his habits of private life. To him it might be only the loss of office, but to the lady to whom he was sincerely attached the result might be social ruin. The witnesses were chiefly discarded servants of damaged character, and the whole proceedings bore rather the appearance of an attempt at extortion than of an injury to personal honor and domestic peace. The Attorney-General, who held Lord Melbourne's brief, asked for an adjournment; but on an intimation from the jury to the judge that it was hardly necessary, he gave way, and the verdict was given without the jury leaving the box. Had witnesses been called for the defence, it would have been shown that during the whole period of the incriminating suppositions Mrs. Norton was dangerously ill, and had seen only her family and her doctors. It is seldom that accusations of this kind do not leave some stains behind: this one damaged neither party. It produced an indignant disclaimer from Lord Melbourne's political opponents against the rumor that any one of them had assisted in or sympathized with the attack, and the friendship between the statesman and the accomplished lady continued unbroken till his death. Her loss, after many years of literary distinction, is fresh in our memory, and that of the distinguished man-of-letters whose name she afterwards bore, has,

within the last few weeks, been felt as a national calamity. Had the charge been proved the ministry would have been broken up, for we are far from the days when the minister Duke of Grafton used to go to Newmarket in a chaise with Miss Parsons and his little son, who lived to tell the story to men now living—and that with Junius looking on!\*

There came to Lord Melbourne towards the end of his life one of those happy opportunities of being at once powerful and useful, of combining the best self-satisfaction with a sense of accomplished duty, such as rarely fall to the lot of public men. By the accession of the youthful Queen to the throne he found himself in a position in which the best faculties of his mind were called out and his affections found the highest and purest exercise. He was *in loco parentis* to a young Sovereign to whom he could impart the fruits of his experience and the deductions of his reason with all the advantages of manner and form, to which he owed so much of his success in life. How well that work was executed the history of our institutions has recorded and will record, and how completely it was acknowledged and appreciated by the pupil and the Sovereign there has been no want of royal

\* Among the notable persons whom Lord Melbourne had met in Mr. Norton's salon at Storey's-Gate was young D'Israeli, just defeated in an attempt to get into Parliament for Wycombe. Unlike the Whig statesmen, who have habitually taken little interest in the fortunes and ambitions of aspirants outside their circle and connection ("we are not private-tutors, like Sir Robert Peel," I recollect one of them saying), Lord Melbourne entered at once into the immediate disappointment, and still more into the undiminished confidence of the remarkable youth. Mr. Torrens tells the story with some details that have an air of improbability. I believe the accurate version to be that in the course of conversation Lord Melbourne asked Mr. D'Israeli if he would like to be a Private Secretary to a Minister? and that he replied, "that he would rather be a Minister himself; indeed, he meant to be Prime Minister some day." Instead of expressing any ridicule or anger at this audacity, the actual Premier talked over the difficulties of the enterprise and the improbability of success. It was afterwards, when the death of Lord George Bentinck left the opposition without a head, some one coming into Lord Melbourne's room, said, "The Tories have taken D'Israeli for their leader," and the veteran replied, "Have they? Then the fellow will do it after all."

words to tell. In the decline of his physical power of self-control he could not speak on the subject without the deepest emotion, often with tears of love and loyalty. And no doubt the essentials of the character with which he had to deal were just those which appealed the strongest to his admiration and sympathy. He would say, "She is the honestest person I have ever known; the only difficulty was to make her see that you cannot always go straight forward, that you must go roundabout sometimes."

There was, too, no doubt much comfort in the management of public affairs with a Sovereign who not only trusted him, but whose first political inclination went with him. The associations of Kensington Palace, of the Duke of Sussex—the favorite uncle—all tended to agreement with the policy and desires of a liberal government. The ladies whom the accidents of political life then drew round the throne were endowed with the qualities which might attract and secure the affections of any young person; and when, after a short period, the destiny of the government of England turned upon the changes in a royal Household, there was no angry sense of Court intrigue or back-stair influence, but a fear of possible future unpleasant complications. It was felt to be a very natural incident, yet Lord Melbourne in later times expressed his regret at its issue, and it is very possible that, but for his extreme dislike to give even momentary annoyance to the Queen, he would have advised some such compromise as was afterwards effected. It was in truth the Whig party that suffered the most from the prolongation of a weak and disregarded Ministry. No one can recall without regret those divisions in the House of Commons when a majority varying from one to three was secured by an unscrupulous Whip; when dying men were wheeled into the House and awoke from unconsciousness by the cries of an indignant Opposition; and when the closeness of every vote made fairness a party offence and parliamentary independence impossible.

No sketch of Lord Melbourne's administration would be complete that did not include his relations to the Church. How much importance he attached to them in a party view I have already mentioned; but his inclination to theological study

colored all his nominations with a distinct personal intention. I suppose he is the only Prime Minister who not only read, but severely judged and criticized, the writings of every divine he thought of promoting.\* The great controversies which have since so severely agitated the Church of England were then in their infancy. Tractarianism was brooding at Oxford. The German neologists, in their most innocent inceptions, were interesting Thirlwall and frightening Rose at Cambridge. The London University was looked on askance as the possible, nay, probable, nursery of free and heretical thought. Lord Melbourne's opinions, naturally sceptical by habit of mind and eighteenth-century reading, were kept straight by Erastian principles, and he would no more have raised a man to a high place in the Church of England whom he thought might undermine its doctrines, than he would an engineer at Chatham who might blow up the docks. He was therefore much annoyed at the remonstrances of the two Archbishops against his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford. He thought him the best metaphysical head among the divines, and had appointed him solely for that reason. Telling the story afterwards, in relation to episcopal discontent at some other similar appointment, he said, "I always had much sympathy with Saul, and think he was a very fine fellow; he was bullied by the prophets just as I have been by the bishops, who would, if they could, have tied me to the horns of the altar and slain me incontinently." He would have defied any outcry against Dr. Arnold, whose sermons he much admired, but he did not quite like his management of Rugby, thought him crotchety, and especially objected to his recommendation of the use of the crucifix, not in itself, but as coming from him. It was otherwise with Thirlwall, in whom he seems to have taken a considerable interest, of which the object was entirely unconscious. In 1837, at the time of the nomination of Dr. Stanley to

\* I remember that when I sent to Sir Robert Peel my *One Tract More*, kindly noticed by Dr. Newman in his *Apologia*, he promised to read it, but said that with regard to the series his *vestigia* would be *retrorsum*. And he had been member for the University of Oxford.

Norwich, he had carefully read the Translation of Schleiermacher's Essay on St. Luke, with the Introduction which opened out what was then a new view of the composition of the Gospels, and had referred it to the Bishops of Ely and Chester, who expressed a want of confidence in his orthodoxy. A short time after, when another vacancy occurred, he sent the book to Archbishop Howley, who judged it with scholarly good sense and a deeper view of its meaning and tendency. Dr. Thirlwall's ecclesiastical career had been subject to some curious accidents. After his differences with the then Master of Trinity College, on the subjects of the admission of Dissenters and the attendance in college chapels, he was willing to accept any reasonable preferment, but nothing turned up which the Government could offer him. When Lord Melbourne's first ministry broke up, Lord Brougham said he thought he had provided fairly for all who had deserved well of the Whig party in the Church, with the exception of Sedgwick and Thirlwall. The next morning came the vacancy by death of a stall at Norwich, which the great geologist took and died in, and of the living of Kirby-Underdale, in Yorkshire (not in the gift of Trinity College, as Mr. Torrens has said, but of the Chancellor), by the suicide of the incumbent. This Thirlwall accepted, and was there quietly residing and writing his History of Greece, when Lord Melbourne's offer of the bishopric of St. David's unexpectedly arrived. He had first determined to decline it, having made arrangements to take a tour in Greece, but changed his mind by the time he arrived in London. He found Lord Melbourne in bed surrounded with theological works, including the Benedictine folios of the Fathers, who handed him the Schleiermacher with the Archbishop's comments, and said, "Had he objected I would not have appointed you." Greville mentions the superiority of Lord Melbourne's knowledge whenever such subjects of conversation occurred at Hol-

land House, but Mr. Allen's implication of him in his own religious disbelief probably rested on little foundation.

Mr. Torrens records Lord Melbourne's discontent at not being invited to take part in Lord John Russell's Government. I remember hearing M. Guizot remark that no statesman in England seemed to consider himself too old to return to office, whereas in France most men were well content to put *Ancien Ministre* on their cards. But he soon regained his equanimity, received old acquaintances at Brocket, paid visits at Castle Howard and Panshanger, and passed away quietly surrounded by family and friends.

To the political student this Life is of especial interest as a type that cannot occur again in our constitutional history. It belongs to the predominance of a class especially affected to politics, and which rarely and unwillingly admitted an intruder within its borders. A man in our day endowed with the faculties, character, and temper of Lord Melbourne would, under the same circumstances, be sought after in society, would acquire consideration among his friends, and possibly considerable local influence, although he must be certain to be often misunderstood, and must make up his mind to be misrepresented. With the same good sense, moderation of opinion, and agreeable diction, he might gain the attention of the House of Commons in quiet times, and, notwithstanding the carelessness of his manner, be regarded as an effective administrator by those who could look below the surface. But the higher prizes and powers of our polity would not be for him. Other talents than he could command, other means than he would care to employ, other forces than he might wish to evoke, are now demanded by the temper of the time and the developments of our national life. But we should not be the less grateful for this pleasant reminiscence, and be content to take it without further criticism or comparison.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

#### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE TURKS

'*Kesmet teknil olahjak!*' (Fate must be presently fulfilled.) '*Eumrunu bitirma-li!*' (The destiny of life must be accomplished.) In other words, 'You cannot

change the coming Future any more than you can undo the acted Past.' This false axiom is undoubtedly the article of popular belief the most widely accepted



amongst the Turks, and is the one *par excellence* held in all simplicity and sincerity by every individual man, woman, and child, in the nation, almost without exception.

'*Yazmish!*' (It is written.) 'It is ordered for us' is an instinct and confession natural to a people each one of whom knows what it is to be subject to the absolute and capricious will of another; first, in childhood, when the power and authority of the parent are supreme; next, it may be, in the self-abnegation of a slave before master or mistress; afterwards, in the abject subjection of the prisoner-wife to her husband; or, in the case of a man, in the cringing of the dependant before his patron—of the Effendi or Bey before the rich Pacha—of the Pacha *sans portefeuille* before the Heads of Departments—of the high government officials before the Grand Vizier—of the *Sadrâzam* before the *Padishah*.

And the Sultan himself? He is supposed to bow in utter nothingness before an absolute Will, or a vague Fate, to which his personality is as stubble before the wind.

'*Padishah büyük deil mi?*' (Is not the Sultan great?) '*Aman, Allah Soultanieh dan daher büyük dir!*'—*hepseh dan daher büyük dir!*' (But, God is greater than the Sultan—He is greater than all!) Such are the terms in which the Turks will try to lead one to conceive something of the greatness of their ruler, yet of even *his* subjection to a higher will. It is a hint to see as they see, and is intended to induce an involved mental process resulting in a conviction that the *Padishah* has boundless power, so rarely does anything occur to check the will of the absolute Ruler of Turkey.

Abdul Aziz had followed the bent of his own whim when he decided to visit the lands of the Ghiaours. The result was that in the West he basked for a time in the smile of general approbation, whilst, in the East, the sun of his popularity began to decline from the time of his return there in 1867; and, as it went down, a stealthy, lengthening shadow falling from the upraised and warning finger of Fate crept towards him whom it was at last to blot for ever out of sight. '*Kesmet*' hath to be fulfilled. Abdul Aziz was a doomed man!

The doom was believed in, and it was

looked for. A rumor—whispered beneath the breath and carefully kept from the hearing of Europeans—had gone abroad amongst some of the more exclusive Mussulmans of Stamboul, that '*kesmet*' menaced Abdul Aziz with some great but undefined danger, and that the year 1289 of the Mussulman Era would be one fraught with great peril to the Sultan.

(How strangely those forebodings foreshadowed events to come!)

That year began in the spring of 1872. Its commencement was looked forward to with stifled apprehensions. How could the threatened danger be averted? The '*Wise Men*,' it was said, had suggested one way of escape, and that was to avoid all mention of the fatal year—to let the lips of the Faithful remain closed on the dreaded date; to decree, in fact, that 1288 should be counted twice over and serve to designate two consecutive years, the latter of which was the real 1289, whose course of existence was to be thus tacitly ignored. Some went so far as to state that an Imperial decree would suppress the obnoxious date in all official documents purely Turkish. Others affirmed that the same mandate would reduce the number of those twelve unfortunate months to nine only, by making each to consist of forty instead of thirty days. As the lengthening of the month could not be accounted for by the superstitious dread of the fatal year having called forth a wish to hasten it to its end, it was affirmed by the discontented that the change was designed in order to lessen the total amount of '*aïlik*' (monthly pay) due to government underlings, *zaptiehs*, soldiers, sailors, and others, who would thus receive payment only nine times where they should have received it twelve times. Whether this ingenious device was, or was not, carried out I could not learn, the Sublime Porte usually being in arrears as to its reckonings with those in its pay.

But the lower orders in Turkey are remarkably patient in bearing the privations which the exactions of their rulers impose on them. About this time the poorer Mussulmans of Stamboul were looking on with unabated admiration at a fine new mosque, in process of construction, which was being built at the expense of the *Validé Soultan*, who desired it might be named after herself, and designed it to serve hereafter as her place of burial. Day after day the

beautiful structure of white hewn stone grew up; no noise of chisel or hammer was heard on the spot; the blocks were brought ready hewn and graved to be set up immediately in their place. For, bigoted as the Validé was, it was yet necessary to employ 'Ghiaour' artisans to fashion and ornament the coping stones destined to adorn the outer walls of the building. In all probability, her '*kaiah*' (steward) did not think it imperative to inform his Imperial mistress that the work was done by other than Mussulman hands. Very probably the fact was concealed quite as carefully from the rabble of the Turkish quarter, who looked on with uninquiring eyes, thinking chiefly of the day of the opening, when there would be an illumination, and a certain *largesse* would be distributed amongst the very poor by the bounty of the Sultanas.

The day of the 'consecration' was at last fixed for April the 5th. The Validé—who usually occupied a suite of apartments in the palace where her son might happen to be residing—drove in all the pomp of a gilt state carriage from Dolma Baghtché, on the European bank of the Bosphorus, through Galata, the merchant quarter, across the bridge over the Golden Horn, and so down into Stamboul, to open the Mosque in person. The Sultan himself was not present, but his son, the youthful prince, Yousouff Izzedin (having a carriage all to himself), headed the procession. This included all the Sultanas (princesses by birth), and the *Kadens* (chief ladies of the Sultan) belonging to the various seraglios. These members of the Imperial household, on alighting at the chief entrance, had to step over the still flowing blood of sheep slain in sacrifice, no new building being taken into use without this ceremony, which is supposed to be powerful to expel the *shaitans*, or evil spirits, who are believed to lurk in all unoccupied dwellings. Special prayers were then offered within the building, whilst the carcasses of the sheep were distributed to the poor outside. It is to be presumed that the safety of the Sultan was besought on this occasion with unusual fervor; and perhaps the opening ceremony had been timed with a view to counteracting the evil influences of 1289.

The Sultan himself, after his return from Western Europe, seems to have resorted to a popular Turkish device for

prolonging his days in safety. It is currently believed that '*kesmet*,' respects the life of a man who is carrying on the good work of house-building; so far, at least, as to spare him till the construction is completed. Now, Abdul Aziz was not merely indulging his fancy for having yet another palace when he decided on raising a new and beautiful one at Tchiraghan, and on throwing out a wing to it that should be a miniature imitation of the Crystal Palace he had seen in England. Although the Sultan showed considerable interest in the building, it was not hastened on as one might have expected it would be to please a sovereign impatient to behold the realisation of his idea. On the contrary, the work seemed rather to be constantly retarded on any trifling pretext. One day, when his Serene Majesty was being driven into the 'Crystal Palace' part of the slowly progressing palace, one of the wheels of his carriage jolted roughly over the projecting end of an iron girder that happened to be thrown on one side. This slight accident was taken as an omen. The pretty, light structure at once lost its charm for the Sultan: it was no longer pleasant in his eyes, since he had thus been rudely warned that the building would not be for his good. Disappointment, some said, caused the Sultan to give way to a burst of anger; and then and there the inexorable order was given that that part of the new building was to be taken down, and the design changed.

The needless expense of a few millions of piastres was disregarded, and the order was carried into effect; and the palace of Tchiraghan, with its light *façade* and shafts of many-colored marbles, and imitation Crystal Palace *limonlik* (or greenhouse), must have cost a fabulous sum. Every care was lavished on its construction, since it was intended to be the one monument and memento of the reign of Abdul Aziz, in the same way as the Palace of Dolma Baghtché was of that of his predecessor, Abdul Medjid. If each succeeding Sultan designs to build on a like scale, the people of Turkey need be rich indeed to bear the burden. It is said that in the capital and its vicinity the present Padishah owns a dozen palaces more or less sumptuous!

But all Turks who can by any means afford it, when they begin to get into

years, engage in building a new house, under the influence of the superstition to which I have alluded. I remember the case of one rich pacha who built, first, a *tehflik* or farm; then added to a country house he possessed inland; then ran up a spacious garden kiosk on the hills above the Bosphorus; afterwards built a large new house in the centre of the hareem buildings in town; later, added a new wing to his seaside house; next built a fine large sea-bath (itself a miniature kiosk); and afterwards pulled down the original *yali* (the house by the sea)—by no means an old building—and reconstructed it on a larger scale: all this in the space of barely five years! (About three years later he died.)

Adela Soultan, the sister of Abdul-Aziz, had the courage to undertake and accomplish the completion of a palace which had been a failure in warding off death from the person who began building it. The untimely death in this case was considered such an untoward event, that for years the skeleton building remained a prominent and melancholy object—a dark, unroofed shell of hollow masonry blinking down ironically from staring, unglazed casements—a hideous, incomplete ruin crowning one of the most picturesque sites, the tiny, sloping promontory that juts out from the Asiatic coast between Candilli and Vanikieuy, a little on the Constantinople side of the two Hissahs, or 'middle' villages, as the name imports; Anatoli (Asiatic) Hissah on the one bank, and Roumeli (European) Hissah on the other, each marked by its old round Genoese castle, showing in sober grey repose as the 'half-way house' on either coast of the winding, azure sea-way.

A similar shell of dark red brick masonry, standing close to the sea, its base almost washed by the waves, begun by some member of the Imperial family, and left incomplete at his unlooked-for death, used for years to disfigure the European shore nearer the capital; but it, too, was taken in hand at last by some enterprising 'builder,' and transfigured to a fair seeming. These and other such blots on the fair landscape about the Bosphorus were pointed out to me as evidence of the double superstition to which I have referred—namely, first, that a man's life is spared so long as he is engaged in building; but, secondly, should he die before the work

has grown to completion, this of itself is a sign that such a work is 'unlucky,' or displeasing to God, and harmful to anyone who should venture to go on building it without first duly reckoning with the Unseen Powers.

At all events, as I said, no new house is ever taken into occupation without a sacrifice being offered at the door, the future inmates passing over the blood of the yet palpitating victim as they step upon the threshold; and the ceremony is designed to dislodge those evil genii—gins, imps, or mischievous spirits—whom they designate *shaitans*, *affreets*, or *ghouls*, which are supposed to people the air and infest all hollow spaces and unused, empty dwellings, possessing an increased power for evil in darkness. The *affreet* is a mere mischievous sprite; the *shaitan*, or satan, is an evil spirit bent on doing one bodily harm; while the *ghoul* is a vampire that preys upon human dead bodies, and carries off the living watcher if resisted.

To those who take up this paper my recital will be merely a matter of amusement for an idle half-hour, and even the element of novelty may be wanting from the fact that they have read very much the same assertions elsewhere. But as I am not writing with the mere desire to amuse or interest, I wish my readers to realise the tyranny of mind and soul which such superstitions bring with them. We must observe the evil close to us, strangely changing the ordinary characteristics of those we meet with in everyday life, before we can conceive what its shadow indicates, or in any wise estimate the depth of mental darkness that has fallen upon the drowsy, dreaming woman of the East—like a pall covering the prone and lifeless figure of stifled Truth.

Life, that should be so bright and fair, is cankered by unfounded fears—fears which become enormous powers for evil in the hands of the unscrupulous. As an illustration of this I will narrate an incident that befell a very handsome slave girl whom I shall call *Gumusçleh Calpha* (the Silver Slave). This girl was for a year or more a resident in the same household as myself, and I therefore knew her well. She was about nineteen at the time, just perfect in timid maidenly grace verging into fair womanhood. She had been fortunate hitherto in having fallen into the hands of a kind mistress, who

had reared her with wise and tender care. Her type, seldom met with, indicated noble birth, her descent being probably from a mixture of Georgian and Abhasian races. Tall and symmetrical, with a neck like a column of alabaster; a finely-formed oval face; features square-cut, but yet showing sweetness as well as firmness; a grand forehead, and straight brows over thoughtful hazel-grey eyes;—in all but her softened bearing and soft tinting she would have made a splendid model for Cleopatra at her best. For Gumuschleh Calpha had a gentle, demure dignity all her own, which ensured her being treated with a certain deference. And the consideration lasted whilst her mistress lived to protect her. But, unfortunately, by the death of her protectress she fell at length to the inheritance of the husband of that one friend.

Her new master had scarcely had time to pass in review his recently acquired property in slaves, when a surviving wife managed to take the girl on a visit to our household as her own attendant, leaving her there on some slight pretext of illness. The girl was shy, and slow to choose a friend and *confidante* amongst the strange *calphas* (upper slaves). This left her much alone, and threw her on her own resources in any difficulty.

Now, one great ordeal in that household was the finding one's way about at the dead of night between the different portions of the rambling building that composed the two distinct hareems, divided by a garden with towering fir-trees and a central fountain. A long, hollow-sounding passage, covered in with zinc roofing and boarded up at one side, ran all along by the high stone wall of this garden. A dim lantern lighted it. Whenever the *kanums* (ladies) passed through it, they went preceded by eunuchs carrying huge lanterns, and their slaves in waiting followed close behind. No one would have ventured to go alone by that dangerous way for fear of the lurking *affreets* and *shaitans*. The *halaliks* (under-slaves) always went through it two and two when sent on a message, except in the case of Gumuschleh Calpha; she had no friend, and must find her way alone.

One evening she had been kept late on duty, and about midnight was ordered to fetch some wraps from her mistress's room. This necessitated her going alone along

the dreaded passage. She went without demur; but as she did not return within a reasonable time, other slaves were despatched to know what she was about. They found her in a swoon on the stone causeway. On coming to herself she declared that an *affreet* or *shaitan* had suddenly come quite close to her, and had whispered fearful hissing words in her ear. Her terrors had so greatly excited her imagination that she fully believed this; and the story was accepted as fact when, on rising next day, the news spread through the household that the *calpha* had become stone deaf—to our amazement and her own utter confusion and distress.

Either the fright or the inability to hear so affected her speech that it became a mere mumbling, and was no longer intelligible, and the girl's efforts to express to us what had alarmed her became painful in the extreme. She essayed to speak, but uttered only in deep, unnatural tones half-formed syllables of words; and by signs only could she make us understand that something had assailed her unexpectedly.

As such deafness was a most serious defect, greatly impeding her usefulness, and depreciating her marketable value, her mistress tried every means of cure that was suggested. In the first place, fumigations of the house and every separate apartment were resorted to. In the next place, the girl herself was subjected to the healing influences of the wreathing incense-smoke whilst the censer was carried round her, and the sweet-scented white cloud wafted in her face and ears. Then the silver dish was placed on the ground, and her hands and arms were passed backwards and forwards in the fumes, and she was finally made to walk seven times across the sacred fire.

As this did not effect a cure, a *Khodja* (a learned man) was called in to administer a text from the Koran. This he did by writing it on a slip of paper with gummy ink, afterwards washed off into water, which the girl was made to drink, the virtue of the holy words thus communicated to her being accounted an infallible charm.

But as neither remedy produced any change, a Dervish was brought to read over her certain portions of the Koran by way of exorcism. These were, doubtless, numberless repetitions of the two last



chapters, both of which have attributed to them great preservative and curative efficacy.

This being likewise unavailing, the *Munedj-djims*, or Soothsayers, were consulted as to the cause of the seizure, as to the medicines to be tried, and charms to be exercised. The patient was taken to touch the relics of saints; amulets, consisting of texts written on parchment folded into little three-cornered packets and securely sewn up in canvas bags, were to be worn round the neck suspended to silken cords, like so many odd-looking eyeglasses.

At last it became advisable to try change of scene, for *Gumuschleh Calpha* had become painfully thin, pale, languid, and dejected. Her soft, hazel eyes turned beseechingly from one to the other of us, as though disclaiming any blame in the matter. I understood her look, since any sudden misfortune of the kind is frequently attributed by the Turks to the just and rapidly retributive anger of heaven for some disrespect shown to the *Koran*, or to *bread*, which is looked upon as holy (for which reason, if a piece is by chance let fall, it is instantly picked up, kissed respectfully, and carried to the forehead, as an acknowledgment that it is the sustenance of our earthly life). We tried to make the poor girl feel assured we had no such suspicion in her case, being careful not to appear to shrink from her touch; but, on the contrary, offering to hold her hand, or caressing her soft, fawn-colored hair. At times she would stretch out her hands to us, in a way pitiable to behold, for help we could not give!

Whilst absent from us for change of air, she was, as I understood, watched over by the wives and daughters of a certain *Mevlevih Dervish* in their own hareem, and was the object of the special prayers of the holy man. After many weeks she was, not *cured*, but able to divine with surprising quickness, by a keen observation of the motions of our lips, the approximate meaning of what was said to her. Her speech, too, was much less inarticulate than at first, so that she could now make herself partially understood.

Was her mistress glad? I think not. The shafts of apprehensive jealousy had once winged their way to her heart, and were yet rankling there. Why then, do you ask, did she take such immense pains

to have her cured? One need be well versed indeed in the reflex motives of the human heart to give the answer.

As to *Gumuschleh Calpha*, she had become changed in manner. She was now cold and cautious, but ever on the alert to please her mistress and give no cause for offence. If questioned about her illness, she would throw out her open palms in emphatic disclaimer, averring, over and over again, '*Bir shaî bilemum!*' (I know nothing.) '*Wallich! Hitch bir shaî bilemum!*' (I know nothing at all. '*Wallich*,' pronounced with a strong emphasis upon the first syllable, seems to be equivalent to our asseveration 'Upon my honor.')

Yet, later on, the girl did take into her confidence one friend, whispering low, and looking round her cautiously as she did so. Was it altogether the *affects*? They certainly had frightened her when going along the passage, and she had fainted, but she was not deaf *then*. That came afterwards. She had lain down in her bed, on the floor of the long, dim, curtained *sala* (or corridor) where she had to be on watch at the chamber-door of a little child that was in her charge. Towards dawn she was awakened suddenly by feeling some liquid dropped into her ear, and then came excruciating pain! Was it the *shaitan*? She had turned in time to see a figure making off with a small bottle in its grasp. But she could distinguish no sound, and was in agony and the extremest perplexity and distress. Ending, she sighed, and looked the suspicions she dared not breathe, of having some secret enemy in the household.

The more superstitious among her companions probably connected her fright and its result with a 'haunted' room situated between the entrance to the dreaded garden passage and the *sala* in which she slept. It was dingy and dark, and used only as a *yemék odacie*, or dining-room. No one, I believe, ever ventured to unroll her bed *there*. For there, it was said, in far-off days, an enraged miser had struck off the head of his Arab serving-woman, as she was crouching ready to murder him whilst (as she thought) he slept, and preparing to carry off his treasures. The scene of the tragedy was said to become visible occasionally to those who had the gift of second sight. But these avowedly had been few, and I am not aware that any one in our generation claimed to have

actually seen the ghosts—the face of an infuriated Turk, and the flying head of an Arab slave in shawl turban!

After a while the haunted room itself passed out of mind, that part of the house in which it was situated being pulled down.

Gumuschieh Calpha, brought as a last resource to the notice of a European physician, was pronounced to be hopelessly deaf, the drum of the ear being destroyed.

The girl begged hard not to be sold, showed her willingness to be useful by an extraordinary readiness to anticipate the wishes of her mistress, by untiring vigilance in watching for orders, and extreme quickness in anticipating them. Docile and resigned as she had become, she made a most convenient *chibouquejee* to be in waiting to replenish pipes when visitors were calling on confidential business; so she was retained about the person of her mistress with a sort of contemptuous condescension.

What has been her ultimate 'fate' I do not know. One great crisis came to her in the death of her master and owner, and the removal of her mistress to a distant home. But what those changes have brought for her one cannot guess. Her life must probably be one long endurance of the whims of others—one long patience under her deep affliction. And her friends will have sighed over her, saying in a tenderly resigned tone, '*Eumrunu bitirmali! Kesmet teknil olahjak!*' and for her the unchangeable coming Future will have had to be endured, seeing *they* could no more undo the acted Past!

That the Turks believe in possession by evil spirits the following occurrence showed me.

One lovely moonlight night in summer, when the harem was located on the Asian bank of the Bosphorus, there was suddenly a great disturbance in the garden court, where the women of the household, who had been sauntering to and fro on the green sward, were all at once thrown into agitated wonderment. '*Né olmish, ad-jiba!*' (What has happened, I wonder!) was heard on all sides. We soon learnt that one of the Calphas had had a 'seizure' (*tootoolmish oldou*). She was in a little room opening on to the garden. Blue, cramped, rigid, and moaning, she lay, half unconscious, on the divan. It was

Joáli, at her best a stout, fresh-colored, hearty girl, often taunted, on account of her high cheek-bones, with being a *Moscov* (a Russian). She was a *hasnatee*, or wardrobe keeper; a quiet girl with plenty of good sense, in spite of a not very amiable temper. The *Bach Calpha* (Head Slave) wasted valuable time in ascertaining from the bystanders precise details of the attack. Meantime, I ran for the *hakim*, but no doctor was to be found. Alarmed at the violent beating of the sick girl's heart, they did not dare to move her for some time, but at last the *Bach Calpha* decided on her being taken to a small upper room in a detached building. So, half carried, half dragged along the garden path, she was presently placed in a bed on the floor, and an old *Nina* (mother) set to watch her.

The silent mysterious manner of these women convinced me that they believed this sudden attack to be a case of possession by evil spirits; that the girl was thought to have had what I must call a *moonstroke*. The evidence pointed to this conclusion. She had been walking in the court with her head uncovered, listening to the practice of the singing girls; the moonlight was bright and strong; presently she had gone into the class-room and had sat down amongst the other listeners, and then the fit had seized her.

My suggestion to try at once some simple remedy was strongly negatived; nothing could be done until a *Khodja* came. One was found in about three-quarters of an hour. Everybody had been feverishly anxious for his coming, but as soon as he appeared, all the women and girls ran out of sight excepting the watchers by the sick bed. I remained in the court, feeling no little surprise at the leisurely assurance with which the important personage entered. A small old man in a shabby, fur-lined, dark robe, worn over an under-dress (pink-striped cotton trousers and wadded jacket of the same material): on his head was the dark green turban, marking him to be a descendant of the Prophet; and, as such, held in repute for extra sanctity. He walked with slow, solemn, weighty step, and before going to see the sick girl, was 'led to the room where she was first 'seized,' to hear all that could be told of her employment, her character, her history, and other circumstances of the case.

Then he slowly followed the path to the sick-room, and as slowly mounted the little wooden staircase leading to it. The Khodja, seated on a low, flat cushion at the head of the bed, made a long recitation from the Koran, swaying his body violently backwards and forwards to the rhythm of a nasal drawl, the Nina, who had remained in the room, religiously imitating his action. The girl's face, during this time, was covered with a square of muslin as she lay flat in her bed; and the Nina had tied muslin over her head as if about to pray. The reading ended, a text was written and washed off in sherbet, which was next administered as a potion to the patient.

Then followed a curious part of the ceremony. Texts written in a bolder hand, with thicker ink on larger paper, were placed in a large metal *lay-en*, or basin. This was carried by the Khodja from the little class-room, the scene of the 'seizure,' which he first well sprinkled with water, as he afterwards did the path which led from it, taking care to follow the same direction as that in which the girl had been carried. The ceremony of exorcism then concluded with the *splashing* of the water over the paved path, the eunuch in attendance carefully lighting the priest, and pointing out those places where, in being removed, the patient had appeared heaviest, or had fallen down altogether. At these spots pauses were made, a special form of words appeared to be said over them, and the 'holy' water was thrown about copiously. Walking beside the two, I looked on in surprise at this curious proceeding, the Khodja not heeding my presence. From distant doorways and dark corners the women of the harem were peeping out, but were unseen or ignored by the good man.

No objection was now made to my stationing myself in the sick room; and, as animation was not yet restored, by earnest entreaties I persuaded the women to try the effect of brisk and constant friction. Towards morning the girl was better, and in a few days quite recovered.

Her illness was evidently brought on by sunstroke, caught in going across the court at mid-day to the *tchamachirlic*, or laundry; but *moonstruck*, in the Turkish sense of the expression, Joâli was not, and she indignantly repudiated the supposition

that hers was a case of possession by evil spirits.

But *affreets* are supposed not only to lurk in uncomfortable, unfurnished places; they are thought to consult their own convenience when they can. It is on this account that, when a bed is unrolled and prepared at night, a long flat pillow is invariably placed in it to simulate a sleeping occupant; for if this precaution were neglected, who can tell that the *affreets* might not hasten to 'possess' themselves of the tempting place of repose, before its human owner was disposed to lay himself down to rest?

The interpretation of dreams gives rise to much cogitation, and furnishes a frequent topic of conversation for Turks, men and women. Fire means sudden news, as water forecasts a journey. A person who has a reputation for explaining dreams finds a ready welcome everywhere in the East.

The Evil Eye is feared by all classes. It is to divert harmful admiration from her own beauty to her ornaments that a Turkish bride decks herself with diamonds pasted on chin, cheeks, and forehead: for this that she shrouds her face with a glittering veil of thin copper-colored strips of tin-foil; for this that she sits under the *aski*, a festooned canopy of artificial green boughs, with bunches of dyed feathers and shining metal balls completing the decorations. It is for this that every Turkish baby has its little muslin skull-cap adorned with a medallion of pearls; and if you happen to say '*Né guzel tchoudjouk!*' (What a pretty child!), you are instantly asked to spit in its face, or to say '*Mash-Allah!*' to correct the mischief of your words.

'Wise' men and 'wise' women are had recourse to for discovering lost goods. These are known under the general name of *Munedj-djims*. I once had a good opportunity for observing their way of setting to work. The very day Prince Frederick William of Prussia was received at the Seraskierate (the Horse Guards in Stamboul) happened to be pay-day in the harem, that is, the day the *ailik*, or monthly allowance, was paid over to each of the women. (It is little enough, and just suffices to buy clothing.) Several pedlar women, Greeks and Armenians, had come to receive accounts due, and

were waiting in the long corridor outside the room of the *Khanum Effendi* (mistress of the house), who was seated in her own room, making reckonings, with the help of her *Kiatib* (secretary), a young, intelligent-looking girl. The creditors were seated on their heels in a row along the wall, waiting their turn to be called up, when a eunuch bustled in with the news that the foreign Prince was passing a distant window. In a moment money and accounts were forgotten. The lady turned her small gold key, and took it away with her, leaving her green malachite money box on her divan. When she was tired of watching Prince Youssouff Izzeddin amble about on his long-tailed white palfrey, just one place in front of the tall, well-set hero of many battles—who rode a big charger, and looked a man of weight—when the glitter of the review was over, and she went back to the day's business, what was the consternation of everybody to find the box missing! Suspicion fastened on two very poor Turkish women who happened to have come with a message to an old Nina; and they were sent for, and found in their poor home by the Adrianople Gate. In spite of protestations, they were brought at once to the harem, to share the scrutiny that was to take place. Next day everyone's attention was again claimed by what was going on at the Seraskierate, where a Firman was being read to the assembled troops, creating the boy Prince a Pacha for his great service of the preceding day in receiving the German Prince. This caused much excitement, and was looked upon as a preliminary step to the proclamation that the Sultan's son would be heir to the throne in the place of Mourad Effendi (whose visit to the lands of the Ghiaours had not strengthened his hold over the mind of his future subjects).

And now the investigations concerning the theft commenced in earnest. The testimony of the eunuchs and *Capoudjou Baba* (Father Gate-keeper), as to who had passed out of the gates with or without bundles, was first taken. The mystery remaining impenetrable, it was determined to call in the Wise Man. All the slave girls were assembled in the Khanum's room, and a piece of hair was cut from the head of each, which hair was to be put to some use of magic that would ensure the discovery of the guilty person, as

an eruption of boils from the sole of her feet to the crown of her head would sooner or later betray her wickedness.

The two suspected women—the one a poor miserable creature with a baby in her arms, the other her aged mother—had to share in this ordeal, and were to be detained till the charm had worked its effect. Their distress was great; this affliction seemed to crush them, and they moped, a picture of despair, in a little dark room set apart for them.

Four days after, as this test was considered to have failed, the slaves were again assembled, and a collection was made of nail-parings to be sent to the diviner. Later in the day the *halaiks* were all again assembled in the presence of their mistress, and each one had solemnly to eat a morsel of bread on which her own name had been written, and to swallow a mouthful of sherbet in which had been steeped some written conjurations, or verses of the Koran. This ordeal was to cause the thief to drop down dead or have something as awful happen to her. I noticed that the girls went through the ceremony, some with a swagger of bravado, some with pale faces and trembling limbs. But what really had become of the money-box was never discovered, and no more serious effort to trace it was had recourse to than this application to the Munedj-djims. The eunuchs were very hot in pursuit, as it was their duty to be. Perhaps they considered extra zeal on their part especially graceful, since they, as confidential servants, had but lately been pardoned for appropriating to their own use some three hundred pounds of their mistress's money entrusted to them.

These fellows are passionately fond of backgammon and cards, and have their debts of honor to settle. Probably they considered themselves above suspicion. But, was it they who originated a whisper that a certain Khanum, a frequent visitor and great favorite of their mistress, had become touched with kleptomania? The idea, once started, gained ground, but was never openly expressed, and was perhaps confirmed when the poor lady, shortly after this, fell into a rapid decline. There were many sad circumstances to account for her illness, but it was perhaps chiefly due to the use of deleterious cosmetics. She had been divorced and had returned to her husband, who was a mere country



boor, and extremely jealous withal. She died very shortly, kindly cared for by the Khanum, her friend.

Magic and witchcraft would seem to be practised to a very great extent amongst the Turks; there are those that are accounted Magicians, Witches, and Wizards, whose occult power is brought largely (but with much secrecy) to work out results on another's will, affections, property, and health.

Conceive the case of two rival wives each longing for the other's death. They look in each other's faces with jaundiced smiles, and revel together through a tournament of screeching music; and each knows all the while that the other has, so to speak, sold her soul to the Infernal Powers for the sake of present revenge. Let such a thing be but suspected by the one, and no power on earth can turn her from courting every spell of the Dark Craft to outdo her rival. For does not her very life depend on her resorting to more powerful means, to more subtle secrets, than the other knows of? Where can she find a man or woman 'wise' enough to lead her through the labyrinth of dark ways that have to be trodden before she can arrive in triumph at her goal, and know her evil wishes realised? She sets to work cautiously, and surreptitiously, binding some old woman to her secret service. But before spell, charm, or enchantment can be commenced, it is necessary to obtain possession of some object belonging to the person who has to be worked on. Say a divorce has to be brought about, two spoons must be obtained belonging to the parties who have to be separated; these metal objects are then securely bound together, in representation of the bonds of matrimony which unite their owners. The spoons are then either buried in the ground, or are hung in some damp, mouldy receptacle, incantations having been duly said over them. As the string binding them together gradually decays, so the bonds of affection between the husband and wife will surely give place to aversion and estrangement, till their two lives fall asunder.

In magic, *written* words are supposed to have mighty power, as though they could hold in a concentrated form the dearest and most hidden wish of the soul; and, if that wish is written with the heart's life-blood and in conjunction with the names of some of the holiest Prophets, its

fulfilment is the more certain. Nearly every Khanum wears such an amulet: the religious-minded, as a preservation from sin; the superstitious, as a protection against *shaitans*; young girls, to ensure a happy marriage; the aged, to court long life; ambitious effendis, to ensure advancement; men who have two wives, to set themselves beyond the power of spells; and a beautiful woman to ward off envy. But in the case of a rival wife this amulet is a source of the keenest hope and of the gravest apprehensions. She must hide it from all eyes, and yet it must never leave her. Should it be discovered and tampered with, it would reveal her paramount object, the names of those concerned and the end to be effected being usually written inside the little three-cornered packet.

Although the greater number of Turks believe in these arts and practise them in secret, they would yet consider it a great disgrace to have such doings exposed to their nearest friend.

To my disappointment, I could hear nothing of genuine Eastern Astrologers—*Ehli Nudjounler*. Mere fortune-tellers abound, especially 'card-openers,' as the expression is. Men and women of this doubtful profession haunt the hareems and salaamlis on pay-day, and grave-looking Pachas are as eager as are any of the credulous women slaves to look into the *kesmet* reserved for them. I am sorry to say it is not Turks only, or Greeks, Armenians, Jews, or Syrians, who are guilty of taking advantage of the richer Turk's belief in 'card-opening'; I have known Europeans gain permanent influence and many rich presents by the same arts. But then the Turks only listen to those who predict for them a golden future, power, and plenty. A word of truth or warning makes them recoil from one, however kindly and faithfully the warning is given.

Divination is often made at holy wells by observing the surface of the water. At Eyoub, the sacred quarter of Stamboul, near the mosque where the Sultans are girt with the sword of Osman in lieu of coronation, is a famous well. It is to be found in the back garden of a poor, tumble-down house belonging to the Khodja who takes charge of it. It is an ordinary round well, about a yard in diameter. A low coping-stone runs round it, over which the votaries at Dame Fortune's shrine stoop low, to catch, if they may,

some image in the depths below vouchsafed for their enlightenment. All Muslims, before looking in, reverently hide and stroke their faces with their open hands, as is their manner in praying for some favor. Full scope is there for the imagination to picture on the dark, deep, glimmering surface any face or form which may be uppermost in the mind of the agitated and superstitious gazer! The Khodja interprets, and all have their destiny foretold more or less to their satisfaction. A handsome, noble-looking woman was pointed out to me as having seen her 'fate' in this well whilst yet a slave, and long before she was sold into the family in which she found herself when the negotiations were set on foot for a marriage which made her a princess. She herself had told the story as a fact. Other Khanums in middle-class life have boasted to me of having seen on the water the shadow of their future husbands. It was instructive to me to observe how far the Turkish women allowed themselves to be swayed in making important decisions by what they fancied they had seen during the well-test. One had perceived a figure girt with a sword, and therefore negatived every proposal of marriage until a soldier asked for her. Another had seen a dark, bearded face; so, in the public promenade, she was always looking for such an one; and the confidence between her and the fortune-teller was sure to bring the right person in the end, provided the lady had any dowry. I am afraid there are wives who, in consulting the well at Eyoub, have before them the possibility of a second, or even a third 'fate;' divorce being so easily obtained in Turkey,—it being, in fact, a mere matter of arrangement. It is in such a case that one can estimate something of the mischievous results of superstitions which tend to destroy what little semblance there is of home life in the East. No sort of parallel can be drawn between these Turkish beliefs and our own silly trials of fortune at Hallowe'en.

Necromancers—Seers and Seeresses who profess to commune with the spirits of the dead—are to be found amongst the occult scientists of Stamboul. One of these was said to be an ecstatic medium of great power. She was but eighteen, and married, and had just recovered from a serious illness when I heard that

some Khanums of my acquaintance were going to visit her. Attaching myself to them, we found the *Eûlû Faldje Karé* in a lonely winding street of a poor neighborhood of Stamboul. A crowd of all sorts of women, rich and poor, filled her little sanded ante-room. There were mothers with sick infants in their laps, come for a 'cure;' there were daintily dressed slaves from the Seraglio, wrapped up in shabby *feradjis*; there were married Khanums with the threat of divorce hanging over their heads. There they patiently awaited for hours their turn to be admitted to the inner room.

This was as poor as the other. The seeress, seated on a low stool in the midst of the uncarpeted floor, leant over a low brass mangal (or chafing-dish). She was a plump, fair young woman, with flaxen hair, and eyes of a peculiar light tint. She appeared to be excessively exhausted, and could not repress long and repeated yawns. She told us there were great demands on her powers, and that her strength was almost entirely gone at the end of the day. She would do her best for us, but in such a state of exhaustion her visions were uncertain. Then, placing us before her on low wicker stools, she bent over the brazier and sprinkled on the live charcoal a powder called *ambara*, the fumes of which presently affected her as one has seen mesmeric passes affect a mesmeric subject. Her eyes were raised, and had a fixed look, but she sat upright and answered intelligibly the questions which were put to her by ourselves or by the woman who acted as her second. I do not remember what she predicted for the others of our party, but for me she foretold a voyage over the sea, which was not a remarkably clever hit, since she must have known that I was a foreigner in Turkey, intending some day to return to my own land. Still, I must do my fortune-teller the justice to acknowledge that I did make an unforeseen voyage to India not long after. But the *séance*, on the whole, was a failure; and as the effect of the *ambara* soon passed off, the seeress returned to her normal state, and begged us to leave her to repose, which, in pity to her weariness, we presently did.

A *medjidieh* (about four shillings) was looked on as a liberal gift from our party, some who had consulted having

offered only a *beshtic* or two (a *beshtic* is about a shilling), and some had given only a few *paras* or pence. The woman seemed still quite poor, and evidently lived very miserably, saving most of her gains, and having to support a husband who had no calling. It was said that grief at the loss of her baby had made her a *clairvoyante*. She was much sought after from the fear that her 'gift' would wear away as her sorrow healed. Hers was looked on as a case of genuine mediumship, and to see her I could not doubt that she believed in her mission and powers.

I must not conclude this paper without referring once again to the strong belief of the Turks in a fixed fate—the '*Kismet*,' to which they know they must sooner or later bow. There exists amongst them a

prophecy, the prediction of one of their Wise Men, that at a given time their old and bitter enemy, the 'Moscov' (or Moscovite), will certainly triumph over Islam, and come and 'take away both their place and nation.' I have more than once heard them refer to this catastrophe as inevitable, and as being the most firmly believed in by the priestly class. One might suppose such a belief would paralyse every effort of so superstitious a people. Their hope seems to be that 'the' time has not as yet come; that the Crescent is but threatened at present with a partial eclipse; and that, if their cannon do but make noise enough, there is still a likelihood that the Monster Bear may be frightened off the moon! \*—*Belgravia Magazine*.

## THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

*A Sketch of a Branch of Physiography.\**

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

### NO. I.

THE present century is remarkable for the manner in which the unity of nature, and therefore the unity of science, which is the study of nature, is being demonstrated to us. We live at a period which, in the coming time, will be looked upon as a very memorable one, because it has taught us that there is as distinct a unity of matter in the universe, as in Newton's time it was clearly demonstrated that there was a unity of force.

Only a few years ago, when we wished to know anything about matter external to the planet on which we dwell, the only means at our disposal was that furnished us by the fall of those mysterious meteoric masses of iron or stone which are, and were then, found from time to time, some few of which have actually been watched in their fall from the heavens to the earth. At the present day, however, by means of the spectroscope, any particular substance which is known to the chemist here is instantly detected in the most distant regions of the universe, if it happens to be giving out or absorbing light which eventually reaches our eyes.

The result of such observations of distant matter has already been that, with small and trivial exceptions, we find that the matter with which we are familiar in this earth is precisely that matter which is found in all the regions of space accessible to our inquiries.

This wonderful result, which demonstrates a new and close bond of union between our Earth and the other masses of matter in space, naturally increases our interest in these bodies. Knowing thus much we thirst to know more, and we at once associate our interest in the heavenly host with that in our own world to which they have been proved to be akin. Hence these facts have grouped round a new centre. Formerly when we dealt with matter outside our own planet, we were apparently approaching an astronomical subject. This is really not so, in the light of modern knowledge, at least in the old sense of the word. Astronomy may be very sharply divided into two distinct branches: one which I will call mechan-

\* In allusion to the popular superstition that it is the presence of a clambering monster that darkens the moon in an eclipse, and to the practice of shouting and shooting from minarets just at the darkest moment, in hopes of making it gradually relax its hold and slink away.

\* From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

ical astronomy, which deals with the motions and the exquisite order of the motions of the heavenly bodies; and another, which I will call physical astronomy, which concerns itself not so much with the motions of the masses as with the motions of the molecules of which these masses are built up. In the latter branch we leave the molar forces, that is, those which have to do with the motions of each heavenly body as a whole, and come to the molecular ones, that is, those of the parts of which it is built up. We deal with molecular motion in a star or in a nebula, or in any other cosmical body; but in doing so we follow physical methods which are scarcely yet acclimatised in any observatory. Not only then is the point of view not an astronomical one in the old sense of the word, but it becomes more limited still if celestial kinships are chiefly studied.

What I have set myself to do in these pages is to bring together some lines of thought which will enable us to form an idea of the Earth's Place in Nature, especially, though not exclusively, from the new standpoint to which I have referred; and I propose to do it in this way: I shall first summarise in the briefest possible way the facts connected with the earth, which we can, very closely indeed in some cases, and more or less roughly in the rest, compare with similar ones relating to the other heavenly bodies.

We shall have a distinct advantage in beginning with statements regarding the earth, because we live on it; indeed, we shall be adopting the only true way of scientific investigation, namely, gradually travelling outwards from the known. It will also be necessary to pass from the properties of elementary aggregations of matter to those larger aggregations which we call planet, sun, comet, nebula. In doing this I hope soon to show that I am by no means travelling out of my subject; for what the valley of the Thames is to the whole earth's surface, a molecule of matter is to the whole cosmos.

These facts will form our stock-in-trade. We shall draw upon mechanical astronomy for facts concerning other bodies, which will enable us to form an idea of the earth's place in nature as a member of a system of planets travelling round a star; and then upon the newer astronomy for those others which will furnish us with

ideas of its place in nature, so far as the past, present, and future of its constituent molecules are concerned. This latter study will enable us to directly compare the earth's present chemical and physical condition with the condition of the other celestial bodies, and to study those interactions of one celestial body on another which are among the most mysterious problems presented to the modern investigator.

It will be well also, seeing that we shall have so much to do with the bodies external to the earth, to refer briefly to the methods by which we are enabled to make ourselves acquainted with their chemistry and physics by means of spectroscopes.

The earth has been pretty well studied, and in bringing together the facts concerning it we get a notion of the wonderful interaction and interweaving of all the sciences. It no longer suffices a man to be a geologist, or a chemist, or a biologist; for biology has to lean on chemistry and physics, as they must do on mathematics; the geologist is powerless in the study of his favorite science unless he has a knowledge of physics and chemistry, and so on. If we compare the various sources from which we have derived our present knowledge of the earth, we find that at least four important branches of science, to say the least, have to be drawn upon.

In the first place, the shape and volume of the earth are matters which have been studied by means of geometry. The physics of the earth, by which I mean its present physical condition—such matters as its density and therefore mass; the physical conditions of the materials of which it is composed, apart from their chemical condition—is of course a question for the physicist. Then again the nature of the materials of which the earth is built up, their various compoundings, their various arrangements generally, form a subject with which chemistry alone has to deal. Whilst, last of all—and I say last of all because I am now dealing with the most recent of the sciences—geology comes and tells us of the earth as it existed in past times, and brings to us the idea of successive actions which have been and are still going on in this earth of ours, now of one kind and now of another.

Now, if we were not to think of the various phenomena presented to us by the



matter in all its forms by which we are surrounded until we were profound geometers, or chemists, or physicists, or geologists, we might almost as well be born blind, for they are the very things which strike us most from childhood, side by side with our mother's love. The sky and the cloud, the grass and stones at our feet, the running of the brook, the various forms of animal and vegetable life, each and all fill us with questioning; and for the child there are few blank pages in the book of nature—none which it does not wish to read. Moreover, there is no better discipline for the youthful mind than a careful watching of cause and inevitable effect which are always going on around it. Hence it is that, long before we had any hold on matter beyond our own earth, elementary facts culled from all branches of knowledge, which facts enabled us to comprehend the phenomena continually going on around us, were grouped together to form what has been termed "physical geography." Here the earth was the unit. When we pass, as we can now do, however dimly and darkly, from the earth to the universe itself, from  $\gamma\eta$  to  $\phi\nu\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , the extended horizon, while it adds grandeur to the picture, takes away nothing from its orderly beauty or the interest it should possess for mankind.

In the first place I note the fact that the earth is a globe—a statement proved, as we all know, to demonstration, by the way in which at sea we observe ships gradually disappear; first their lower portion—their hulls, and lastly their loftiest sails. When in the Red Sea a few years ago, on a very fine quiet day, I saw some smoke ahead, coming, apparently, from a submarine volcano. There was no land in sight, and we saw this smoke when we saw nothing else except the sea and sky. In an hour's time I detected (I was using a very powerful telescope at the time) the top-mast of a steam-vessel, which vessel we subsequently passed. A subsequent comparison of notes showed that at the time that I saw the column of smoke the vessel was more than forty miles away.

Another obvious demonstration familiar to all who have travelled is, that whenever we considerably change our latitude, the well-known stars no longer occupy the same position when they cross the meridian. So that such familiar northern constellations

as the Great Bear, or Charles's Wain, and the Pole Star itself, gradually get lower and lower until they scarcely appear above the horizon as we get nearer and nearer the equator; whilst, on the other hand, stars which one who has lived all his life in England has never seen, burst upon his sight. He finds as it were a new heaven revealed to him by simply travelling about this round globe.

The next point, then, is the size of this round globe. Its size has been determined, I have no doubt, to within a very few miles, in what appears to us now a very simple manner. In the first place every section of the earth is bounded approximately by a circle, and mathematicians divide all circles into 360 degrees. Hence, if we can measure accurately the  $\frac{1}{360}$ th part of this great circle, and if, when we have got that measure out into miles, we multiply it by 360, we get the circumference of the earth, that is to say, the whole distance round it. Then by dividing this result by something a little over 3 (3.1416, the ratio of the circumference of the circle to its diameter) we find out how far it is from one side of the earth to the other. This gives us the diameter of the earth. As a result of a long series of observations, it has been found that a degree measures as near as possible on the average  $69\frac{1}{2}$  miles. It can be stated in inches, but it is near enough for me to give as a first statement of result that it is about  $69\frac{1}{2}$  miles; and if you take the trouble to multiply  $69\frac{1}{2}$  miles, the average length of one degree, by 360 degrees, the number of degrees that there are all round the earth, you will find that the circumference is something like 25,000 miles, and therefore that the diameter of the earth is something like 8,000 miles.

Mark well the words "on the average." In truth the earth is flattened at the poles, so that the length of the degree varies from the pole to the equator; and hence the diameter in the equatorial plane is in excess of the diameter from pole to pole. These two diameters, expressed in feet, are as follows:—

Equatorial . . . . .	41,848,380
Polar . . . . .	41,708,710

We shall see in the sequel the meaning of this. There is another point. If we liken the earth to an orange the orange must be a squeezed one. The equatorial diameter which passes through the earth

from long.  $14^{\circ} 23'$  east to  $194^{\circ} 23'$  east of Greenwich, is two miles longer than the one at right angles to it.

The next point is, that the earth turns round, or rotates, or spins like a top. In order to make an ordinary globe, representing the round earth, to do this, we have to insert a metal rod, the two ends of which, as we all know, are generally fastened into a circle. The earth itself has no such interior economy as this, but it has something which does just as well, a mathematical line which is called the axis, and round this mathematical line the earth is perpetually rotating with constant speed.

How can I prove this? There are two ways of proving it without entering into any astronomical question at all. A long, heavy pendulum, freely suspended and set swinging in such a manner that it will swing a long time, *goes on swinging in the plane in which it was started.* This pendulum will oscillate in a vertical plane, and with regard to infinite space and to the surface of the earth at rest, that vertical plane would be unchanging; *i.e.* if the pendulum were suspended from the interior of the dome of St. Paul's and set swinging east and west, it would always go on swinging east and west. But how would it be if St. Paul's, which is on the earth, were to change its place in consequence of the earth's motion? We should find that the plane of the pendulum's swing will appear to change—that the pendulum, in swinging, will perpetually change its plane, *or appear to do so*, with regard to the floor of St. Paul's. This indicates, not that the pendulum itself is changing its plane, but that the floor to which we refer that motion is really changing its position with regard to the plane of the oscillation of the pendulum.

This experiment is not an easy one to make, but there is an instrument which exemplifies the same principle in a much more easy manner.

All are familiar with steam-engines, and know that in many forms of them there is what is called a fly-wheel. What is a fly-wheel, and what is its use? Its use is to get over what is termed the dead point—that is, the point when the piston and crank of the engine being in one straight line, the piston cannot produce any motion of the crank. As almost all steam-engines transfer the backward and forward motion of the piston into circular motion, the dead

point is got over and the circular motion kept up and equalised by the use of a large wheel with a very heavy rim. Such a wheel, when once set going, keeps the motion which has been communicated to it for a long time. It is impossible to stop it all at once, hence it carries the crank over the dead point. That is one fact about the fly-wheel.

Another fact about a wheel of that kind is this. Not only will it keep its motion, but it does not like being disturbed. If you were to try, for instance, suddenly to shift a fly-wheel on its supports, you would find that it would resist enormously, and to an altogether unexpected extent, any force which you might apply to it in order to get it out of the plane of its motion.

The instrument called a gyroscope is a sort of fly-wheel of the most perfect construction. It can be put into an enormously rapid rotation—so rapid that you cannot see that it is going at all—and if one tries to draw it out of its original plane it resists violently and turns head over heels rather than do so. It simply will not go. Now if, while this wheel is revolving in this beautifully even manner, I fix a telescope to the stand which carries it, and look at a star through the telescope, I find that the star keeps in the field of view, while, if I look at a terrestrial object, it appears to move slowly. Many of you know that it requires a very elaborate contrivance called a "driving clock" to enable an ordinary telescope to follow a star, as it is called, that is, to keep a star always in the field of view of the telescope, so that the astronomer may study it at his ease and measure it. But when I connect a telescope with the stand on which this revolving wheel is placed, it never leaves the star. In other words, the wheel, by virtue of the momentum which it got in a particular direction, and by virtue of the great objection that it has to get out of that direction in which it first began its work, keeps the telescope pointing to the same part of space, quite irrespective of the motion of the earth.

Here, then, we have a physical proof of the rotation of the earth, quite independent of those astronomical teachings which refer to the apparent daily motion of the stars, and of the question as to whether the earth goes round the sun, or whether the sun goes round the earth.

Further we have used the rotation of the

earth to found a system of what we call *time*. We know how much time the earth takes to make a rotation on its axis, this we call a day.

I shall next give, for future reference, some facts with regard to the physical condition of the earth which are familiar to most, namely, that the earth is solid—that is to say, we have a solid ground to walk upon; that although the earth is solid more than three-fourths of its surface are covered with water—oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers; while it is entirely surrounded with a gaseous atmosphere consisting chiefly of oxygen and nitrogen as well as the vapor of water.

I have said that the earth is solid. I do not mean to say absolutely that it is solid like a marble right through, though that is the most probable view. A few years ago it was considered almost as a demonstrated certainty, that the earth had a crust only 25 or 28 miles thick. Now if we take a terrestrial globe a yard in diameter, representing the earth with its diameter of some 8,000 miles, the height of the highest mountain will be represented by the  $\frac{1}{20000}$ th part of the diameter of the globe, that is by a very small fraction of an inch. If we take the  $\frac{1}{2000}$ th part of the diameter of the globe to represent the thickness of the earth's crust, supposing it to be something like 30 miles, we shall see that such a crust would be a mere shell; it would scarcely be thicker in proportion than the shell of an egg. This condition of things was supposed to be established by the fact, that when men went down mines they found that as a rule the deeper they got the hotter it was. It is true that in some mines the temperature is higher at a certain depth than it is in others; but still it did look very like the truth, that, for a depth of something like 30 yards we got an increase of  $1^{\circ}$ , and for a depth of twice 30 yards we got an increase of  $2^{\circ}$ , and so on. If this were so, the temperature of boiling water would be reached at a depth of about 2 miles; and the temperature of red-hot iron at a depth of about 7 miles; a temperature which, so far as we know, would melt everything, being reached at a depth of about 25 or 28 miles.

At the same time that this idea was very fully held by geologists, there was another idea to which physicists were led by a mathematical discussion of the various

motions of the Earth. This idea was that the earth was really solid or nearly solid to its centre; that there might be cavities in it here and there which might help to explain the phenomena of volcanoes and hot springs; but that there could be no vast central cavity under a mere shell or crust in whole or in part filled with molten material. I shall have to return to this point in the sequel. I may dismiss it now with the remark that the current of modern geological and physical notions is, that the solid substance of the earth is probably continuous to the centre.

In the latter view as in the former one it is acknowledged that the earth has some interior heat, although geologists no longer hold as they once did that we get absolute evidence of a molten interior sea in the case of volcanoes, which were supposed to be funnels up which the interior fluid was occasionally driven to the surface from the interior central sea. The heat which accompanies volcanic action has been by some ascribed to the crushing together of rock masses by a slow contraction of the globe.

Still, however this may be, the fact that at the poles of the earth, which are nearer the heated centre than the other portions of the surface are, we get perpetual ice, shows very clearly that the higher temperature of the other portions—temperate here, torrid near the equator—does not come from within.

We shall see the bearing of this by-and-by when I come to talk of the other heavenly bodies.

Leaving however the debatable land of the thickness of the crust, there is one thing about the earth which we do know, which is quite independent of the thickness of the crust, and that is, that the earth weighs about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  times as much as a similar globe of water would do. If we put some water into a tumbler and drop a cork into it, the cork will not sink, but if we drop a piece of lead into it the lead will sink. These facts are expressed in scientific language by saying that the specific gravity of cork is less, and that of lead greater, than that of water. If the specific gravity of water be taken as 1 the specific gravity of cork is said to be less than 1, the specific gravity of lead greater than 1.

We can find exactly how much the specific gravity of every substance differs

from that of water. Thus we find that lead is 8.241 times heavier, and so we say that its specific gravity is 8.241.

We have already seen that the size of the earth is known, so it is easy to find how much it would weigh were it a ball of water 8,000 miles in diameter. We should have to find out how many cubic feet there are, and then to weigh a cubic foot of water and multiply these numbers together. But how are we to weigh the real earth? Some will say take a cubic foot of rock and weigh it; but that would be to take for granted that the earth was built up of that particular kind of rock from surface to centre.

Several methods less direct than this but much more satisfactory have been suggested. I shall simply refer to the principles involved in one of them, suggested by Michel and carried out by Cavendish and Baily. The weight of a body is the measure of the earth's pull upon it, the pull representing the earth's attraction, which depends upon its mass or total weight, which of course depends upon the specific gravity or density of its constituents. Thus if the earth were made of cork its density, weight, and therefore attraction, would be much less than if it consisted of lead or platinum. By very careful and delicate experiments, Baily found the dead pull of a ball of lead one foot in diameter upon a small ball. He could then calculate the dead pull of a ball made of lead the size of the earth. Now the weight of the small ball was already the measure of the dead pull of the earth. He found that the dead pull of a leaden earth would be greater than that of the real one, and he was able to prove that the density of the earth was a little over  $5\frac{1}{2}$  times (exactly 5.67) the density of water.

We also know that if we take the rocks composing the crust of the earth with which we are familiar, the density of those rocks is not so high as  $5\frac{1}{2}$  times that of water. So that however thick or however thin the crust of the earth may be, there must be something inside the earth, below the geological formations that we know about, which weighs more than the materials we walk upon and can study.

In connection with this statement I may conveniently refer to the chemical nature of that part of the earth we can get at. An eminent geologist, Professor Prest-

wich, thus states the composition of the earth's crust:—

"The whole number of known elements composing the crust and atmosphere of the earth amount only to sixty-four, and their relative distribution is vastly disproportionate. It has been estimated that oxygen in combination forms by weight one-half of the earth's crust; silicon enters for a quarter; then follow aluminium, calcium, magnesium, potassium, sodium, iron, carbon. These nine together have been estimated to constitute  $\frac{9}{10}$  of the earth's crust. The other  $\frac{1}{10}$  consist of the remaining fifty-five non-metallic and metallic elements."

With the exception of the pure gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the air, nearly all the elements are, moreover, found in a state of combination. Of course the region open to our investigation is limited, but for all that the facts are very remarkable and, as we shall see in the sequel, full of teachings.

We now finally pass to facts of a different order. A new idea is introduced. All the statements we have made up to the present have referred to the earth absolutely. The facts would be there if no other body existed in the cosmos. But now interaction comes in, we begin to get the idea of influence, and this influence comes from without.

The earth is a dark body, that is, it has no light of its own. We associate our *day* with the visible presence of the sun.

Again, as before pointed out, the equatorial portion of the crust of the earth is warmer than that near the poles, and cannot therefore come from within. We learn in fact that this surface heat, like our light, comes from the sun.

Then with regard to our atmosphere. We not only know its constituents, but by means of a barometer we can determine its pressure and the changes of that pressure, and we know that the energies in this atmosphere are always changing their intensity. We are now terrified by sudden storms, and again entranced by the sight of the whole world sinking to repose, lulled by the glorious color-play of the departing sunbeams on a placid sea of cloud.

Not only have we sudden changes, but there are constantly recurring ones, and



this brings me to my point. Here we are in presence of the ebb and flow of action from without.

It may not have struck every one that the existence of the liquids and gases which clothe our earth as with a garment is entirely a question of temperature. We all know that water freezes—supposing the earth were cold enough the water would be frozen not only at the poles but even in the tropics. Supposing the earth still colder, what would happen to a very large constituent of our atmosphere, the vapor of water? That water vapor also would be frozen just as much as the seas would be. So that at the present moment, because we have a certain temperature upon the earth—because the earth is warmed to a certain extent—we have, besides solids, liquids, and besides liquids, gases. We may thus imagine a time when the earth will be much colder, so that we shall lose all trace of water. We can also take it the other way, and suppose an increase of temperature. The liquid with which we are most familiar here is water; but if we suppose the earth to be very much hotter, a good many other things, including some metals, would be liquid, and these would take the place of water, which would in its turn be driven into steam or aqueous vapor.

The next property of our planet to which we have to refer is of a much more mysterious nature; it is one, moreover, in which an influence from without is as strongly felt as in many of those phenomena with which we are familiar in our atmosphere. Every child knows what a magnet is, and many of even my youngest readers I am sure have often amused themselves by attracting needles with pieces of iron endowed with this peculiar property.

Now the earth itself is a big magnet, and it also attracts needles, and hence it is that our mariners can sail with such unerring certainty over the trackless ocean. When we consider that the commerce of the world depends upon the compass, as the needle used by the mariner is called, and that the use of the compass depends upon a true theory of the earth's magnetism, it is not a little curious to find this subject so generally passed over as if it were neither useful nor interesting. As it is both, I shall dwell upon it somewhat.

The direction and amount of this mag-

netic force vary in different parts of the earth's surface. If we take a magnetic needle free to move in a horizontal plane (in other words, a compass needle which rests and swings on a pivot in the centre) in some places we find the north end of it pointing to the astronomical north, in others to the astronomical south, east, west, or some intermediate point, the needle in all cases coming to rest in a certain definite position at the same place at the same time; and the needle is said to lie in the magnetic meridian of that place. In two points on the earth's surface, however, it is so sluggish that it points indifferently in all directions. If now we take another similar needle, free to move in a vertical plane and place it in the magnetic meridian, we find similar variations in the positions at which it comes to rest; in one place it is upright, in others more or less inclined.

Now all these various effects are due to the compounding in various degrees of the amount and direction of the magnetic force in different regions. The horizontal departure from the astronomical meridian is termed *declination* or *variation*; the dip of the needle free to swing in a vertical plane is termed *inclination*, the word "dip" itself being also used. This inclination is greatest, *i.e.*  $90^\circ$ , at the magnetic pole, where the compass ceases to indicate direction.

So far we have dealt with the direction of this mysterious force. We next come to its amount. No reliable method at present exists for determining the total force absolutely, but it can be found by combining the horizontal force and the dip in a certain way. We have then to measure the horizontal force, which is done as follows:—

A magnetic needle or bar, of which the dimension and weight are accurately known, is suspended by a few fibres of silk and made to vibrate in a horizontal plane on either side of the magnetic meridian. The time of vibration at each place will depend upon the magnetic force of the earth and also of the bar. The latter is eliminated and that of the earth determined by the process.

This mysterious force is not a constant thing. The magnetic poles may be said roughly to travel round the poles of the earth (the ends of the earth's axis) in a period of from 900 to 1,000 years, and the

magnetic force in any one place is subject to sudden changes, termed "magnetic storms," which are accompanied with displays of that most beautiful phenomenon, the aurora borealis, or northern lights. We shall see in the sequel that these sudden changes, and those regular ones which have also been carefully observed, depend like meteorological phenomena upon an influence from without.

There now only remains one point of the earth's interior economy to refer to in this first paper.

Not only is the earth a great magnet, but in its crust and in its atmosphere electricity is perpetually at work. The telegraphic operator sometimes finds his work impeded for days together by "earth currents," like sprites distorting his messages. The amount and duration of them, like meteorological and magnetical changes, also depend upon an influence from without.

With regard to this electricity we have, as Sir William Thomson has well put it, "to look upon the earth and the air as a whole—a globe of earth and air—and consider its electricity, whether in rest or in motion." Indeed, it is not yet known whether the magnetism of the earth is not due to this outer shell of currents revolving round under the upper surface. This would make the earth an *electro-magnet*, instead of a *natural one*, like the loadstone. Further, the electricity of the earth's surface and of the lower air is generally negative, and we infer that the electricity

of the upper regions of the air is of the opposite kind.

So much then for those attributes of the earth which are in the first instance most important for my purpose, which is to compare the earth with the other celestial bodies and to study the various influences which bind the earth to them or some or one of them.

We have now got so far:—

1. The earth is round.
2. Its size has been determined, and its equatorial diameter is larger than the polar one.
3. The earth turns on an axis.
4. The earth is probably solid to its centre, which is much hotter than its surface.
5. The temperature of the surface does not depend upon this interior heat.
6. The earth as a whole is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  times denser than water, although its crust is only about half as dense as this.
7.  $\frac{3}{1000}$ ths of the crust consist of nine only of the 65 elements which are known to chemists.
8. The earth is a dark body and gets its light from without.
9. The energies of the atmosphere depend upon an influence from without.
10. The earth is a magnet, and our magnetism like our meteorology obeys some external influence.
11. Besides the magnetism of the interior, the surface and atmosphere present to us electrical phenomena.

So much then for the present.

—Good Words.

## GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY WALTER C. PERRY.

IN a former article\* I endeavored to describe the schools of Germany, compared them with those of England, and pointed out the features in which I thought that the German scholastic system was superior to our own. I then spoke of several different kinds of school—the Gymnasium, the Realschule, the Bürgerschule, and the Gewerbe-schule, but directed my chief attention to the Gymnasium, or Classical school, which still enjoys the highest estimation, and the exclusive privilege of preparing boys for the univer-

sities; and which is, therefore, the only road to the learned professions and the service of the state.

I come now to a subject of greater difficulty as well as interest; for whatever differences may exist between the *schools* of Germany and England, they seem unimportant when compared with those which distinguish a German from an English *university*. Differences so fundamental and essential, that it seems strange that they should be called by the same name.

Whatever opinion a man may have formed of the German universities, whether

\* Reprinted in ECLECTIC for September, 1877.

he sides with their enthusiastic, and sometimes fanatical admirers, or their hardly less zealous opponents, he cannot deny that they are deserving of our most earnest consideration. Whether the waters which flow from them seem to us sweet or bitter, we know that they flow in abundance, that they are extremely potent in their effects, whether for good or evil, and that they find their way into every channel by which the streams of speculation and knowledge are conveyed to the minds of the present generation. No man of any country, in the present day, can advance far along the path of any science, without accepting, willingly or unwillingly, the aid of a German guide; and our most orthodox divines, as well as our most enthusiastic sceptics and pessimists, seek the weapons of their warfare in the German armory. The tables of our classical scholars, historians, and physicists, groan under the weight of German editions and German treatises; our grammars have been completely remodelled on the German pattern, and our lexicons and dictionaries are, for the most part, compilations from German sources. Even our soldiers look to "the spectaclled nation" as the best teachers of military science. It is hardly too much to say that the Germans are at present acting the part of pioneers in every advance of the great army of science. Nor is it only in England that this remarkable fact is recognised. "A little German university," says Renan, "with its awkward professors and starving *Privat-docenten*, does more for science than all the ostentatious wealth of Oxford." If we might substitute "*advance of science*" in this sweeping sentence, no one, I think, would venture to deny it; though many would maintain that this, with all its importance, is not the only object of a university.

It is not altogether out of place, in speaking of the German universities, to refer to the origin of universities in general, because the former have preserved so much of the original type. The university, which in most countries is now regarded as an institution of the state, was originally of the nature of a private school. The natural impulse in the heart of man to display his knowledge and diffuse his opinions, induced the great scholars of the middle ages to become teachers, and in those days teachers were of necessity

lecturers. Their fame attracted students from all quarters of the world, and the presence of hearers, again, was a powerful attraction to teachers. The University of Paris, which arose in this way as early as the eleventh century, was the model of the German universities, and the original form has been preserved with singularly little change to the present day. The students who thronged to Paris from all parts of Europe were classed according to their nationality, as "the French," "the English" (which appellation included the Germans), "the Normans," and "the Picards." Each nation chose its own Proctor, and the four Proctors, with a Rector at their head, governed the whole academical body. Originally there was but one Faculty, that of "Arts;" but as the sciences of Law and Medicine grew in importance, the Students of Theology, Law and Medicine, formed separate Corporations or Faculties; although the Faculty of Arts retained, even then, some of its ancient privileges, of which the new Corporations could only partake by graduating in Arts also, as "Masters of Arts." Such, in the main, was the form assumed by the first German University, that of Prague, in 1348. Others were founded at Heidelberg (1386), Cologne (1388), Erfurt (1391), Würzburg (1403), Leipsic (1409), Rostock (1419), Greifswalde (1456), Freiburg (1457), Trèves (1472), Tübingen (1477), and Frankfort-on-the-Oder (1506), which was the last University founded before the Reformation. The custom of living in Colleges (*Bursae*), which the Germans had adopted from the French, generally prevailed down to the sixteenth century, and has partially maintained itself among the Roman Catholics down to the present time.

The first Protestant university was founded by Philip of Hesse at Marburg in 1527, and received a constitution in accordance with the free spirit of the new era, which enabled the Medical and Philosophical Faculties to emancipate themselves from ecclesiastical control. The sovereign himself became Rector of the Marburg university, and personally interested himself in its welfare. Universities of a similar character were successively founded at Königsberg (1543), Jena (1558), Kiel (1665), and Halle (1694), which last is distinguished as being the first at which the Professors enjoyed the

full *Lehrfreiheit* (or full liberty of expressing their opinion on the subject of their lectures), and were allowed to use the German language, by which the non-academical world was drawn into the sphere of their influence. The University of Breslau was founded in 1702, that of Göttingen in 1737, Berlin in 1809, and Bonn in 1818.

There are now 21 universities in the German Empire with 1,250 Professors and somewhat more than 17,000 students. Of the German Universities in other countries, 7 are in Austria, with 676 Professors and 7,700 students; 4 in Switzerland, with 230 Professors and 1,091 students, and 1 in the Baltic Provinces of Russia, with 66 Professors and 874 students.

The salaries of the Professors in ordinary range from 120*l.* to 450*l.*, exclusive of fees. In the case of very distinguished men they rise to 500*l.* or even 600*l.* per annum.

Referring to the amount expended on the universities, Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech at Nottingham, says: "I think about 70,000*l.* is the sum expended by the Germans and the Government of Northern Germany in producing that which is absolutely necessary in order to give efficiency to the higher education of the country." I do not know what "*the Government of Northern Germany*" exactly means, but Prussia alone spends 5,343,000 marks (267,150*l.*) a year on her universities; and the extraordinary expenses of the present year amount to 3,000,000 marks (150,000*l.*), chiefly for new university buildings. The total annual sum expended for educational purposes in Prussia is 38,068,000 marks (1,903,400*l.*), and the minister Falk asks for an additional grant of 12,000,000 marks (600,000*l.*).

The German University consists:—

I. Of the Ordinary Professors, appointed by Royal patent and paid by Government; the Extraordinary Professors, named by the king's minister, who are not entitled to any salary, but often receive a small one; and the *Privatim docentes*, who derive their *Licentia docendi* from the Faculty to which they belong, and depend on fees alone.

II. Of the various directors and officers of the institutions connected with the university—the museums, observatories, anatomical theatres, laboratories, &c.

III. Of the matriculated students.

IV. Of the academical police, and the inferior officials, as secretaries, quæstors, bedells, &c.

The Professors and students are divided into the four Faculties of Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Philosophy (Arts), under which last head are included not merely Mental and Moral Philosophy, but the Ancient and Modern Languages, History, Archæology, Mathematics, the Physical Sciences, the Fine Arts, Political Philosophy, Political Economy and Diplomacy, &c. The Minister of Education is represented at some universities by a resident "*Curator* and Plenipotentiary," who acts as a sort of resident Chancellor, and is the connecting link between the university and the government. The immediate government of the university is carried on by a *Senate*, composed in some cases of all the ordinary Professors, in others of a certain number chosen by and from them, with an annually appointed *Rector* at their head. The Senate generally consists of the Rector, the Ex-rector, the four Deans of Faculty, some, or all, of the ordinary Professors, and the University Judge. The Rector is chosen by the ordinary Professors, and is president of the Senate. He still retains the old title of "*Magnificence*," and derives a salary from a percentage on fees for matriculation, and the granting of testimonials and degrees. The *University Judge* is appointed by the Minister of Education, and transacts the legal business of the university. He is not a Professor but a practical lawyer, whose office it is to see that all the transactions of the Senate are in accordance with the laws of the land. He is also the connecting link between the academical authorities and the town police.

The courses of lectures (*Collegia*) delivered by the Professors are of three kinds:—

I. *Publica*.—Every ordinary or extraordinary Professor is expected to deliver, *gratis*, two courses (of at least two lectures a week), extending through the whole of each "*semester*," on some material point of the science he professes; and these are the "*Publica Collegia*." They are but thinly attended by the students.

II. *Privata*.—The arrangement of which is entirely left to the different Faculties. These are the principal lectures, and the Professors receive fees (*honoraria*) from those who attend them,



varying according to the number of hours in the week which they occupy, the labor required in their preparation, the cost of apparatus, &c. These lectures generally occupy an hour a day, four, five, or six times a week. The most usual fee is about eighteen shillings.

III. *Privatissima*.—These are delivered to a select number, in the private houses of the Professors, on terms settled between them and their hearers.

The length of time (at least three years) which intervenes between matriculation and examination, has led to a practice amongst the students of taking down the whole lecture, in the manner of a reporter, in order to study it at home. And this, again, has induced the Professors to dictate their lectures in such a manner that they can be taken down almost word for word. It may easily be imagined how fatal such a habit must be to the graces of elocution, and it has not unfairly been made the subject of ridicule. A story is current of a German Professor at Marburg, who went so far in his desire to meet the wishes of the students as to say at the end of one of his sentences: "Machen die Herren gefälligst ein Kommachen"—Here, gentlemen, please to place a comma. Goethe also alludes to it in his *Faust*, where Mephistopheles, in the garb of Faust, is giving advice to a young scholar respecting his behavior in the lecture-room:—

"Doch euch des Schreibens ja befeisst  
Als dictirt' euch der heilige Geist."

"But be sure you write as diligently as if the Holy Spirit were dictating."

No single thing has contributed more to injure the reputation of the German universities in the eyes of our countrymen than the unprincipled manner in which some of the most insignificant of them have exercised their right of conferring degrees. Those who are unacquainted with Germany naturally involve all her universities in the same condemnation with the two or three dishonorable corporations who have virtually sold their worthless honors to aspirants as base as themselves. A short account of the manner in which degrees are obtained in the more respectable universities of Germany, may help to rescue them from unmerited reproach.

Each Faculty has the exclusive right of

granting degrees in its own sphere, although this prerogative is exercised under the authority of the whole university. The Theological Faculty grants two degrees, those of Licentiate and Doctor. The Philosophical Faculty also grants two, "Master of Arts" and "Doctor of Philosophy," which are generally taken together. The Medical and Judicial Faculties give only one degree each, that of Doctor.

Whoever seeks the degree of Licentiate in Theology, and of Doctor and Master of Arts in Philosophy, must have studied three years at a university, and must signify his desire to the Dean of his Faculty in a Latin epistle, accompanied by a short *curriculum vite*. Before he can be admitted to the *vivâ voce* examination he is expected to send in a *Doctor-dissertation*, an original treatise, generally written in Latin, in which he must manifest not only his proficiency in the subjects in which he intends to graduate, but some power of original thought and independent research. The Dean sends this treatise round to the other members of the Faculty, who have to declare in writing their opinion of its merits. If this be favorable, a day is appointed for the grand examination, which is generally carried on in Latin, and which all the members of the Faculty are expected to attend as examiners. The *Doctorandus* is then subjected to a *vivâ voce* examination by each Professor in turn, after which it is decided by simple majority whether the candidate has satisfied the examiners or not. If he succeeds he is directed to hold a public "disputation" (in Latin), in presence of the Dean and Faculty, on *theses* of his own selection, which are posted at the gates of the University. After the disputation the Dean addresses the *corona*, in a Latin speech, and hands the diploma to the new graduate.

To obtain the degree of Doctor of Theology the candidate must have finished his academical studies six years, and have written some work, which, in the opinion of the Faculty, is a valuable contribution to Theological literature.

The degree of *Doctor utriusque juris* is taken in nearly the same way as those in Theology and Philosophy, except that the law student is sometimes subjected to a written examination previously to the oral one.

The Medical Faculty is the only one in which it is imperative on the student to take the degree of Doctor. In the other Faculties admission to the privileges and honors of a profession is obtained solely by passing the so-called State or Government examination.

The testimony of many distinguished German schoolmen, as well as my own observations, incline me to think that one of the weakest points in the German University system is the method of examination. The *Staats-examina* in the Medical Faculty, for example, are conducted by a commission consisting chiefly of the Professors of one and the same university; so that, virtually, a student's teachers are his principal examiners. The case is very nearly the same with the so-called *Wissenschaftliche Prüfungs-commission* for masters in the Gymnasias and other schools. The necessary consequences of such a system need hardly be pointed out; and it speaks well for the professorial body in Germany that the results have not been sufficiently injurious to excite much public attention. An English examiner is as much above suspicion as an English judge; and though accident may place an Oxford or Cambridge man higher or lower in a class-list than he deserves, he never attributes his success or failure to a bias in the mind of his examiner. But should we (with all our trust in the conscientiousness of our university authorities) feel the same confidence if the examining board consisted mainly of the pupils' own tutors, and the heart sat in judgment side by side with the head? It cannot be denied that the German system tends to too great leniency on the part of examiners. The reputation of great severity would tell unfavorably on the number of students; for, as they may choose their university, they are likely to go where they can obtain their degrees with the least exertion.

Whoever wishes to enter the professorial career as *Privatim docens* must obtain leave of the Minister of Instruction to announce himself for *Habilitation* into one of the four Faculties. This permission cannot be obtained until three years after he has completed his studies at the university. He must also have taken the degree of Doctor. His application is made by a Latin epistle to the Dean, accompanied by a *curriculum vitæ*, and a treatise on one of the subjects on which

he proposes to lecture. The Faculty appoints, by ballot, two commissioners, who subject the testimonials and treatise of the candidate to a rigid examination, and give a written opinion of his merits. The above-mentioned documents, together with the judgment of the commissioners, are then sent round to every member of the Faculty, and the fate of the candidate is decided at their next meeting by simple majority. If the decision is favorable he is directed by the Dean to prepare and deliver a lecture on some subject chosen by the latter, after which the members of the Faculty hold a *colloquium* with him on the matter of his discourse. He is then finally admitted as *Privatim docens*.

The *Privatim docens* may be raised to the rank of Extraordinary Professor at any time after his *habilitation*, but he can make no claim to such promotion until he has lectured for three years at the university. The academical teacher, having obtained the position of Extraordinary Professor, has full opportunity of proving his ability before the university and the country. He stands, as a lecturer, on an equal footing in all respects with the oldest and most distinguished of the salaried Professors, and his exclusion from academical offices must be reckoned rather as an advantage at the beginning of his career. His future fate is very much in his own hands, and it is scarcely possible, even to adverse ministerial influence, to keep him from obtaining the natural fruits of his exertions. The professorial chairs of all Germany, and even of many other countries—as Switzerland, Austria, Russia, &c.—are open to him, and the active rivalry of different States insures to the man of genius and learning a fitting sphere of labor.

The stimulus thus given to exertion, both on the part of those who seek for name and fortune, and those who have already attained it, is extraordinary, and the advantage accruing from it to the students and the public correspondingly great. The Ordinary Professor, however great his attainments and his fame, cannot relax in his exertions or sleep on his laurels, if he would not yield his hearers and his fees to some "Extraordinary" brother or needy and acute *Privatim docens*. He must "keep moving," for there are numbers pressing on his heels. He must lead his pupils forward, or they,

careless of his brilliant antecedents, will leave him to follow a less renowned but more active and skilful guide.

The foregoing outline may suffice to show the world-wide difference between the academical institutions of England and Germany in external form; yet they differ far more essentially in the spirit which animates them, in their *modus operandi*, and in the objects which they respectively pursue. The term university is hardly applicable to our great academies; for they do not even profess to include the whole circle of the sciences in their programme, and their mode of teaching differs in hardly any respect from that of a school. The German university, on the other hand, looks, at first sight, like a mere aggregate of technical schools, designed to prepare men for the several careers of social life. Something analogous would result from bringing together in one place our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, our Theological training schools, Inns of Court, Medical schools and hospitals, and our British and Kensington Museums, with their schools of art, and then dividing the whole body of teachers and students into four faculties, and bringing it under the control of Her Majesty's Government. Yet such mere juxtaposition would not alone suffice to form a German university. Such a collection in one place of professional training schools, whose only object is the rapid preparation of young men for their future callings, *does* exist in Paris; and yet Gabriel Monod could say, without contradiction, that, with the exception of Turkey, France was the only country in Europe which possessed no university in the proper sense of the word. The German Faculties are also technical schools, but they are intimately and inseparably united by a *common scientific method*, which makes the practical studies of each a medium of the highest scientific training. Preparation for a profession is indeed the main object of a German university; but it is not, as in France, the only one. The great principle of teaching in the former is the *continual blending of instruction and research*, and the German universities are such good schools, because they are not only places of instruction but workshops of science. The enlargement and strengthening of the mind which the English system aims at exclusively, the Germans endeavor to

combine with preparation for the practical business of life. Their Professors have to supply the State with a sufficient number of young men capable of undertaking the duties of clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, physicians, civil servants, &c., and we know that this practical end is fully attained. But the successful result is a matter of perpetual astonishment to us, with our ideas and our experience, when we come to consider the nature of the means employed. The Professor announces a course of lectures, which the student may attend or not as he pleases; and these lectures are not, as we might expect, a compendium of practical knowledge, which his pupils may commit to memory and reproduce at their examinations, and use at their first start in their professional career, but generally an original scientific investigation of some new field of thought, a peering from the heights of accumulated knowledge into the dim and cloud-shadowed horizon. In every lecture the Professor is supposed to be engaged in the act of creation, and the student to be imbibing the scientific spirit and acquiring the scientific method—watching the weaver at his loom and learning to weave for himself. Whether the latter does his part or not is entirely his own concern. He is never questioned in his class or examined at the end of the term or year, and may pass his whole university life without any intimate personal acquaintance with the man whose business it is to cultivate his powers and fit him to serve his generation. The sources of the practical knowledge he needs are of course pointed out to him for private reading, but he is left to use them when and how he pleases, and to prepare himself alone, or in company with his fellow-students, for his distant examination. Nor is the higher work of the Professor supplemented, as with us, by private tutors, “coaches,” or “crammers.” In fact, there is no part of our collegiate system which is more universally reprobated by the Germans. “What we want for our students,” they say, “is not the assistance of private tutors, but private independent study without assistance.” “Away with all supervision and drilling! If you were to subject our men to private tuition, and regulate and inspect their studies, you would destroy at a blow the scientific spirit in our universities. The main object of a

university, as distinguished from a school, is to foster independent thought—the true foundation of independence of character. The student must, of course, be fitted to gain his livelihood, but show him where the necessary information is to be acquired, and place an examination in full view at the end of his curriculum, and he will prepare *himself* far better than if he were crammed by others, in a manner not suited, perhaps, to his mental constitution."

The only institution in a German university which might seem, at first sight, to contain the element of private tuition, is the so-called "Seminary," now attached to all the four Faculties. The Seminary is composed of the older and more advanced students in their last year, who assemble periodically under the presidency of the chief Professors in each department. The Seminarists are encouraged to treat some subject (suggested by the Professors or chosen by themselves) independently, according to the scientific method which they are supposed to have learned from attendance at the lectures. These treatises are read and discussed in the class, and generally commented on in a kind of summing-up by the presiding Professor. Here, too, the main object is to foster private reading and independent research on the part of the pupil, who is not expected to display his knowledge of other men's views, but to go to the sources, and, as far as his powers and lights allow, to extend the field of science in some definite direction. Such treatises, like the *Doctor-dissertations*, may be, and generally are, of little value in themselves—i.e., to the reader; but they are of the greatest use to the writer, who learns thereby the meaning of the word "science," and how scientific work is carried on. He is taught to follow out one problem, at least, to its ultimate consequences, to clear one field for himself, on which he can hoist his own colors and say: "Here I stand on my own ground, and on my own legs; here no one can teach me or direct me." The power acquired by such an exercise is an inestimable possession, the very foundation of spiritual independence, the great source of mental fertility. Nor does it necessarily lead, as we might fear, to one-sided narrowness of mind. No one can thoroughly investigate a subject, however special and limited it may seem, without coming into contact on every side with

other apparently alien matters. The deeper we penetrate, the wider must we make the opening at the surface for the admission of air and light into the depths below.

At the risk of seeming to repeat myself, I will now recapitulate the principal characteristic differences between the German and the English university.

The former, as we have seen, is a national institution, entirely supported by the state, subject to the supervision and control of the central government, frequented by all but the poorest classes of the community, and therefore immediately and directly influenced by political and social changes. The latter is a wealthy corporation enjoying a very large measure of independence, frequented chiefly by the higher and more conservative classes, but little influenced by political changes or the prevailing opinions and customs of the masses, dwelling in empyrean heights remote from the noise and heat of contending factions and all the changes and chances of the work-a-day world.

"Semota ab nostris rebus sejunctaque longe,  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus nihil indiga nostri."

Again, the internal government of the *Corpus Acad.* in Germany is almost entirely in the hands of the actual teachers; and the most eminent professors are also the chief rulers of the university, as Rectors, Deans of Faculty, or members of the Senate. In Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, the lecturers and tutors, the working bees of the community, have but a small share of its wealth and power, which is for the most part in the hands of learned and dignified "Heads" and irresponsible Fellows, who are not expected to take much part in the actual teaching. The natural result is, that we have many admirable teachers, and many very learned men, but few writers. No impulse of rivalry or hope of promotion irresistibly impels our scholars to give the fruits of their labor to the world, and they too often enjoy them alone. We have always the uneasy feeling that there are men at our universities who might well compete with German Professors, who yet do little for the advancement of science, and are almost unknown beyond their college walls.

According to the German view of the



matter, the Professor ought to be a learner even more than a teacher. He is engaged in a constant race and rivalry with competitors, not only at his own university, but throughout the great republic of letters to which he belongs, and in which he seeks for fame, position, and emolument. In the choice of a Professor, therefore, the university (which has the right of proposing names to the Minister of Education) and the government are guided almost entirely by the comparative merits manifested in the published writings of the aspirants. The questions asked are: "What work has he done?" "What is he doing?" A vague reputation for mere learning, a good delivery, or a pleasing style will avail him little. They prefer, not the best teacher, as they would for the Gymnasium, but the greatest thinker, the most creative genius, and leave him to make himself intelligible to the students as he can. They are not disturbed at hearing that Professor M. or N. has but few hearers, and "shoots above their heads;" or by such cases as that of the Philosopher Hegel, who said that "only one of his pupils understood him, and he *misunderstood* him." A light set on a hill, they think, cannot be altogether hidden, and some few may catch the prophet's mantle as he rises. They care far more for substance than form, for native gold than current silver coin; and hence it comes that so many German Professors and authors are, as compared with their French and English brethren, dull and awkward lecturers, obscure and unreadable writers. And thus the German scholar works directly under the eyes of the government, the lettered public, and indeed the whole nation. Every sound that he utters is immediately heard in the vast whispering-chamber of the temple of knowledge—weighed and discussed at a thousand centres. A new discovery in science, a new edition of a classic author, a light thrown on the history of the past, any proof, in short, of superior genius or talent, may not only give him the much-coveted "*Sitz und Stimme*" (seat and voice) in the general council of the republic of letters, but insure him a higher place in the social scale, and offers of a more lucrative post.

The English head, professor, or tutor, when once appointed, enjoys a kind of monopoly of authority or teaching, and

may do his ministering zealously or gently, without fear of rivalry, without any immediate or certain gain or loss of reputation or emolument. He stands in no relation either to the government or the public, to both of which he may be almost unknown. He has no broadly-marked career before him, in which distinction and reward *necessarily* wait on great ability and great exertion,\* and if he is ambitious he generally leaves the university for some more extensive and promising field of labor.

The difference between the character of the English and German student is, if possible, still more striking. When an English boy leaves school for the university, he is not conscious of a very sharp break or turning-point in his life; he is only entering on another stage of the same high-road. He goes to pursue nearly the same studies in very nearly the same way as before. He expects to meet his old companions, and to indulge in his dearly-loved boyish sports on the river and in the field. He enjoys, of course, a greater degree of freedom, and receives a much higher kind of instruction, in accordance with his riper age and greater powers; but the subjects of his study are still chosen for him, and prosecuted, not for their so-called "utility," but for their value as gymnastic exercises of the mind. As at school he is directed in his course, and the instruction is still catechetical. Throughout the whole of his career at college he is subjected to examination in certain fixed subjects and even books, by the study of which he can alone escape reproof and obtain distinction and reward. His mind is still almost exclusively *receptive*, bound to take the food and medicine prepared and prescribed for him by duly authorized purveyors and practitioners. He is still, in short, in general training for the race of life, and is allowed no free disposal of his time and energy, no free indulgence of his peculiar tastes.

How different the feelings and experience of the German gymnasiast, as he passes from the purgatory of school to the paradise of college! In his boyhood he has been mentally schooled and drilled with a strictness and formality of which we have no conception. Every step he takes is marked out for him with the utmost care and precision by the highest author-

ity, and he has scarcely a moment that he can call his own. It is continually dinned into his ears that he is not to reason or to choose, but to learn and to obey; and he does obey and learn with incredible docility and industry, and toils joylessly along the straight and narrow path, between the high and formal walls, from stage to stage of his arduous school-life, clearing one examination-fence after another, or falling amidst its thorns, till the last is surmounted which separates him from the German's heaven.

And what a change awaits him there! The cap of the student is to him the cap of liberty; his bonds are loosed, his chains struck off, he is introduced into the Eden of freedom and knowledge, "furnished with every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food," and told that he "may freely eat of all." The very same authorities, central and local, who have hitherto demanded from him dumb and blind obedience, and controlled his bodily and mental freedom in every possible way, now loudly proclaim to him that his chief duty, the chief principle and law of his being, is—to be free. The Professors contend for his applause and patronage, society allows him the greatest latitude as suited to his age and profession; the very police, so terrible to other men, looks indulgently on him, as a privileged being, and mutters as it sees him kicking over the traces, "*Es ist ja ein Student.*" For three or four long years no one has the right to dictate to him, or to bind him by any tradition or any rule. He must, of course, prepare for the inevitable examination at the end of his university career, but he may do so how and when he pleases, and in the meantime he can rest from the exhausting toils of his school life, and cultivate at leisure the powers of which he is most conscious, and in the exercise of which he most delights. He has several universities from which to choose, and if one Professor does not please him he can generally find another who is lecturing on the same subject; and he is by no means slow in recognising which are the rising and which the setting stars in the academic firmament.

It is often remarked that much of the great work of the world has been done by self-taught men, and that the mind grows best on the food it chooses for itself. To a certain extent the German student

seems to partake of the advantages of the autodidact, inasmuch as he is left to choose his own teachers, and work at the subject he likes best in the way he likes best; so that he enjoys, at the same time, the advantages of the highest instruction with the greatest freedom of self-development.

That such a system should have grown up in a red-tape country like Prussia, and been found compatible with the rigid formality of other German institutions, under a "paternal" government, is wonderful enough; and that it should succeed and maintain itself in such an atmosphere, is still more remarkable. The German press teems with proposals for re-organizing the schools of Germany, and the controversy between Gymnasium and Realschule is hotly raging at the present moment; but hardly a voice is raised against the university system, and no one desires to curtail the unbounded freedom of the student. One and all the Germans love their university, as the English love their school, and look back with tender regret on the only period of their lives when they were free. "Every dog has his day;" (the English dog a good many days), and the day of the German dog is his life at the university. Many of the best and even grandest songs in his language were inspired by the free studies, the free pleasures, the free companionship of his college career; and when, in after life, great warriors, statesmen, and scholars meet together on some festive occasion, it is not as schoolboys, but as "*alte Burschen*" that they delight to regard themselves. It is true that the most uproarious dithyrambic songs and music of the students' *Commerz-buch* have almost invariably a touch of Horatian pathos in them; but this arises, not from any feeling of dissatisfaction with university life, but from the consideration of its short duration, from the bitter thought that the student—

"Muss auch Philister sein!"

must soon join the drilled ranks of the despised Philistines. And hence the so oft-repeated exhortation to prize and enjoy the fleeting hours:

"Denkt oft Ihr Brüder an unsere Jugendfröhlichkeit,  
Sie kehrt nicht wieder—die goldene Zeit!"

When we come to compare the results

of the two systems, we find them such as we might expect. The Germans are the explorers in the world of thought, and the first settlers in the newly-discovered regions, who clear the ground and make it tillable and habitable. At a later period the English take possession, build solid houses, and dwell there. The Germans send their students out into the fields of knowledge, like working bees, to gather honey from every side. The English lead their pupils into well-stored hives to enjoy the labors of others. The German student cares little for the accumulated learning of the past, except as a vantage-ground from which to reach some greater height. He has little reverence for authority, and if he does set up an idol, he is very apt to throw it down again. His chief delight is to form theories of his own, and he can build a very lofty structure on a very insufficient foundation. As compared with the "first-class" Oxford man or Cambridge wrangler, he has read but little, and would make a very moderate show in a classical or mathematical tripos examination; but he has the scientific method; he is thorough and independent master of a smaller or larger region of thought; he knows how to use his knowledge, and in the long run outstrips his English brothers. The English system produces the accomplished scholar, "well up in his books;" the reverent and zealous disciple of some Gamaliel; the brilliant essayist, whose mind is filled with the great thoughts and achievements of the past, who deals with ease and grace with the rich stores he has gathered by extensive reading; the ready debater, skilled in supporting his arguments by reference to high authority, and by apt quotations. But he is receptive rather than creative, his feathers, though gay and glossy, are too often borrowed, and not so well fitted for higher flights as if they were the product of his own mental organism. In the language of Faust, we might say of him—

"Erquickung hast du nicht gewonnen  
Wenn sie dir nicht aus eigener Seele quillt."

The German has read less, but he has thought more, and is continually striving to add to the sum of human knowledge. He is impatient and restless while he stands on other men's ground, or sojourns in other men's houses; directly he has found materials of his own, whether they

be stones or only *cards*, he begins to build for himself, and would rather get over a difficulty by a rickety plank of his own, than by the safe iron bridge of another. The same *furor Teutonicus* (the tendency to drive everything to extremes), which urges on the powerful intellect to great discoveries in the regions of the hitherto unknown, also goads the little mind to peer with fussy, feverish restlessness into every chink, to stir every puddle, "to dig with greedy hand for treasure."

"Und froh sein wenn er Regenwürmer findet."

The Englishman meanwhile looks on, and patiently waits until the new intellectual structure has been well aired and lighted, and fitted up for comfortable habitation. The German theologian or philosopher is often astonished, and not a little amused, to see some theory or system taken up by English scholars, who have just learned German, which has long become obsolete in the land of its birth, and been disowned perhaps by its very author.

In contemplating the past history and present state of the German universities, the question naturally arises whether the extraordinary mental fertility which characterises them has been owing to peculiar political and social conditions; whether it is likely, as many think, to be injuriously affected by recent important changes, and especially by the amalgamation of the different German states into one great empire, under the hegemony of Prussia. The literary fertility of their universities is generally accounted for by crediting the Germans with a certain disinterested love of knowledge for its own sake, as contrasted with our low material hankering after loaves and fishes! We need not seriously endeavor to refute so preposterous a theory, but only point to the facts that while the encouragement of learning and research at the universities has been one of the main objects of the state in Germany, there is no country in Europe in which science (in the widest sense of the word), has received so little encouragement from government, has been left so entirely to reward itself, as in England. In fact, since there is no career in our universities for men of learning and science, no reward for *literary* activity and successful *research*, the wonder is that

they have done so much, and can count so many great names among their members. The pre-eminence of German learning is owing to no natural superiority in the Germans, either mental or moral. To understand the intense activity which prevails in their universities, we must remember that the academic career has, for more than a century, exercised a very powerful attraction on the most active and gifted minds of the nation. Debarred by the despotic nature of their government from the arena of politics, and by class-distinction from any fair chance of promotion in the army or the service of the state, with few opportunities of acquiring wealth in commercial or industrial pursuits, the more ambitious spirits in the German *bourgeoisie* have sought the only field of honor in which the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong. We may smile at the small salaries of the German Professor, but when compared with other government officials in his own country, he is, or rather *was*, well paid, and his position in other respects is a singularly enviable one. He is in the most independent position in which a German can be placed, and enjoys a freedom of speech which is permitted to no other official, whatever his rank may be—a freedom which increases in exact proportion to his abilities and fame. His peculiar privileges are owing partly to the natural scarcity of great men, and the respect which they inspire into their countrymen, and partly to the keen competition for the possession of the most illustrious scholars between the universities of the numerous independent states into which Germany was, till recently, divided. This active rivalry enabled the distinguished professor to hold his own even against kings and ministers. When the late Duke of Cumberland, as King of Hanover (whose motto was that “Professors and harlots can always be had for money”), expelled the seven greatest men in Göttingen for a spirited protest against his *coup d'état*, they were received with open arms even by despotic Prussia. When the great Latin scholar Ritschl shook off the dust of his feet at Bonn, he was welcomed with the highest honors by the King of Saxony, and installed at Leipsic.

It cannot be denied that many of these circumstances, which tended to draw the

best powers of the nation into connection with the universities, have of late years undergone a very important change. Political life offers greater attractions; the “*Bürgerlicher*” has better chances of promotion in the army than heretofore. A larger proportion of the best intellects of the nation have turned their attention to commerce and manufactures as affording a better prospect of advancement in the world. Wars and rumors of wars, and the preparation for new contests, are not favorable to the calm concentration of mind indispensable to successful study. The position of a professor, moreover, is less attractive than it was. With the union of the German states into one great empire, the competition for great scholars has become less lively. The cost of living has increased in Germany more rapidly than in any other country in Europe, and the salaries of the Professors have not been proportionally raised.

The maintenance of the scientific spirit is endangered too by the very extension of the boundaries of science of which that spirit is the chief agent. The mass of strictly professional knowledge in each faculty is increasing every day, and the task of assimilating this engrosses more and more of the student's time and energy, and leaves him fewer and fewer opportunities for the independent prosecution of pure science. We hear it said on all sides that young men must spend at least four years at the universities, if they are not to sink into mere “bread-students;” and appeals have been made to the liberality of the German public to enable the more gifted students, by the establishment of small *Stiftungen*, to spend a longer time in study. Such appeals, by the way, meet with very little response in Germany. The liberality which has filled England with benevolent institutions of every kind appears to be almost unknown elsewhere. Complaints are heard in many quarters that the “*Nachwuchs*,” the after-growth, the rising generation of Professors, is not likely to equal its predecessors. It is not long ago since a minister of education in Prussia complained of the difficulty of filling up vacant posts in the universities in a manner satisfactory to himself and the students. How far this falling off is attributable to the causes mentioned above, or the general dearth of great men observable, at the present time, in every



country in Europe, remains to be seen. One thing, however, is absolutely certain that neither in Germany nor England can a university be sustained by the exertions of "disinterested" votaries of science. With the exception of the *Dis geniti*, the born priests of science, men will not spend long years in laborious study, without hope of adequate reward in the shape of money or position. Science has flourished at the German seats of learning, because it has been carefully fostered and judiciously rewarded by the state. It has not flourished at our universities because, while they richly reward the first-fruits of the youthful intellect, they offer no career to the man.

The foregoing account naturally suggests a number of practical questions and considerations in connection with our own collegiate system. It is clear that we cannot have a university of the German type, which is the result of the whole history of Germany and the peculiar institutions and character of its people. We cannot move the inns of court, the London hospitals and museums, to Oxford and Cambridge, nor can we amalgamate the two last and transfer them to London. We cannot compel the whole ruling class of the country to pass through the university as a preparation for professional and official life. We cannot intrust the entire teaching to lecturers, and abolish all private tuition and coaching, all catechetical instruction and competitive examinations. And, above all, we should not venture to leave our young men without the moral supervision and religious influences now brought to bear upon them. But, we may ask, can *nothing* be done to foster the scientific spirit at our universities, and

make the work done there more fertile of results? Might not more of the actual teaching in our universities be intrusted to professors, in the German sense of the word; and might not a career be opened to them sufficiently attractive to secure the services of the ablest men in the country, and excite the ambition of the rising generation of scholars? Might not greater efforts be made to bring great thinkers and investigators, whether natives or foreigners, into connection with our universities? Or must we be content that the latter should remain only great high schools, with no higher aim than the production of learned but too often barren scholars and accomplished gentlemen? Can nothing be done to encourage independent thought and research among our students? If it be answered that our men are so over-burdened by the "getting up of books," and preparation for ever-impending examinations, that they have no strength left for the pursuits to which nature inclines them, would it not be worth considering whether assiduous cramming and perpetual examination *are* the best means of enlarging the mind, and inspiring it with a disinterested, fervid love of knowledge? The question is not an absurd one, for we know that the Germans, whose success as teachers we acknowledge, do entirely without competitive examinations and class-lists, and consider that hasty cramming too often produces sickness and a loathing for all mental food. Our system of racing our "blood" men for magnificent prizes may, they think, produce swift runners for a one-mile race, but not good roadsters for the journey of life.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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'THE REVENGE,' A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

At Flores, in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:  
'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!'  
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: 'Fore God I am no coward;  
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,  
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.  
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?'

## II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no coward;  
 You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
 But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.  
 I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,  
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

## III.

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,  
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;  
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land  
 Very carefully and slow,  
 Men of Bideford in Devon,  
 And we laid them on the ballast down below;  
 For we brought them all aboard,  
 And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,  
 To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
 And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,  
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
 'Shall we fight or shall we fly?  
 Good Sir Richard, let us know,  
 For to fight is but to die!  
 There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'  
 And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.  
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,  
 For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

## V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so  
 The little 'Revenge' ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;  
 For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,  
 And the little 'Revenge' ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,  
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft  
 Running on and on, till delay'd  
 By their mountain-like 'San Philip' that, of fifteen hundred tons,  
 And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,  
 Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII.

And while now the great 'San Philip' hung above us like a cloud  
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
 Long and loud,  
 Four galleons drew away  
 From the Spanish fleet that day,  
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,  
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great 'San Philip,' she bethought herself and went  
 Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;  
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,  
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,  
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears  
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,  
 But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.  
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,  
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;  
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.  
 For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—  
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

## X.

For he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'  
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;  
 And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,  
 With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
 And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
 And he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,  
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;  
 But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,  
 So they watch'd what the end would be.  
 And we had not fought them in vain,  
 But in perilous plight were we,  
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
 And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;  
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,  
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was ail of it spent;  
 And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;  
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
 'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
 As may never be fought again!  
 We have won great glory, my men!  
 And a day less or more  
 At sea or ashore,  
 We die—does it matter when?  
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!  
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

## XII.

And the gunner said, 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:  
 'We have children, we have wives,  
 And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;  
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'  
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

## XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,  
And they mann'd the 'Revenge' with a swarthier alien crew,  
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;  
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,  
And the little 'Revenge' herself went down by the island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

—*The Nineteenth Century.*

## FRENCH HOME LIFE.

## NO. II.—THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

IN Christian countries the influence of women is everywhere: it is in everything we think, and wish, and do; it is in all the questions of our time—in politics, in religion, in morals, in virtue, and in vice; it constitutes in each kingdom a distinct and preponderating form of the national movement. Its local efficacy rises not only with the habits and the tendencies of the race, not only with the individual ability of each woman, but almost more—with the impressibility, with the faculty of imagination, of each man. It therefore naturally presents its most complete and most vigorous manifestations in lands where specificness of personality, sentiments of prompt emotion, and facility of ardor, eagerness, and passion, are developed between the sexes in the proportions best suited to the case. It is because these rare conditions are found, in all their force, in the strangely endowed, impressionable French blood, that France has become the great triumphant field of women's action. Numbers of women

there are, in their own eyes, apostles—apostles in the world and in their homes. They are, both of themselves and in their ways of life, professors of the political, religious, artistic, or sentimental faith to which they may happen to have given up their will; they take for themselves, individually, all the victories of their cause. And as they preach to an eager and excited audience, the union between actors and spectators produces a play such as no other theatre in the world can show.

In the other lands of Europe the influence of women may be said, in general terms, to present certain determined but limited aspects; it is calming, soothing, restraining, and it is simultaneously duty-teaching, elevating, purifying. But in France it assumes, in a multitude of cases, an additional characteristic of a totally different species. It is often all that it is elsewhere; it is often moderating and softening, rectifying and redeeming: but it is, continually, something else besides; it is—visibly and nationally—stimulating.



There is, perpetually, in the leverage which Frenchwomen exert around them, a manifestly instigating tendency—a palpably enkindling force—a quickening, impelling, inflaming agency. Their action can be as tender, as moderating, as that of any women on earth; but it can also assume, with amazing ease, all the forms of incitation and arousing. Here lies its great characteristic: it is in the examination of the results produced by this marked form of work that we discover the special national effect of the influence exercised by Frenchwomen. In the other elements of their empire they act, more or less, like other women: but in this great line of action they are themselves alone; in this they expend a power which no other women of the world display.

To see this power in its fullest effectiveness, we must not seek for it at either the top or the bottom of society; it is in the middle strata that it is especially discoverable in the true fulness of its capacity. The women of the lower sections possess no directing energies of the sort which we are discussing here; and those of the highest rank are too utterly without class influence to be able to exercise a national domination. It is in the centre that we find the real acting women of France—the women of energy, of number, and of will. There we see at work a mass of organised pressure which stretches out to the corners of the land, which grasps and urges on the entire life of the people,—which makes itself felt in thought, in talk, and in events.

On the strange fact of the absence in French society of any guidance from above, it is, however, necessary to say something more before proceeding further. The difference between the position and the ascendancy of the high-born in England and in France is so enormous, that it is essential, in addressing English readers, to insist upon it with special emphasis. We all know how immense is the force of that position and that ascendancy amongst ourselves; but in France no such force exists at all. A certain small part of the best *noblesse* there constitutes a group apart—a group, of which the members bear great names, but which enjoys no prerogatives, exercises no rights, applies no teaching, awakes no praise, provokes no sympathy. This group is rarely accessible to outsiders, excepting as mere ac-

quaintances; it purposely surrounds itself by a barrier within which it vegetates, in ancient prejudices, in self-esteem, and in horror of our time; it has but few contacts with the true life of France, with the movements of opinion, with the realities of to-day. It offers to the generation no accepted model; it supplies no admired example; it serves in nothing as a recognised guide. There is no national imitation of it, no national admiration of it, no national employment for it. It exists as a force in its own eyes only; the country does not even regard it as a representative social order, still less as a valued national instrument. And yet the members of this group, with all their feebleness and unproductiveness, do form, most incontestably, the highest society in France. But France cares nothing for them; it asks them for no instruction. It imitates; or if it sometimes imitates, it does so by modifying, by substituting, and by arranging: by casting aside all notions that do not tend to practical application and employment. It has worked out for itself a general state, in which neither blood nor money is regarded as an inevitable master—in which both are envied but not adored; a state which is based on equilibrium of sentiments rather than on parity of birth—on fundamental sympathies of idea rather than on accidental unities of situation.

Foremost in the eminently national labor of creating and maintaining this state stand the women of the middle classes. It is they alone who are the typical women of the land. Abandoned by the recluses at the top, unaided by the toilers at the bottom, it is they who are the instituting workers; it is by them and by their efforts that the lesson of women's present social use in France is now taught.

The peculiar organisation of France offers, it is true, a special and a magnificent field of action for them. But how cleverly they use it! The effacement of the *noblesse* as a caste leaves the ground clear for them, it is true. But how skilfully they till it! Their very faults assist them. Outside their own homes their fond in-door temperament seems to change. In society they show themselves inferior in heart and (as a natural consequence perhaps) superior in intelligence to the men around them. Possessing all the abilities of women, and working on all the weaknesses of men; wielding all the arms

of shrewdness, aptitude, coquetry, and charm, and directing them against sensation, emotion, and excitement,—they conquer almost as much by their defects as by their qualities. In their action on society, their failings and their merits labor side by side.

The great glaring fact distinctive of the Frenchwoman is that she is herself. Unlike the Englishwoman, she yields to no dictation from above, she imitates no nationally-admired type, she accepts no pattern: her manner, her tactics, her language, and her art are forcedly her own, for the excellent reason that no adopted text stands before her to be copied. The effect of this absence of a constantly-repeated model is naturally to create variety in an abundance which is unknown elsewhere. And here lies the first explanation of that stimulating action to which allusion has been already made. As no woman is exactly like any other woman, or handles any two men in the same fashion, or even operates by the same method on the same man for two days running—as bearing, attitude, and procedure, are perpetually changing—it follows that the subjects operated on find themselves exposed to a continuous stream of fresh sensations, and to all the incitements which necessarily result therefrom. In the personal originality of each Frenchwoman lies the great secret of her action. Her processes of each moment are varied with the shiftings of the situation; she consults no precedents, no usages, no rules; she admits neither fac-similes nor duplications. Her habit of individual performance, and her conviction that she is as capable as any other woman of deciding how she ought to behave in any given case, combine to endow her with fertility of resource and rapidity of decision; she stands before her circle of the world as an unceasing appropriator of new means to her ends, and as an equally unceasing provoker of new emotions around her. Her sovereignty is generated by her variety. As the mass of the women of the middle class assume this attitude, it follows that variety attains, in France, a development, and possesses a virtue, of which we can discover the like nowhere else. In England we get on without it, or, at all events, with very little of it. We all live substantially alike; we think, and talk, and move almost exactly as our neighbors do, and we are content; our

system-of society is based on uniformity; our women behave in the self-same fashion to everybody they know. But in France, if a lady has a dozen people in her *salon*, she acts a dozen parts to them; she is a distinct person to each one of them, and each of her incarnations is proper to herself alone—it contains nothing that is recognisably borrowed from another. And she does all this instinctively, unconsciously, without an effort.

This remarkable capacity is not, however, acquired by pure self-teaching. Although no guidance to it is obtainable from above, the women of the middle class do aid each other copiously. The influence of contact which, in so many forms, is so strangely powerful in France, applies here with immense effect. All the women of a set act and react upon each other; each one of them attentively observes the doings round her; each one of them absorbs, digests, and reissues whatever pleases in her friends. What she gives back is different from what she took. She weaves a new fabric with the materials she has seized, so fresh, so transformed, that no one but a very close observer would detect its origin. And yet it is in part by this means that the infinite variety of her action is composed. The faculty of adaptation is the second of the great secrets of women's influence in France.

But that faculty could scarcely be exercised on so elastic a scale unless the composition of the society which supplies the elements of this ceaseless adaptation were equally elastic. It is precisely because the middle class in France is multifold in the diversity of its components, almost unmeasured in the determination of its limits, and most generously open-handed in its reception of new recruits, that the women who belong to it find before their eyes a ceaseless study of peculiarities, distinctions, novelties, and originalities. If the social section to which they are attached were a closed order, they would rapidly rust in it; their natural capacities would be insufficient to protect them from the mouldiness induced by solitary inaction. The condition of the small band above them supplies proof enough of that. But that section is singularly wide, for it stretches upwards and downwards as well as sideways. The highest class is so limited, it guards itself so strictly (excepting in cases of marriage for money), that the

mass of the ordinarily well born are excluded from it, and are forced, in spite of themselves, to enter the ranks of the middle class. A vast majority of the bearers of titles must therefore be counted as forming part of the latter; and though titles have no meaning now in France, they continue, all the same, to possess so real a social value, that their proprietors occupy, as a rule, a front place in the group to which they may happen to belong. After them come the *rentiers*, the members of professions, the upper *employés* of the State, and all the undetermined stragglers who, in France as elsewhere, aid to make up the great central array. And this is not all. Just as the middle class dilates overhead in a fashion strange to England, so also does it swell out beneath with a charity equally unknown to us. It is the great incorporator of France, the great assimilator, the great absorber. Its gates are open to all the clean, to all the well-behaved, and, above all, to all the intelligent—to every one who can personally contribute to the joy of those who receive him. Degrees exist in it—human vanity requires that they should—but they are degrees over which it is easy to leap: they serve, indeed, to mark out the sympathies of groups, far more than to bar the progress of individuals.

The result is, that the so-called middle class of France includes, in reality, representatives of almost every grade in the land, of every occupation, of every ambition, and of every idea: it is, practically, an all-containing, universal association, which offers to a studying woman a virtually limitless field of teaching. Under conditions of such a nature, it is not surprising that the result should be as large as the cause, and that the diversities of tone and attitude assumed by Frenchwomen should be as abundant and as diverging as the types and temperaments from which those women have the opportunity of extracting impressions and conceptions. The variety of their conduct is a product of the variety of their contacts; and this latter, again, is a consequence of the variety of the elements of the society in which they live.

And if the women are assisted by these special conditions of the national system to develop their inherent capacities, and to appropriate, fertilise, and utilise all the

means which accidents of situation may cast before them, the men beside them are led on, simultaneously, by the action of the self-same causes, to throw open their own natures, and to eagerly breathe the exciting social atmosphere which surrounds them. Both men and women are thrust forward on the same road by the same impulsions; the faculties of the one, and the impressibility of the other, are augmented side by side, by an agency which equally affects them both. The constant manipulation of new sensibilities not only provokes in the man a growing appetite for more and more of them, but also educates the woman to supply them. In this reciprocal community of action and counter-action between the two lies the third main-spring of the stimulating force of Frenchwomen.

A mutual position of such a kind—a position which is observable nowhere but in France—would not, however, be realisable even there, if very special natural dispositions did not lend themselves with rare appropriateness to its attainment. A passing allusion has been already made to the most strange but very evident fact, that, in the details of social relation, the men are more emotional than the women, and the women more intelligent than the men. Of course, there are exceptions in tens of thousands; but, taking the population as a whole, it is one of its most manifest characteristics that, in society, it is the women who think most, and the men who feel most. This inversion of the rules which apply elsewhere to the distribution between the sexes of the temperaments and dispositions which are generally supposed to be essentially proper to each of them, is one of the strange social signs of the France of to-day. Indoors, in families, the proportions seem equal. But out of doors there is nationally a perceptibly greater spread of mental qualities amongst the women than amongst the men—more quickness, more acuteness, more discrimination, more judgment; and, simultaneously, as if to counterbalance this exception, there is a relative drying up of the heart amongst the women, and an abnormal development of it amongst the men. It cannot be too often repeated, that towards their own kindred, as daughters, as wives, and especially as mothers, Frenchwomen are as tender, as loving, as devoted and unselfish as any women on

earth; and that no deficiency of heart is discoverable in them in their houses, or in their attitude towards their parents, their husbands, or their children. But in their social practice it is, in innumerable cases, distinctly discernible. Now it is precisely of social practice that we are talking: we shall come presently to the influence of women at their firesides; thus far we are considering it exclusively in its action on the outside world. One of the principal characteristics of that action is, that the women who exercise it are rarely carried away by emotions—that, on the contrary, they retain almost always a perfect control over their impulses, and are able to suppress all unneeded fervency and pathos, and to conduct their lives with prudent equanimity. And their circumspection and reserve are exhibited quite as much in their relations with other women as in their conduct towards men. Frenchwomen do not often make hearty friends with each other. They are the most perfect acquaintances that the earth can supply; but there is something in the constitution of their nature which seems to force them to put aside their real attachments for their own blood alone, and to deprive them of the faculty of solid, durable fellowship with anybody who is not of their stock. There are exceptions, as was said just now; but no spectator who has had opportunities of sufficiently observing the characteristics of French society will deny that this is the rule.

Under such conditions, the women start with an immense working pre-eminence over the men. They are calm, collected, wary; they are not weakened by idle enthusiasms or by foolish magnanimities; no stupid generosities affect their coolness or enfeeble their self-control; they never forget that their objects in society are amusement, not interest—power, not sympathy—vanity, not fraternity. They do not generally care to be made love to, for love-making is a process which sometimes entails inconvenience if it be carried too far; so, as they abhor inconvenience, they all shrink from its possible causes. And these women, mistresses of their acts and thoughts, untouched and unimpassioned, operate on men whose whole natures are eager, glowing, excitable—on men who feel instinctively and profoundly, and who exhibit everything they feel. The contest

is unequal. By mere superiority of self-possession the women dominate the men.

And when we see that, in addition to this first advantage, they possess the second power of greater endowment in all that concerns the clever handling of social contacts—when we recognise that they are brighter talkers, quicker thinkers, more attentive observers than the men around them—we are confirmed in the impression that men meet women in French society without a fair chance of victory, and that the issue of the battle is decided before the strife begins. In this double supremacy of indifference and intelligence we find the fourth great source of the incentive nature of the reign of Frenchwomen.

The fifth cause is more difficult to perceive; for, instead of being general like the other four, it is personal—instead of being national, it is individual. But though it is the least easy to detect and to measure with precision, it is by far the most curious and attractive, for it is the performance of the woman herself. The other elements of the subject are, more or less, external hazards; this part of it leads us into the very core of the question. Here it is that we observe how fitnesses of situation are utilised; how peculiarities of national organisation are wielded for a purpose; how characters are played on; how opportunities are seized and fertilized; how advantages are developed; how expedients and resources are applied. Here it is that we detect at work the specialties of the Frenchwoman,—her inventivity, her activity, her assiduity, her laborious preparation of her plans, her infinite forms of variety, her particular fashions of self-love. Her character comes out entire in her manner of composing and directing her influence over the society in which she lives. But all these details differ somewhat in each example; they are exactly alike in no two cases. It is not, therefore, possible to describe them by generalities or approximations; a separate picture of each model would be essential in order to set them forth completely. As, however, there are one or two millions of models, and as it would be difficult to correctly depict them all, we cannot attempt a study of persons; we must content ourselves with a glance at the processes employed.

Of the three exterior forms of action—talk, manner, and dress—which are at the



disposal of all women, it is from talk that the French extract their real results. Their employment of manner and of dress is conducted with a scientific skill unknown in any other land; but, great as is their proficiency in the handling of those two sources of influence, it is by talk alone that they bring about the highest and most subjugating of their effects. Even the accident of beauty helps them little: it is so unfrequent amongst them; they are, by their nature, so disinclined to trust to passive elements of attraction; they are, on the contrary, so accustomed to energetically employ the most active measures of attack; they are all so thickly surrounded by examples of constant and vigorous use of personal exertion in order to please, to influence, and to win,—that, by the joint force of habit and example, they learn to regard mere ordinary beauty, if they happen to possess any of it, as a weapon which is usually insufficient to carry them to a victorious position in their world. Scarcely any of the Frenchwomen who are endowed with it attach excessive pride to it. They perceive that it disposes other people to look at them admiringly, and to talk somewhat about them; but with their prodigious common-sense, and with their singular national capacity for rightly estimating the relative values of things, they recognise that, by itself, it rarely leads them to any solid influence. The men and women round them want something more than prettiness—they desire to talk, to listen, to be amused and interested. So, as looking or being looked at is not enough for any of them, they end by laying down the law that beauty alone gives no sufficient masteries in life to its holder. And, furthermore, even if it did bestow complete authority and undisputed control, there are not many women in France who would content themselves with unwon homage—who would consent to leave their faces to inertly conquer for them—who would sit down silently in their beauty and abandon the inspiring strife which leads to well-gained consciously-merited command. The women of France are an essentially *living* race—a race of combatants, who scorn unfought-for victories and torpid triumphs. Their joy in life is, not only to fight, but to fight with arms which they have forged themselves for their own hands, and so to accomplish a double

success as belligerents and as manufacturers.

Under such conditions, and with such natures, it is comprehensible enough that Frenchwomen should regard talk as their sword of war, manner and dress as supplementary weapons of attack, and beauty as an unaggressive ally, which adds, it is true, to the effect of a review of troops, but which is of little reliable service in campaigning.

Still there is, all the same, a special vitality of function about their dress and manner. Those two agents are not idlers; they are not, like beauty, passive waiters on destiny: they are, on the contrary, producing workers; they are animated provokers of sensation; they are worthy to be counted as active colleagues of talk, as accentuators of its effects, as fortifiers of its arguments. Manner, indeed, forms an essential ingredient of the rhetoric of a Frenchwoman; it underlines her meanings by look, by attitude, and tone, by movement and expression. Her eyes, her hands, her shoulders, add intention to her words. Without the aid which they bring up, without the background which they supply, her oratory would perceptibly lose vigor. She knows that verbal eloquences, however admirable they may be, gain in spirit, in import, and in power, if they are supported, strengthened, and emphasised by the physical eloquences which dexterous women can annex to them. Talk is the real conquering force. It is to their tongues, not to their bodies, that the women of France intrust their cause; yet dress and manner are regarded by them as indispensable auxiliaries. None but the foolish place them in the front of the combat; but every woman who merits to be counted as a social artist takes care to utilise them in subordination to her speech, as tools, assistants, confidants, or servants. Even her clothes alone, apart from her manner, supply subservient symptoms of her individuality; they help to constitute her self. They are not a being detached from her, an *annexe*, a supplement, or a support—they are not even a frame for her; they are an element of the picture she presents, a breathing of her essence.

The union of these forces makes up the visible strength of a Frenchwoman in society. That strength, in its external element, is an outcome of them all—of all

of them held in one collective yoke, all pulling with a will together, all reined and guided by a skilful hand. How acts their charioteer?

Almost every Frenchwoman who has a place in her world pursues two main objects—amusement and power; it is only subsidiarily that she looks for satisfactions of her vanity of body. First, and above all, she wants to laugh; secondly, she wants to govern; it is only thirdly that she wants to be admired. There are, of course, a multitude of exceptions of all kinds; but the rule is, that she puts diversion first, ambition second, and conceit third; and she organises her actions so as to attain those three results, in that order, if she can. Her ordinary purpose being to serve and please herself alone—her head and heart being usually indifferent to any will but her own—she is able to pursue her task and to utilise her means without the hesitations or contritions which preoccupy and hinder other women less imperturbable than herself. This does not imply that she is exactly and completely selfish; she certainly is not so—in the strict meaning of the word, at least: it means only that she is extremely self-possessed, extremely reasonable, extremely capable of defending her opinions and of abetting her desires. In handling the team of personal forces which draws her through life she would shrink from driving over other people, but she would unhesitatingly expel them from her road; she would be pained to hurt them, but she gives them to understand distinctly that their duty is to get out of her way. Her whole proceeding is collected, calculated, cool; but it is not cruel. Her head controls her heart, but she never ceases to be a woman.

A temperament like this makes of her, however, a predestined despot. She pursues her own designs with a will which beats down obstacles, and with an indifference to other wills which doubles the value of her own. And yet, cold-blooded as she is herself, she generates around her an atmosphere of excitement and emotion, and finds her own amusement in the eagerness, the earnestness, and the vehemence which she stirs up in others.

Her influence consists in rousing sentiments which she does not feel, in provoking agitations which she does not share, in creating stimulants which have no action

on her. All France proclaims that influence: its character, its tendencies, its merits, and its faults, are all, in some degree, the children of her work. Her fashioning is everywhere; the history of her country is half made up of it; and her power is even greater now than it has ever been before.

She is aided in her procedure by certain conditions which extend the field of her operations, and multiply the effect of her acts. The national longing for easily-attained, inexpensive social amusement, especially in the shape of bright talk and laughter, creates a situation which seems to be made on purpose for her; for not only does she participate in the longing, but she is, additionally, exactly fitted to satisfy it. Both her disposition and her education prepare her to take an active place in a society of which the elements and the objects are almost exclusively personal—in a society which subsists, essentially, by itself alone, without extraneous aid. Its food is chatter; it lives on conversation. It does not reject balls, or dinners, or any other special additions to its habitual nourishment; but it can get on perfectly without them, for the reason that nearly all its members are competent to supply the one aliment which is really indispensable to its existence. This general independence of all accessory forms of entertainment, this faculty of fabricating their diversion without any other instrument than their tongues, create for each man and woman a position of active individual participation in the movement of society, which is entirely different from anything that we usually see in England. Our own tendency is to claim, wherever we go, that effective amusement be provided for us, without imposing on ourselves the labor of supplying part of it. In France, the exact contrary is the case. There, everybody produces; and those who produce most—for the common advantage—are the most popular, and the most dominant. So that, as the women are more productive than the men—as they are the great contributors—as they talk more and laugh more—they lead more and dictate more. It is mainly they who have made the society of France what it is—gay, intelligent, natural, and self-supporting; they have well earned the place of power which they occupy in it.

But they have not done all this quite

alone. If they have worked out such remarkable results on so vast a scale—if they have succeeded in creating a system of social intercourse, so complete in its own properties and abilities that it can dispense with most of the added pleasures which are needed generally elsewhere, it has been, in some degree, because they have been silently aided by a most powerful co-operator. The simplicity of the forms of French society, the fact that people meet in it for the unaided satisfaction of being together, with nothing to do or to look at, are due, not only to the labors and the capacities of the women, but also, partly, to the national love of economy. An association which costs nothing has been created. It would scarcely have been invented by any women whatever, unless they had been driven to it by pressure which they could not resist. But such a pressure existed, and exists, in France: the women could not battle with it, so they turned its current cunningly into the direction of their own work, and made a helper of it. It is they who have led the society of France to adopt and apply the admirable principle that, though poverty is an extreme inconvenience, it is neither a disgrace nor a crime. In England it shuts the door to contact with the world in any of its recognised manifestations. In France it obliges certain people to be less smart than others, but it deprives them of no rights whatever—it diminishes in nothing the sympathy with which they are received. Rich and poor meet, other things being alike, on a footing of absolute equality. The accident that one came in a carriage and the other in a cab—that one wears diamonds and the other no jewels at all—has not the faintest influence on their respective positions in a *salon*. As has been said already, money is envied in France, but it is not yet regarded there as a personal quality; neither its absence nor its presence constitutes a reason for knowing or not knowing, for liking or disliking. Parity of privileges is not dependent on parity of fortune. Some of the brightest and most influential women in the society of Paris are the wives of poor men, and live in little rooms on fourth floors. The result is, that as social rights proceed from social merit—that is to say, from the power of pleasing and attracting—the struggle for influence is scarcely affected by the possession of money. All

that money really does for those who own it is to create for them opportunities of action; it does not give to them the faculty of using those opportunities.

From this situation results a special instigation for women. They are all, in their respective sets, substantially equal to each other at the start; not one of them is dragged down because her purse is light, or pushed up because it is heavy. The place of each one in the race is earned for herself by herself—by her own individual science and efforts. Mothers do their best to aid their daughters, and friends occasionally help friends; but assistance so supplied is rarely durable. In nearly every case each woman ends by recognising that no one can really succor her, and that she must do her work alone.

Against the amplified and varied personality which is evoked amongst Frenchwomen by all these causes—against the developed but concentrated individual preponderance which results from it—society, as a whole, has no resistance to offer. The ablest of the women go to the front, by sheer force of superior value; the rest of them fall, successively, into such places as they can win and hold; and the men form around them all a cluster of unquiet, expectant, but submissive associates in the common task of rendering life agreeable.

This domination of women enables them to perform a great and special work. It is they who hold society together; it is they who cement and aggregate it; it is they who prevent disunions, who ward off the dislocations and decompositions of *coteries* which are so frequent elsewhere; it is they who bestow on their sets and circles the rare faculty of preserving their composition substantially unchanged, of going on for years without allowing any of their members to stray off to other gatherings; it is they who achieve the wonderful feat of keeping up in man, as years climb on, the love of social gladnesses; it is they who agglutinate all ages and all ambitions in the common pursuit of drawing-room excitements; it is they who, as they grow old, find means of pleasing in new ways—who decorate their white hair with winning charms—who make of the French grandmother one of the most delightful and most respect-inspiring types of Europe.

If, then, with these results before us, we regard the action of women in France in

its purely cohesive effects—if we look at it as a creator and maintainer of a brilliant, seductive, susceptible society, we have no reason for hesitating to proclaim that it is an admirable and most productive agent. So long as the point of view is limited to pleasures, laughter, and personally-produced distractions, it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more perfect than the result attained, or any course more thoroughly adapted to its function than the one we have before us here. If we consider it, again, as a developer of the imaginative faculties—as a provoker and a teacher of graceful talk, of instructive contacts, of excited fancies and conceptions, of all the stimulants which we can suppose to be applicable to the constitution of a social state where women are the sole chiefs, and where men accept vassalage for the sake of the diversions which they find in it; if we contemplate it as a system which permits all merit to conquer its own place—which excludes no candidates, no conditions, no aspirations, no shapes of power or attraction; if we watch it as a magnificent example of the process of public competitive examinations;—if we view it in any of these special lights, we must own that it does its work perfectly.

But if we carry the survey further,—if we look at the outcome of all this in the national character; if we follow out, according to our means of observation, its issue in the race as a whole; if we endeavor to determine how far French qualities are strengthened, how far French faults are cured, by the immense and undisputed social leverage which is left in the hands of women,—then we become disposed to doubt whether, after all, this most brilliant instrument is really worthy of the admiration which, at first sight, we were led to feel for it.

It is difficult to avoid suspecting, when we look at the matter in this broad light, hat a general excitability such as that which permeates through the greater part of French society, must constitute a somewhat unhealthy *régime* for those who are subjected to it. Even if we can perceive no strain, no effort; even if all seems natural and fitted to its place; even if we can discover no signs of histrionic artifice; even then, if we can detect no labor, and therefore no fatigue—no acting, and therefore no deceit,—it remains difficult to admit that the constant stimulations which

form the inherent substance of this society can fail to deleteriously affect the systems of those who are perpetually exposed to them.

And again, as regards the choice of objects and desires in life, is it not reasonable to conceive that all this facile tempting, all this easily-attained emotion, must naturally draw men away from solid thoughts, and disable them somewhat for the work of life?

If it be imagined that there is exaggeration in suggesting that such a result can be produced by such a cause, it may reasonably be answered that the contemporaneous history of France is offering many proofs that special hidden causes are dragging down the temperament and the vigor of the nation, and that those causes may perhaps be discoverable in directions where their existence would not necessarily be suspected at first sight. In the influence before us we find a social power which, taken as a whole, and allowing nothing for exceptions of any kind, may be described, in general terms, to be exhilarating but not elevating, brightening but not educating, appetising but not strengthening. Is it not then just to point to it as presenting precisely some of the very characteristics which are proper to exhausting causes, some of the very components which must of necessity be included in unbracing atmospheres?

If the multiplication of the imaginative faculties, the development of conversational ability, the increase of affectionateness, were the sole recognisable fruits of its action, even then there might be, as regards national advantage, some arguments to urge against it; but as it cannot be pretended that these products stand alone, as they are manifestly surrounded by a variety of other far less desirable outgrowths, it is surely quite fair to suggest, with recent events before us, that the want of character and sturdiness which France has exhibited of late years, has possibly been provoked, in some degree at least, by an enfeeblement resulting from the excessive supremacy of women, and by the enervating operation of a system of society based mainly on personally-created excitements.

It is perfectly true that the systems which are applied elsewhere may not be producing any better consequences; but that argument proves nothing as concerns



France. Her society remains what it is, what her women have made it—delightful to the individuals who compose it, but in all probability debilitating to the country as a whole.

If, however, the influence of French women has reached no higher end than this in its outdoor applications, it has produced a decidedly better issue in its home employments. It is not perfect there, but it presents itself in a form which invites much admiration.

In their families most Frenchwomen are seen at their best, both in their personal attitude and in the work they do. Some few of the worst amongst them present, it is true, an even less satisfying aspect in their private than in their public outlines; but the mass of them are, certainly, remarkably good performers of home labor. The particular faults which are so discernible out of doors, disappear, in great part, inside the houses; and though they are often replaced by other defects,—though bad temper, impatience, and dictation may be substituted for frivolity, vanity, and ambition,—yet, on the whole, the change begets a manifest improvement. The selfishness of society becomes converted into the affection of home, and everybody gains by the transposition; for the modifications induced by it are perceptible, not only in the woman herself, but also in those upon whom she works. The soothing, improving influences which we usually attribute to women are exercised in such strength around the firesides of France that their frequent absence in the world outside is partially compensated by their general presence indoors.

Indoors the Frenchwoman exhibits a rare capacity for becoming the faithful friend, the active companion, the true helpmate and guide. Indoors she shows how thoroughly she understands the active partnership of marriage; how effectively she can practise the duties which result from keenly-felt associations and from common responsibilities. Indoors the calculating woman of the world almost always disappears; in most cases the daughter, wife, and mother, stand forward in completeness. The home ties, the home tenderesses, efface all outside thoughts. It is within her own walls that the Frenchwoman is, most of all, herself.

And this home power is not limited to

one class. Unlike the social influence of women, it is found from top to bottom of the ladder,—in cottages as in *châteaux*—in shops as in *salons*—amongst workwomen as amongst ladies; and the miscellaneousness of its actions is proved by the almost total absence of brutality and ruffianism in the lowest of the men. The intimate bond which holds French families together is no monopoly of a rank or a place—it is a universal property of the nation; and in stimulating the vigor of that bond—for, in a different fashion, there is stimulation indoors as well as without—the women render the very highest of all the services of which women are capable. In the capacity of exciting as well as attaching—of rendering home bright as well as sweet—of increasing the value of home duties by decorating them with attractions—lies one of the most enviable faculties of the Frenchwoman; for by its aid the charm of home life can be carried to a higher wealth of national productiveness than seems to be attainable by any other system yet applied.

All this is the work of women. They are often well aided by the men; but the true merit is attributable to the women alone. They have had the sense to perceive that their home action should not be limited to the placid discharge of moral functions and of regulated proprieties. They have recognised that, in addition to that element of their labor, they have also to brighten life around them; that they have not only to aid men to do their duty, but to help them to be content while they are doing it.

It is in this fashion, and by this agency, that the singular development of the family tie, which is so marked a feature of French life, has been attained; that the extreme personal attachment which usually joins together the members of the same kindred has been generated.

The action of these influences on the nation at large has been to provoke remarkable reverence for authority in families. It has inclined the young and old to live together; it maintains a willing respect from children to their parents. Rebellion against the elders is very rare in France; they are, on the contrary, habitually surrounded by an earnest and unweakening deference, so feminine in its tenderness that, though it is exhibited equally by both men and women, it is,

manifestly and unmistakably, a product manufactured by the latter alone. No man could have originated such gentle, loving veneration as we see bestowed upon the old in many of the homes of France. In this again, no class distinctions are discoverable; the disposition to honor the grey hairs of the house seems to be inherent throughout the land.

This attitude towards ancestors is, however, only one of the many shapes in which the frank cordial acceptance of home obligations is exhibited in France; it supplies only one example of the eagerness of the people to try to render pleasant and attractive every home duty which they have to perform. In varying degrees and fashions nearly every other indoor liability is discharged by them with the same successfully-worked-up surrounding of welcomeness, with the same will to facilitate its execution by ornamenting it.

The skill of the women shows itself in this in all its creative and productive force; and certainly it would be difficult to conceive any more useful end to which it could possibly be directed than that of luring on successive generations to fulfil the responsibilities of kinsmanship as if they were pleasures. It is not always easy to love all one's relations; but the French manage to do it habitually, as if it were the most natural and the most delightful process to which they could possibly be subjected. Aunts, uncles, and cousinhood to the third degree, come in for fondness; neither ugliness nor stupidity deprives them of it; for everybody seems to regard the offering of it not only as an inherited necessity, but as a delectable operation. As for children, the entire nation lives to cherish them: nowhere is the love of them carried to such extremes as in France; but as that particular element of the subject has been discussed here on a former occasion, it may be omitted now.

The other influences exercised indoors by Frenchwomen seem limited and dwarfed, comparatively, by the side of those which have just been indicated. Their great essential work is one of affection: their great object is to intensify home attachments; the rest counts as little. Intellectually, they cannot be said to generally produce any striking effects on the members of their families; on the contrary, they appear to reserve the greater part of the action of their intelligence for the world outside. Their home labors are so concentrated on the cultivation of flowers of the heart, that the ripening of fruits of the head is, relatively, a neglected procedure. And furthermore, as a general rule, the Frenchwoman is rarely a good or a willing teacher in the ordinary educational sense of the word; she unconsciously guides by the accidents of contact, but she hates to give ostensible lessons. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; but those exceptions are rare.

Regarded as a whole composed of two parts, the influence of the women of France can scarcely be considered, in either of its divisions, as producing entirely satisfactory results. In one direction it develops the head and weakens the heart; in the other, it works almost entirely by the heart and neglects the head. In neither does it combine all the powers of our nature; in neither does it seek to attain the great results which might be effected by the union of those powers in equal force.

Out of doors it assumes one form; indoors it takes another: but both are incomplete, for each wants what the other possesses. There is no majesty, no loftiness in the issue either way. It is amusing, or it is tender; but it is not grand. It is charming to the stranger; it is dear to the Frenchman: but to neither of them is it a real teaching, elevating, ennobling force.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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### "ONLY JEAN."

#### CHAPTER I.

MINISTER of a parish in a densely-populated manufacturing town in the south of Scotland, and having suffered severely from fever, I gladly accepted an offer made me by a friend to go for a few

months in summer to take charge of a parish in the West Highlands, a remote district on the sea-coast.

In order to appreciate thoroughly the beauty of the scenery to which I went, and realise the sense of exquisite freshness given by the sea breezes, one must

have suffered as I had suffered from the constant smoke and dirt which made open windows almost a forbidden pleasure. How I had longed and panted for fresh air! and here the very act of breathing was a pleasure. As health returned, I began to wander far and wide, and one day I found myself exploring a long stretch of moor, seemingly interminable. Heather, not yet in full bloom, and countless marsh-flowers, were mingled together; piles of peat were drying in the wind;—all this lay before me and around me, on the one hand, while, on the other, far below my feet, the sea lay sparkling as each wave caught the sunlight on its crest. On the opposite coast rose the beautiful hills of Skye; the breeze swept the clouds overhead fast, and their shifting lights and shadows made their forms seem ever new; myriads of sea-birds whirled high above me, screaming to each other in ceaseless uproar; larks sang joyously through it all; and all the time the grand monotony of the rolling waters breaking upon the rocks chanted an accompaniment.

After walking some distance, I came to one of those sudden breaks in the land forming a narrow glen. It was watered by a burn charged with the brown memory of the peaty soil through which it passed, and growing purer and clearer as it filtered through the stones, leaping over others as the descent grew deeper, till it fell in one lovely glittering shower into the sea.

The ground rose abruptly on either side of it, and on the banks all the way down, primroses grew in utmost profusion—late primroses such as can hardly be found elsewhere, with such exquisite freshness, such long stems, and such luxuriant leaves; their very look brought a sudden sense of coolness and spring-tide. Beside them, in somewhat stately beauty, tall foxgloves reared their heads; just coming into bloom, and of every imaginable hue—pure white, delicate pink, with splashes of a darker color in their hearts, and beautiful crimson, with dainty brown pencillings. Ferns grew in their tenderest greens; club mosses showed every gradation of tint, from richest emerald to olive green; a few silver-stemmed birch trees dipped and moved, swayed by the wind, and forming a lovely contrast to some sturdy stiff

Scotch pines that stood at the head of the glen, as though they were its sentinels.

Near these pines, and sheltered by a rising ground behind it, stood a shieling or cottage, humbly built, but with evidences of unusual care in its surroundings. Nothing of the untidiness that speaks of a hurried life was there: a paling almost concealed by honeysuckle and the common Ayrshire rose fenced the little garden, more honeysuckle was trained against the wall; and the windows stood wide open. It was the only sign of man or his habitation I had seen in my walk, and as I sat down on the bank to rest and eat my luncheon, I wondered if the people living in this solitude were in any way influenced by the beauty which surrounded them, or whether they lived unappreciative lives, not knowing that their "lines" had fallen in such "pleasant places."

In a moment or two my thoughts were, in a measure, answered; the door of the cottage opened, and a girl came out with a dish under her arm piled with clothes she had been washing. She paused for a moment, as though a little dazzled by the sun, and looked round as if she thoroughly enjoyed the beauty that lay about her; and then, with a swift light step, she came down the bank till she stood on a flat stone close to where the burn was imprisoned in a sort of pool. Setting down the clothes, she began to rinse them in the clear water and wring them out, then holding them up she shook them out, one by one, and threw them on the bank. It was the homeliest possible occupation, and her dress differed in nothing from the dress of most Highland girls—a short linsey petticoat, a jacket of some washing material, with the sleeves rolled high up above the elbow; but her gestures were full of grace, and her hair was of a rich ruddy brown, that shed a sort of light round her head, and reminded me of old pictures I had seen.

I was unwilling to remain so near her without letting her know of my presence, so I rose and went down the bank to speak to her. She answered me with the utter absence of self-consciousness and with the simple directness possessed by all fine natures; her manner was reserved but kindly, and her voice was low-toned and musical. She was not beautiful, if

beauty depends upon feature and outline, but she had a most interesting and pathetic expression in her dark eyes; and when she smiled, her face lighted up wonderfully. She offered me refreshment, which I declined, but I accepted her invitation to rest for a little while in the cottage.

There is no use in trying to account for the interest claimed by one stranger when many pass by unheeded; but from the first, before I knew her, I felt that this girl had a history, and that in some way she had suffered, and borne nobly.

The cottage at first seemed dark after the sunshine, but as my eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, I saw the figure of an old woman lying on a bed at the farthest end of the room. I had never seen any one living so absolutely devoid of color as she was,—hair and face were bleached—nothing but the keen and restless look of her eyes, and the incessant movement of her long thin hands busily knitting, spoke of life.

The girl went up to her, and told her in a low voice who I was, and then placed a chair for me by the bedside; and as I sat down, I felt conscious of a peculiar feeling, as though in the presence of some weird being, and I sat silent for a little by the side of this motionless figure, under the gaze of those piercing and questioning eyes. When she spoke, the impression was increased, as it was in a clear shrill whisper that seemed to reverberate through the room in a manner absolutely startling.

I asked if she had been long lying there, and she said, "Near eleven years," with a little sigh.

"Does your granddaughter always live with you?" I asked.

She looked at me quickly. "Do ye mean Jean?" She's no my granddaughter; she's only Jean."

"Only Jean." I thought it sounded a strange way of naming the active-looking girl before me, moving to and fro so quietly about household matters, but it was not said unkindly. Was it my fancy, or did a brighter color come into her face as she heard the words?

I stayed some little time there; and though the old woman (whose name I found was Elspeth, commonly called Widow Grant) did not ask me to return, she looked pleased when I offered to do so; and I left the place, interested in my

new acquaintances, Jean showing me a quicker but not so beautiful a way home, across the moor.

## CHAPTER II.

The parishioners of whom I was now in charge lived in widely-scattered houses, and I could not help often contrasting their lives with the lives of my own people in the south. There, everything was contracted and small—space was our most needed thing—families were huddled together in houses, made more dirty and wretched by what is called a "common-stair," and which it was therefore no one's business to keep clean; and though an inspection was made now and then by sanitary commissioners, and charitable people did their best, there are a thousand ways in which sanitary laws can be evaded; and charitable people, with a few notable exceptions, have the most unhappy knack of assisting the wrong people. Who can blame them? As a rule, the deserving poor are exactly those who shrink from help, and who, with a handful of meal and hardly a potato left, show a brave face to the world, and allow no necessity to appear.

The very poor are everywhere deserving of pity; but in the country, fresh air, a little firewood, and, above all, pure water, are to be had for nothing. In towns, the first is often not to be got; the poor cannot afford to buy the second; and when I think of the water-rate—I am no political economist—I have a most unjust dislike to the man who collects the water-rate—and I never can see why God's free gift to man should be sold by spoonfuls at the cost of many lives! However, much is being done, and more will follow.

Here, in this beautiful place, space was quite unlimited: all down the hillside linen lay bleaching in the sun, and another contrast was not only in the way it was left out all night, but in the absence of bolts, bars, and shutters in the houses. Not even the shop had shutters, and theft was as unknown there as though a mounted guard watched incessantly over the place.

The shop (there was but one) sold every imaginable thing, from treacle and herrings to needles and cheese, and the widow who kept the shop was an autocrat in her way. She was licensed to sell



spirits, and it would be good for humanity if all "licensed individuals" acted on the same firm principles. To some she positively refused to sell at all—to others she allowed only what she considered right for them to have. She knew the private affairs of each individual, and was guided by that. I have seen her refuse "a dram" to a lanky, shy-looking shepherd who asked for one, saying to him in the tone you might use to an unreasonable child, "Hoot awa', Sandy, ye ken weel your head is nae like iither heads, and a drap will set it spinning. Na, na, man, gang hame, and dinna compare your head with iithers!" and the man quietly withdrew with a look of sheepish resignation. To another man she said, "Surely I didna hear ye rightly; it's na a dram ye're seeking and your wife sae sober" (which did not refer to sobriety, as might be imagined, but to sickness). When he showed temper she said, with a change of voice that would have suited an actress, "I'm sorry I've no spirit good enough for you, Mr. Cran, but you'll get it at the next shop," which was exactly eleven miles off. With this carefulness for the welfare of her neighbors, she was not at all above making a close bargain; and I feel convinced (and indeed my housekeeper never lets me forget it) that I paid more than I ought to have done for some bandanas that I bought at her shop.

From this woman, who talked upon all subjects *con amore*, I heard a great deal about old Mrs. Grant and Jean, and everything I heard was to the credit of both. The old woman had been an excellent mother to a delicate daughter who died of a broken heart on the sudden death of her husband. The only grandchild, "Kenneth Malcolm," had been brought up by the grandmother, and, as was often the case in Scotland before school-boards came in the way, he had received a first-rate education, and had turned out by all accounts a fine young fellow, steady and clever.

Mrs. Grant had come to Burnside more than forty years before my first acquaintance with the place: no one knew *why* she had come there, or anything about her antecedents. It was supposed the old laird was acquainted with her story, but he had never told it to any one. He had requested his nephew and successor to

allow her to live out her life rent-free, and, in addition to this, a small yearly sum was paid to her from some unknown source. She was incessantly busy, and her spinning and knitting were quite famous. Jean had gone to her when she was a well-grown child of ten, and the relations between them were more those of mother and child than of mistress and servant. When she had been there two or three years misfortunes began to come, and they never come singly! Widow Grant fell and hurt herself so much that she did not recover the injury; then she had a paralytic stroke, and by degrees sank into the complete state of helplessness in which she was when I first made her acquaintance. Jean's devotion was unceasing, and her spinning and knitting filled up the gap when the poor old woman was helpless. Very confused and various accounts were given of how and why Kenneth had gone away. All that people knew for certain was that Jean, for the first and only time since she had lived at Burnside, had gone to Skye, and returned only the very day Kenneth had left for New Zealand, and that they had not met.

Not long after his departure, the little sum of money which made the small household so comfortable suddenly ceased; and Widow Grant had refused, in an excited and determined manner, to allow any inquiries to be made about it. Jean acquiesced. Their wants were very few, but everybody said that since Kenneth's departure she had not looked the same; and it was evident that, as in all life's histories, a romance was woven through it all. Though why, as by all accounts Kenneth had been "sair set" on having her for his wife, she should have refused him, and have actually been the cause of his leaving the country, was beyond the comprehension of every one.

My visits to Burnside became of great interest to me. The old woman began to look forward to my arrival with much evident pleasure, and the freshness and originality of Jean's remarks were very pleasant. She had read nothing save the pages of nature so lavishly distributed round her; but every thing came with such acute observance, and her mind naturally was so refined, that I used to feel when with her as if I had more to learn from her than she could learn from me.

## CHAPTER III.

I shall always remember a certain autumnal day, not long before I left this Highland spot,—a day when the golden haze of an "Indian summer" filled the air. In a valley stretching away through the hills, some oats were ready to cut, and a neighboring farmer who had imported the first reaping-machine to that part of the country, had lent it for the occasion.

Every one turned out as though it were a festival. In harvest many a respectable married woman earns enough to clothe herself and her children for the rest of the year. The work is pleasant to them, and they are as proud of their quickness and dexterity as any London belle of her prowess in dancing. It was certainly one of the prettiest sights I ever saw; the many colors of the various dresses, the activity and merriment as the machine worked round the field, leaving the straight lines of prostrate corn in its track in regular rows. At stated intervals one woman and a man were placed; a dexterous little band, woven from the cut corn, was laid on the ground, and an armful of corn laid upon it; then the man's stronger fingers knotted the ends round it, and set the sheaf upright. The driver and his fellows hurried on the horses and tried to keep the workers busy; and the workers, with many a laugh and jest, exerted themselves with their utmost quickness, in order to stand ostentatiously idle before the machine came round again. Seated on the hillside, where the lingering gorse flowers and wild thyme attracted countless bees, I watched the scene, trying to distinguish the faces I knew.

After a little while I recognized Jean, her active and upright figure one of the busiest there. As usual, she was bare-headed, and her hair gleamed like red gold in the sunlight. As usual, too, her manner had the quiet reserve that she never laid aside; and a noticeable thing was the silent respect with which the man with whom she worked treated her. He followed her footsteps as though one wishing to serve her, not as an equal.

I sat long, enjoying the peaceful and happy scene—familiarity had only made me more fond of that secluded spot—and I thought I had learned to appreciate it better; sweet scents and sounds were all around me. The breeze swept past me as

it rose and died away, ruffling the surface of the corn as it ruffled the surface of the sea, and hurrying the flight of the countless insects that rustled their wings among the wild flowers.

I was roused from my day-dream by seeing a little barefooted lad I knew run off to Jean and pull her gown. In a moment she had snatched up her plaid, spoken to the manager, and was gone, followed by the boy. I conjectured that the old woman was perhaps ill; but I was always afraid of intruding, and I knew that if I was wanted, Jean would send for me. I left the hillside, and wound my way up a steep path leading homewards. I paused at the top to rest a moment, and take one other look of the brilliant and busy scene, when a clear voice began to sing a lovely Gaelic air, with a mournful refrain in a minor key. It was quaint and wild, with the pathetic sound that invariably accompanies beautiful music. Another voice joined in, and yet another; and as the voices swelled up in harmony, I thought no melody appeals so forcibly to our highest feelings as the untrained voices of a people, expressing in their own natural manner the untutored feeling of their hearts.

## CHAPTER IV.

I had gone to bed late, and as usual had left my window open, watching as long as I could a most unusual sunset, when I was awakened by a noise that in my half-dreamy state seemed as though the sea had burst its bonds, and was rushing over everything. I never remember seeing such heavy rain! It came down in torrents, bending down the heads of the sturdiest flowers in the little garden below my window, and washing all the gravel off the sloping walks. Thunder reverberated round the hills, and vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky. A thunder-storm is never so magnificent as among mountains; and the echoes, repeated again and again till they died away in the distance, seemed almost continuous. It lasted long. Peal after peal succeeded each other; the birds, frightened and bewildered, flew from branch to branch to seek the smallest shelter, and sent forth melancholy chirps, as though to reassure themselves.

By breakfast-time the rain had moderated, and the thunder-storm was over;

and I went out to enjoy the well-known pleasantness of the air after it, and to notice the damage my poor flowers had sustained. As I stood there, I saw a figure hurrying towards me, with a plaid thrown over her head. It was Jean. She was looking white, and spoke in a quick and agitated way. Mrs. Grant was ill, and would like much to see me. She had had news; and I saw that the news, whatever it was, had affected Jean equally. In a few minutes I was ready, and we walked the shortest way to Burnside. As we came near the cottage, Jean said, in a low voice, "Kenneth is married—he is coming home;" and, leaving my side, I entered alone. Whiter than usual Mrs. Grant could hardly look; but there was great distress in her keen blue eyes, and in the helpless beseeching way in which she stretched out her hands.

"Tell Jean she must stay," were almost her first words; and it then at once occurred to me that this coming home might bring about painful complications; and that if Kenneth had forgotten, Jean still loved.

Kenneth's marriage had been a surprise; but when Mrs. Grant put his letter into my hands, and begged me to read it, I quite understood the pain it must have caused her. He wrote in a sad and desponding way,—was evidently sorry for his young wife—found it impossible to remain there, surrounded by her relations—began several times to send a message to Jean, carefully scratching out what he had begun; and finally leaving all unsaid, he ended by hoping his grandmother would be kind, and make allowances. It was a letter written in such evidently low spirits, and the want of happiness was so painfully manifest, that it was quite sad to read.

I sat long, and talked with the old woman. She told me Jean never would listen to Kenneth; but even she did not know why. She was sure she liked him. She thought some one had made mischief. Altogether, it was a comfort to her to talk it over with me; and though I felt utterly incapable of giving advice, once the reserve she usually showed was broken into, she opened up to me more of her own thoughts and feelings than I had ever yet seen—and the confidence comforted her.

I went down by the burn side, intending to speak to Jean, but stopped when I

saw her sitting, her faced buried in her hands. As she heard my footsteps, she raised herself up. She had so sad, so despairing a look, that I felt I *could* not speak to her just then. Her lips parted, and, raising her eyes, she murmured, so low that I could hardly catch the words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all," and went slowly up the bank, her head drooping, and her hands clasped together, as though endeavoring to suppress her excitement.

When I arrived at home I found a telegram summoning me south. The dearest friend I possessed had been severely injured in a railway accident; and within a few hours I was going to him, my thoughts too fully occupied to think of Burnside.

Winter had come early. Storms had already caused havoc amongst the shipping, and brought distress to many a home. I was plodding my way through the daily cares and troubles of my large parish, when I one day received a letter from Jean, reminding me of a promise I had made her of doing her a favor, and entreating me to get her a place, ever so humble, it did not matter.

Her letter distressed me. It was written in such evident sorrow—not a word of Kenneth or his wife, and of Mrs. Grant only that she was much the same.

Perplexed by her letter, I still had it before me when I heard a bustle in the little hall, and my friend Mr. Macrae, the minister of the beautiful parish where I had spent those well-remembered summer months, stood before me, his coat sprinkled with snow, his color raised by the frosty air, and a look of quiet happiness that told me at once his long engagement was drawing to an end. He had come to try and persuade me to take his duty for one fortnight, and was delighted to find small persuasion needed.

Two days more saw me on my way. Not long after I started, a most violent snow-storm set in. So long as we were in the railway our progress was pretty good; but with something like forty miles of coaching, through the wildest scenery, and over a road that divided tremendous hills, it became a work of the greatest difficulty. Gangs of men had to accompany us, and every now and then we were obliged to get out and allow the coach to be cut out of the drifts. When night came, we had

to spend it in a miserable little inn, where the peat-smoke, having no proper outlet, made the air of the room nearly intolerable; and the only provisions were oat-cake, very hard cheese, and whiskey. As this last was a thing I never touched, I was delighted to find that a spring of clear water rose near the house, and that, though surrounded by icicles, it was obtainable.

Next morning we pushed on, to find, as is often the case near the sea, that the snow had given place to rain, which was pouring down pitilessly; and never did I so rejoice over a 'welcome as on that weary day when I found myself greeted by a splendid fire, a cloth that rivalled the snow, and a most excellent tea, with bannocks, and all sorts of home comforts before me, from kippered salmon to home-made marmalade.

The next morning was one of unceasing rain. Early in the afternoon, the old servant, with evident reluctance, brought me a message a man wished to see me. It was Kenneth. As is usually the case, he was completely different from the idea I had in my own mind conceived of him,—tall and fair, with a sun-burnt face, and the manner and appearance of a man who had seen a good deal of the world—one of nature's gentlemen, in outward semblance at any rate. He came to see me, and to tell me of old Mrs. Grant's evidently approaching end. Then, with a lowered voice, he spoke of Jean, and with frankness said that the position at home was intolerable to her. Without casting blame on his wife, he showed me that Jean could find no home with her if old Mrs. Grant died, and asked me what could be done.

I had often seen the sore need that existed in a children's hospital near me for just such a person as Jean, and spoke to him of it. He bent his head a little, and I saw that the idea of any service so far from him gave him an acute pang, and that he put force on himself, and was trying to think it was for the best.

Something I said brought out the fact that his wife's people in Australia were not very respectable, and a flash in his eyes showed that certain remembrances were not pleasing. All at once he flung back his hair, and standing up, said to me, "You are very kind, sir, and the truth is best. My wife's father is a ticket-of-leave

man. She is very young, and does not know the shame."

I grasped his hand, and, as he was leaving, he said, "Do you know, sir, why Jean held out,—why Jean would not marry me? Her father is living; he is shut up for a crime, but they could not punish him, for he has not his wits. He is a criminal lunatic."

I could not speak for a moment; then I said, "Does Jean know? I mean, about your wife——"

An angry look gleamed in his eyes, and he said, "She told Jean when she was angry the other day. She is very young," he said, in a tone of defence, and went out.

So this was the story—the higher nature felt the disgrace, and gave up her happiness and sacrificed herself, and then had to stand by and see that the sacrifice had been in vain; and I thought of her murmured words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all." Poor Jean!

It was nearly dusk when the faithful old servant came into my little sitting-room. "Though yon man had the sense to leave you in peace," she began, "here's an urgent message for you. Mrs. Grant's dying, and would fain see you; and such a night!" she said, looking out at the never-ceasing rain.

Wrapping myself well up, I hurried off, contrasting the wet and dreary walk with my first walk there. Nothing could be more miserable than this one—in places almost ankle-deep in boggy mud, the heavy rain blotted out the hills, and the wind sent it in slaps against my face, and countermanded the use of an umbrella. Kenneth met me close to the burn, with the intelligence that the poor old woman had slept away peacefully; and we were talking together, looking at the torrent of water pouring down, when we saw the bank underneath the little plank bridge below the house suddenly give way. The plank remained treacherously in its place, supported by a sod of earth only a few inches thick. "This is terrible," said Kenneth, as he started off and ran up towards it. He was still on his way (it all passed in a very few minutes) when the door of the cottage opened, and his wife, a girlish-looking creature, with lint-white hair, ran down, and stepped on to the plank, just as her husband reached it.



He was too late to save her; and, with a shrill scream I never shall forget, she fell, with the plank, into the foaming stream.

I can give no clear or connected account of that dreadful night. I remember seeing Jean, with a resolute face, wade in from below and reach her; and the memory still haunts me of the two figures struggling in the water, and Kenneth's face as he tried to breast the torrent and go to their assistance. I hurried for help, and help came. I saw Kenneth carrying one figure home, and others tended one lying on the bank, and in the still, white, upturned face, I recognised Jean.

Though I was shivering from head to foot, partly with excitement and partly with cold, I did not leave till I saw that her eyes unclosed and knew that Jean lived.

I paid the penalty of having been so long exposed to the damp, and was in bed for several weeks with rheumatic fever. When I recovered, I heard that Jean was

with a neighbor, and that she and Kenneth had been almost daily to ask for me.

Two summers came and went, and once more I was in that lovely Highland place. The cottage at Burnside was deserted, and the primroses and foxgloves realised the poet's idea—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But some miles away there is a comfortable farmhouse, where flowers also bloom and linen lies bleaching in the sun. It is essentially a home of peace; and kindness is spread round, and is made to reach many far beyond its boundaries. Here Kenneth and his dark-eyed wife live, their happiness tempered by remembrance; and her welcome is as kind, and her smile far sweeter and brighter, than it used be in the days when I knew her as "only Jean."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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#### MODERN GREECE.\*

BY J. P. MAHAFFY.

NOTHING could be more opportune than the publication of a complete, uniform, and enlarged edition of Finlay's historical works at this time. The Eastern Question is again absorbing the political interests of the day, and there is no statesman or publicist who should not make himself thoroughly acquainted with its earlier phases. There is, besides, a growing interest in the kingdom of Greece, and an increasing possibility that it may play a leading part in the next settlement of the long duel between Slavonic aggression and Mohammedan tenacity. Beyond these large causes for fuller and better information on the history of Eastern Europe, it is high time that scholars, who have studied with minute accuracy the ancient condition of Greece, should have its later condition brought before them by a shrewd and philosophical narrator, so that their phil-Hellenism may not run riot, and that they may be taught to

consider the Greeks as descended in the first instance from their *immediate* ancestors—a portion of the pedigree often ignored both by modern Greeks and classical Hellenists.

It is an additional point of importance that we should have the history of the mediæval and modern Greeks written by a man who, though he spent his days among them, and risked his life for their emancipation, is nevertheless keenly alive to their defects, and exposes them with no sparing hand. His nature was so absolutely modest and self-effacing, that even in the short autobiography prefixed to the present edition he has told us nothing of his dangers, or of his influence, and it is only in scenes of thrilling excitement that we find a stray note telling us how the author was present, and in the company of the leaders of armies and of fleets. So again, in the seventh volume, we find his name in public negotiations between England and Greece, concerning indemnity claimed by him for land taken by King Otho after it had been bought from the Turks with a guarantee from the Greek Government. He does not plead his case,

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\* *A History of Greece from its Conquest by the Romans to the Present Time*. By GEORGE FINLAY, LL.D. A New Edition, Edited by the Rev. H. F. TOZER. 7 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

or put forward his own interests by a single word beyond the statement of the facts. Had he done so, we might have suspected that his persistent severity in exposing the vices of King Otho proceeded from a sense of personal injury. This reticence is even carried so far as to affect his personal friends. We should gladly, for example, have had some details as to the death of Captain Frank Hastings, the ablest and purest of all the enthusiasts who offered their services to Greece. We hear incidentally that Finlay served as a volunteer on board his ship, but because Hastings was a subordinate officer, and his death had no immediate effect on public affairs, the stern historian only records it in a sentence, and lets his personal feeling peep out, Thucydides-like, in a single phrase of text, and a short foot-note.

This quality, together with his honest and unwearied study of all the documents within his reach, and his great shrewdness in drawing the proper inferences from complicated evidence, make Finlay's History a standard book. He continued to live at Athens, even after he confesses himself deeply disappointed with both the social and political progress of the people; but most fortunately he employed the leisure of his declining years in completing his work, not only by additional researches into the mediæval portion, but by adding a narrative of Greek history down to 1864—a great turning-point in the development of the nation, when, with the accession of the present King, the constitution was first put on a really liberal basis, and administered by a monarch who honestly intended to respect it. Thus this history is more complete in its latter period than the elaborate essay of Hopf in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædia*, which only reaches the year 1821, and is moreover poor and sketchy from the close of the Frankish occupation. All throughout there is a charm about Finlay's writing, a philosophical temper in his frequent reflections and summaries, which make his book a pleasure to read, instead of wading through the clumsy and intricate researches of the German professor, whose style corresponds to the ungainly form in which his profound work is published.

The present edition has, moreover, the advantage of being edited by Mr. Tozer, whose excellent notes have pointed out some matters of detail in which Finlay

has been in error, and still oftener the sources of best and newest information on special periods in the wide field which the book embraces. But Mr. Tozer seems to have rivalled the author in his modesty and self-effacement, and it is to be regretted that he did not give us more notes from his large experience in the highlands of Turkey and the islands of the Levant. He might also have given us more benefit from his labor in reading through Hopf's article, a task which most people would find beyond their endurance. There are many important matters of detail, such as, for example, the granting of the right of coinage to William of Villehardouin (*Griechenland*, vi. 274), which are omitted by Finlay. If these had been supplied, and references added to Gervinus' history, where it differs from the present narrative of recent affairs, the work before us would have been more unquestionably the best on the later history of Greece. But perhaps this is an unreasonable demand from an editor, and went beyond the limits which he justly imposed upon himself. Indeed it is captious to qualify in any respect the praise which the excellent though unassuming contributions of Mr. Tozer richly deserve. Finlay's love of large principles and his dislike of long and minute details, while it saved him from the melancholy ponderousness of most German historians, made him sometimes careless of smaller points, on which the reader regrets his silence. In his account of the battle of Navarino (vii. 17), he is extremely curt as to the circumstances before the battle, and his narrative leads us to believe that the allied commanders sailed in with the deliberate purpose of fighting, and only allowed the Turks to fire the first shot because they were not themselves in position. Other accounts, which he must have known perfectly, state that the battle was forced on by the Turks firing on English boats which carried peaceful messages, and that the English admiral even then stayed his fire in the hope of avoiding bloodshed. This is the account, for example, of Gervinus, in the sixth volume of his history of this century. We should like to know whether Finlay deliberately rejected it, but he contents himself with merely referring to a manuscript account of the battle as his authority.

On the other hand, his work is full of

broad philosophic generalizations, drawn from long study of the facts, combined with the native shrewdness of the Scot; and these give a distinct character to his writing, and raise him above the ordinary pedant or the servile chronicler. Yet it would not be difficult to find in different volumes conflicting propositions, which give an air of hesitation to his thinking. In the portraits of individual Greek leaders, whom he knew during the War of Liberation, these generalities often obscure the likeness by suggesting inconsistent features; and yet these portraits he evidently thought his strong point, and the portions of his history on which he had bestowed much care. He differs indeed very widely from the Greek popular notions of the military adventurers, or bandit chiefs, who became national heroes in the memories of the people. His honorable and chivalrous, but tame, character had no sympathy for Kolokotrones or for Odysseus, the latter of whom he paints as an atrocious compound of every vice (vi. 249), while his sketch of the former is not much more favorable. Probably the most interesting to the general reader is that of Lord Byron, with whom he spent much of his time at Mesolonghi, just before the poet's death, and which I will quote, as not being known so well as it deserves, and as a good specimen of the author's style:—

"The genius of Lord Byron would in all probability never have unfolded either political or military talent. He was not disposed to assume an active part in public affairs. He regarded politics as the art of cheating people, by concealing one half of the truth and misrepresenting the other; and whatever abstract enthusiasm he might feel for military glory was joined to an innate detestation of the trade of war. Both his character and his conduct presented unceasing contradictions. It seemed as if two different souls occupied his body alternately. One was feminine, and full of sympathy; the other was masculine, and characterized by clear judgment, and by a rare power of presenting for consideration those facts only which were required for forming a decision. When one arrived, the other departed. In company, his sympathetic soul was his tyrant. Alone, or with a single person, his masculine prudence displayed itself as his friend. No man could then arrange facts, investigate their causes, or examine their consequences, with more logical accuracy, or in a more practical spirit. Yet, in his most sagacious moment, the entrance of a third person would disarrange the order of his ideas; judgment fled, and sympathy, generally laughing, took its place. Hence he appeared

in his conduct extremely capricious, while in his opinions he had really great firmness. He often, however, displayed a feminine turn for deception in trifles, while at the same time he possessed a feminine candor of soul, and a natural love of truth, which made him often despise himself quite as much as he despised English society for what he called its brazen hypocrisy. He felt his want of self-command; and there can be no doubt that his strongest reason for withdrawing from society and shunning public affairs was the conviction of his inability to repress the sympathies which were in opposition to his judgment."

Perhaps most of us would not recognize the great poet in this portrait, which avoids his salient and public features for the sake of bringing out minor points of no less interest. But if this principle be carried out in the description of more obscure, but more important men to modern Greek history, we can understand how the present generation of Greeks have complained of Finlay's History, and asserted that it did not do either the nation or its leaders full justice. Indeed, it appears that while in the *form* of his character-painting he was very fond of introducing antitheses and contrasts, perhaps in imitation of the style of Gibbon, he really made too little allowance for that strong mixture of motives which, especially in half-civilized people, produces such inconsistencies as no logic can reconcile. Thus we may well imagine that among the bandit chiefs, who led armed troops of robber patriots against the Turks, there may have been real patriotism, as well as selfishness, personal ambition, and a great deal of dishonesty. It requires not only ancestral traditions, but a clear social atmosphere, for the development of high principles, and still more for the staunch adherence to them. It is therefore enough, it is even a great deal, to expect from a degraded and disorganized people that the general tendency of their leaders should be towards better and higher things, and we should condone the frequent relapses into selfishness and cruelty which result from the violence of hereditary passions, and the weakness of hereditary principles.

These considerations seem supported by his constant reiteration of the remark that the Greek nation were so much more earnest, and so much more unselfish, than their leaders. Indeed, the whole history of the War of Liberation is only to be explained by the unflinching patriotism and devotion of the mass of the people,

and to this feature Finlay does ample justice. It is needless to point out that a nation of pure patriots can never be led by a parcel of pure knaves, and that even the most savage and unprincipled of the Greek leaders must have shown some higher warrant to obtain the confidence of devoted and determined followers. It is easy to show this by examples.

According to Finlay's own account (vi. 221), Kolokotronis, who was a man of considerable military ability, by an exhibition of avarice and dishonesty in the matter of booty at Tripolizza lost both his fair chance of leading the Revolution and the moral influence he had accidentally gained, and relapsed into a mere klepht or party chief. On the other hand, the incompetent Mavrocordatus, who had no military reputation, was called five times from an inferior or private station to occupy the highest rank in the government of Greece. In every case he made shipwreck of his own reputation, and left public affairs as bad, or worse than he found them. Yet even when he forfeited the nation's confidence, he retained a place in their esteem. This arose from a conviction that he was less influenced by love of money than the other politicians. Thus his unsullied reputation conferred on him a greater popularity than he could have obtained, had ministerial corruption and financial speculation not been considered the direct causes of most political evils by the Greeks (vi. 246, abridged). How strongly we are reminded of Grote's account of Nikias and the Athenians in these remarks, and how strikingly they contradict the dark picture which many parts of Finlay's book give us of the dishonesty of the nation!

There are, indeed, few nationalities more distinct than that of the Greeks, either ancient or modern; and it is, perhaps, the best possible introduction to a study of their present claims and prospects, to read, through Finlay's volumes, the history of their later antecedents, and the causes which have made them what they now are. Of course, the present people have made great capital out of their ancestry—a feature which often rouses Finlay's sarcasm and his ire. It is argued, with a good deal of force, that this illustrious descent, or the belief in it, has done the Greeks great practical harm, that it has made them vain and self-assuming, and impaired their reliance upon present virtues

by dazzling them with bygone glories. But, on the other hand, those who maintain that Greece should start as a perfectly new nation, if she desires to succeed, seem to underrate the force of Greek traditions, however remote, in kindling enthusiasm and sustaining trial.

Be this as it may, when Finlay first wrote on the subject, the practical side of the question had been obscured by historical speculations, which denied the alleged descent of the modern from the old Greeks altogether, and brought evidence to show that, while the Greek language had survived, the people who now speak it were not Greeks in blood, but a mixed race, made up of Slavonians, Albanians, and other late immigrants. It was a question on which evidence was very scanty and difficult to be found. In the earlier volumes of Finlay's book, the history of Greece is made to embrace the history of Constantinople and its empire, otherwise all the extant materials must melt down from two volumes (ii. and iii.) to a few pages, which relate here and there the invasions of Northern tribes, and the miseries of the inhabitants. The foundation of such all-important places as Monemvasia is even shrouded in mist, and we can only infer their origin from the necessity felt in the sixth century of removing from the inland highroads of Slavonian invasion to the seaboard, where an escape by ships remained open to the beleaguered Greeks.\*

According to Hopf, it was the high authority of Finlay which, for a season at least, placed a seal upon the bold theory advanced by Fallmerayer, that not a single old Hellene could now be traced in Greece, but that the whole country having been ravaged and desolated—Athens even for four hundred years—the present people were northern immigrants, southern and eastern pirates, in fact, a collection of mixed nationalities, in which Slavs and Albanians predominated. It was thought

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\*The chronicle of Monemvasia, which is shown by Hopf to be a very untrustworthy document, does, however, describe the founding of this city in 567 A.D., and this account seems probable. The terrible ravages of the pirates in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries through all the coasts and islands led afterwards to an opposite result, and the cities and culture of Greece removed again from the seaboard, as was the case in the oldest days of Phœnician and Carian adventure.



by most Germans that so shrewd and able a critic as Finlay, who lived on the spot, would not have accepted Fallmerayer's quotations from archives at Athens without proper evidence; and so for a good many years the Hellenic parentage of the present Greeks was consistently denied and even ridiculed.

The reaction, which began with exclamations of sentimental disgust and illogical patriotism, gradually gained a firmer position by the special researches of Ellissen, Zinkeisen, and Ross, who rather, however, brought out facts inconsistent with the Slav theory than direct disproof of the evidence on which it was based. But the day of reckoning has come at last. The chronicle of Monemvasia has been proved by Hopf a late and perfectly worthless compilation of the Turkish period, and its authority not only small, but inconsistent with itself. The case is still worse with the alleged records of the Anargyri convent, and the public letters preserved by the house of Ajacciuoli, said to be in a monastery at Athens. Fallmerayer, it seems, objected very much to the publication of this piece of evidence, but asserted that the copy in his possession was authentic and conclusive, though he was refused access to the original, as soon as his theory excited the hostility of the offended Greeks. The Greek authors, Surmelis and Paparrhigopoulos, first openly declared the Anargyri fragments to be mere forgeries. At last Pittakis published the original in the Athenian *Archæological Journal*, when the four hundred years of the desolation of Athens were suddenly reduced to three! Hopf roundly asserts that Pittakis forged the whole thing, that he prepared the first copy to suit Fallmerayer, for ready money, and afterwards another to suit Greek taste; but that the paper on which the so-called archives are written is undoubtedly Venetian paper of the eighteenth century, and that the whole of the so-called evidence is a deliberate imposture.

This is the sum of the remarks (pp. 100—119) in Hopf's *History of Mediæval Greece*, to which Mr. Tozer briefly refers. It is perhaps the most readable passage in the German Professor's profound but dull essay. He seeks to establish afterwards, but not, I think, on very satisfactory evidence, that the only districts in the Morea which were really Slavized were the very districts commonly supposed to contain

the purest and noblest Hellenic stock—I mean the Tsakonian and Mainot districts. If this conclusion holds its ground, the result is most curious; for the former condition of the question will be exactly reversed. The other parts of Greece are reinstated into their long-suspected legitimacy. The Mainots and Tsakonians are ousted from their proud title of Spartans, and degraded into cousins of the Bulgarians and Servians.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that on both sides of the controversy the really important issue has been overlooked. The question whether foreign blood has been introduced into a nation's ancestry is of little import, provided the habits, the traditions, and the sentiments of the people have not changed. And this is quite possible, even in cases where the admixture of blood is so large as to warrant at first sight the assertion of a total change of race. For there are races which easily disappear and lose themselves by admixture, whereas there are others so tenacious that, even when they are numerically inferior, they keep out-breeding their rivals, like the little leaven which gradually leavens the whole lump. I will take a remarkable case under my own eye. The people of the city and county of Dublin have been for many centuries so largely invaded by the Danes, and then reinforced by English settlers and adventurers, nay, even so often exiled from its pale, and excluded by these strangers, that the Irish language has long disappeared (except in the local names), and it may be questioned whether a single person now in the district can claim pure Irish descent. Yet if another Fallmerayer were to bring up all this evidence, and infer from hence that the people of Dublin were really English adventurers and Norse pirates, he would be justly disbelieved and ridiculed by all such as had studied not merely the history, but even the present manners and traditions of the place. It would not require a minute analysis of the derivations of the names of places, or a painful examination of old pedigrees, to show that Irish blood was really dominant in the county of Dublin up to the present day. Any traveller who lands in Kingstown knows in five minutes that he is not among Englishmen or Norsemen, but in Ireland, and finds that the town of Dublin is now as distinctly Irish in character as any town in the west of the country. The climate of course has had some influ-

ence. But other cases—those of Glasgow and Liverpool, and of American towns—seem to show that the Irish Celts have the power of out-breeding even stronger and higher races, and forcing their obtrusive nationality upon the strangers who have conquered and who despise them. Thus the Slavonians may have invaded and occupied many parts of Greece, which remained Greek, or reverted into Greek districts by the natural action of physical and social laws which the foreign conquerors could not control. And if the Irish have maintained their nationality in spite of the almost total loss of their language, how much stronger is the case of the Greeks, who have not only preserved their tongue, but even imposed it upon most of the Albanians, who came into the country in its lowest state of misery and depopulation, and occupied deserted tracts without necessary fusion with older inhabitants!

The real question therefore which is worth discussing about Greek nationality is this: Has the Hellenic race, which had become effete, and which would probably have become extinct without the infusion of foreign blood, maintained its characteristics during this process, or has it changed in type, and become a new people, with no claims to the great heritage of its predecessors in the same country? It is on this question that Finlay's History affords us the evidence of those darker and less-known centuries through which Greece has passed since the paralyzing grasp of Rome destroyed her political vitality. There is indeed little material up to the Frankish conquest, yet even that little serves as a connecting thread with the days when a series of occupations by Western conquerors again brought Greece within the ken of accessible chroniclers.\* But, although not a word can be said against the strict impartiality and love of justice of our historian, it is to be regretted that the disappointment of his hopes, and the sense of failure in his life, has made him a severe judge and a very unpromising exponent of the faults and

weaknesses of mediæval, as well as of modern Greeks.

This harsh estimate from so great an authority is the more likely to mislead us in the inquiry which I have proposed, as the usual pictures of the classical Greeks are very much exaggerated in the opposite direction, and it is more than probable that these extravagant notions had much to do in producing the bitter feelings of disappointment in such phil-Hellenes as Finlay, who never thought of sifting the evidence for the current pictures of ancient Greek society. The splendor of the extant literature and the art of Attic culture was accepted as evidence of the highest qualities in the bulk and average of the nation, and so an ideal Spartan or Athenian type was created, which was nearly as imaginary then as it would be now. Of course any actual people must appear miserably degraded in comparison with such a picture.

In estimating the relations of the old to the new Hellenes, a correction of these classical prejudices seems to me vital, and the conclusion which we form will chiefly depend on our not starting from a false basis.\* But if we lay aside rhodomontade and twaddle, and draw common-sense inferences from our evidence as men of the world, and not as pedant professors who are eaten up with the importance of the objects of their study, we shall find that both the virtues and the vices of the mediæval and modern Greeks have their direct prototypes in classical times. I will not repeat what I have elsewhere shown at length, and what is confirmed by the delicate social tact of such men as Ernest Renan, Georges Perrot, and Émile Burnouf, who combine the quick and subtle intuitions of Frenchmen with a thorough knowledge both of classical Greek books and modern Greek people. Let any one take up Finlay's seventh volume on Greece since 1829, and he will find reproduced with curious exactness the indelible features which appear through all the twelve volumes of Grote. There is the same constant love of liberty in the body of the people, and faith in leaders who have once served them well. There is the same duplicity and craft in

\* Hopf has detected a good many important facts from the records of the bishoprics and the lives of saints through this dark epoch, all of which tend to support the theory of a persistent Hellenic culture through Greece, even in the days of barbarian conquest and occupation.

\* I must apologize for referring to my own "Social Life in Greece," as an attempt to form a more reasonable estimate on this matter.

most of the leaders, the same openness to bribes, and, what is more striking, the same passion to wield despotic power in individuals, combined with the same hatred of despotism in the masses. There is a curious persistence in the jealousy of greatness, along with the confidence in it just named; there is, moreover, the same combination to be found of patriotism and knavery, of warlike tastes and personal cowardice. There is the same preponderance of intellectual acuteness over moral uprightness; the same love of learning and enlightenment rather than of honor and purity.

These are of course mere predominating tendencies, nor is it for one moment possible to affirm that the moral qualities which are put in the second place are not also respected. It is in fact rather in contrast to the Northern and Western nations of Europe, that a certain difference of balance is felt, which makes many of us greatly overrate the vices and underrate the virtues of a semi-Eastern people. For even this feature, the Oriental complexion of modern Greece, which most people ascribe to Turkish domination, is a far older, nay, even an original feature, which separated the earliest Hellenic culture in tone and temper from that of Italy and the further West.

The parallel I have here indicated is between the old free Greeks and the Greeks of to-day, and is instituted between the present people, and their ancestors when in their highest and noblest condition. But it is needless to insist that this comparison is hardly fair, for that long before the Greeks could be suspected of having suffered contamination in blood, their higher features were impaired and their meannesses stimulated by the despotism of Rome. Their political talents found no scope, save in the direction of intrigue, and their quick intellects were devoted to the gaining of wealth by trade, or of influence by acting upon the weakness of their masters. These unfortunate conditions, together with the rapid depopulation of the country, are ably sketched in the general essays which form Finlay's first volume, and which show us the pure Greeks in a state of melancholy degradation without any admixture of baser blood. Indeed, as he notices, the "Hero" of Musæus, the epigrams of Agathias, and many historical works written late in this

period, prove that even Greek literature in a higher sense—the surest token of Hellenic culture—was not dead. He might well have added the "Daphnis and Chloe," a work of genius which would have gained a reputation in any age.

In the division of the empire the Greeks again rose to a prominent position, but it is now the Greeks, and not Greece, which become the subject of Hellenic history. Indeed so large a portion of Finlay's History treats of their fortunes in the Byzantine empire, that the very title of his book is a misnomer, for there were centuries when the History of the Greeks hardly alludes to the condition of Greece.\* The Asiatic provinces and the Euxine colonies furnished a larger contingent of successful men to the Byzantine empire than the deserted Attica or Lacedæmon. Yet still it was the Greek race which, by its superior intelligence and higher education, monopolized all the administration of law and religion in the empire. These two engines of government, the one obtained from Roman genius, the other from the victory of Christianity over Paganism, gave an unity to the Greek nation which it had never before possessed; "but, unfortunately for the law, Latin continued to be the language of legal business in the East until after the time of Justinian. This fact explains the comparatively trifling influence of the legal class in establishing the supremacy of the Greek nation in the Eastern empire, and accounts also for the undue influence which the clergy were enabled to acquire in civil affairs. Had the language of the law been that of the people, the Eastern lawyers could hardly have failed, by combining with the Church, to form a systematic and constitutional barrier against the arbitrary exercise of imperial authority" (i. 152).

The influence of the Church was far more prominent, and is certainly not underrated by Finlay. If there is in fact any fundamental difference between old and new Greeks, it is probably derived from the spread of orthodox Christianity, with its centralizing and systematizing tendencies. But it seems to have merely replaced the distinction of Hellene and

\* The limits of this paper compel me to pass by in silence all such parts of the work as do not affect Greece directly, though there are many points of interest and of valuable research in every part of it.

barbarian by that of orthodox and heretic, and even to have saved the love of autonomy and municipal independence by setting up the local bishop, and the spiritual head, as a sort of counterpoise to the central tyranny of the government at Constantinople. Finlay, though not consistent with himself on this point, asserts that Hellenic nationality, during the middle ages, became nothing but orthodox, and that the Greeks were no longer held together by race and language, but by the bond of a Church which happened to adopt their language. This theory, which he was obliged to abandon in the face of his own experience in modern Greece, is only intelligible if we recognize the fact that the Eastern Church took up within it and satisfied those elements of old Hellenism which survived within the hearts of the people. We know that innumerable Pagan legends, among the lower classes, were accommodated to saints, and that the more educated found scope for their love of subtlety and disputation in the metaphysical controversies of their faith. And while orthodoxy thus preserved and protected old Hellenic features in the people, it was a powerful engine for helping the amalgamation of foreign settlers in Greece, and bringing them within the influence of the older and tougher nationality. Indeed, what strikes us most forcibly in the account of the Norman incursions into Greece, is the small effect which the bold and turbulent Slavonians had made, after centuries, upon a population which, owing to prolonged Byzantine despotism, had developed what we may call its Jewish qualities, its love of peace and of gain. Thebes, Corinth, and Eubœa, are then described (iii. 161) as full of wealth and manufacture, of rich citizens and fair women, but unable to offer the slightest resistance to the invaders, and even surrendering the Acrocorinthus without a struggle. It is, however, certain that the city populations, which then suffered, were least affected by barbarian inroads, and that these peaceful and submissive inhabitants must have been almost purely Hellenic.

When the Frankish knights' conquest of Greece supervened, we arrive at a period of more light and fuller information, but the chroniclers are too busy recording the splendor of the courts of Thebes and Athens, of Klarentza and

Karytena, to tell us how Greek nationality presented itself to their eyes. The military resistance of the people was small, for the knights were very brave and well-disciplined, and able to overcome in their panoply any European infantry, previous to its organization by the Spaniards. They moreover offered good terms to the people, and their rule may have been accepted as a chance of some escape from the fiscal oppression of the Byzantine government. But many untoward circumstances prevented this interesting historical experiment of bringing Greece into Western politics and Western culture from obtaining a fair trial. The chivalry of northern Greece was ruined by the disaster near Orchomenus, which left Athens and Thebes at the mercy of the rapacious and bloodthirsty Catalan mercenaries. The princes of the Morea only partially conquered that country; the momentary successes of William of Villehardouin being sacrificed to release him from captivity. There was always a Byzantine province in the peninsula, not to speak of Venetian ports, to interfere with the peaceable development of feudalism. These causes, combined with the perpetual quarrels and wars of the various princes, and above all the pretensions and exactions of the Latin clergy who accompanied them, made it but too natural that the Greeks should desire and revert to the known evils of Byzantine dominion, now mitigated by the growing apprehension of the Turks. Still later, when the central power became weak and helpless, the strong hand of Mohammed II. seemed the only salvation from the horrors of piracy and anarchy with which the country was tormented. It seems to me, therefore, that Hopf is misled by his familiarity with the eulogies of the Frankish courts in the chronicles, when he criticizes Finlay's estimate of this period, and thinks that the condition of the people was happy under their Western rulers. The shrewd instinct of the Scotch historian was not misled by the oneness of the evidence.

It is therefore impossible to maintain that the Greeks had a fair offer of embracing Western culture, which was indeed, at that time, in many respects far behind the East, and of which the noblest features depended, as Finlay well explains, on hereditary associations, and upon sentiments which written laws could not convey. But if we study the tenacity of the



Hellenic race through the rest of its history, we shall be disposed to decide that under no circumstances would the Frankish knights have made Greece one of the members of Western Europe.\*

At this period, during the conquest by Mohammed II., the Albanians begin to act a prominent part in the Morea, and even attempt a separate policy. This idea was crushed by the Sultan, but we may note that the Albanian element, originally brought in to colonize waste places and fill material gaps, did far more important service in refreshing the political deficiencies of the Greeks, and in reintroducing that sturdy and warlike love of independence which marks both the ancient and the modern Hellenes. Even up to the War of Liberation those portions of the country which are known to be Albanian have taken the lead in warlike affairs, but they became so thoroughly amalgamated in policy with the Hellenes during Turkish despotism, that we may assert them to have restored to the population one of its oldest and noblest features, which had been well-nigh crushed out with misery and misgovernment. There are still portions of Greece, even in Attica, where Albanian is commonly spoken. Certain districts and islands, such as Megara, Hydra, Poros, Spetza, and most of Ægina, are said to be purely Albanian. Yet even here I think a strong Greek element must have remained, or reappeared, together with the language and the old traditions. So much I know from personal observation, that there are in Ægina old Greek types not a whit inferior to those upon the Parthenon frieze.

But however the infusion of a military spirit may have been caused by the Albanians, we have Finlay's testimony that the bulk of the nation was not changed in character. In discussing (in his fifth volume) the second attempt to render the Morea a dependency of the West,—that of the Venetians, 1684–1718,—he quotes (p. 208) the Venetian pictures of Greek character as being the same as those of Cantacuzenos in the fourteenth century.

\* The idea of forming States in the East by conquest and colonization from the West seems to have lasted a long time after the Crusades. As late as 1628 the Huguenots proposed, after the siege of Rochelle, to buy Rhodes from the Sultan, and set up a Protestant kingdom there under the Duc de Rohan.

The causes of the failure of this attempt\* are more curious and interesting than those of the failure of the Frankish knights, for the Venetians governed carefully and generously after their notions, and even held a balance between their own and the Greek Church—an instance of remarkable enlightenment for that age. As the Crusaders' conquest is compared to the Norman invasion of England, so this crisis in the history of Greece is even more aptly compared to the management of the Ionian islands by England, or the new kingdom of Greece by Bavaria.†

The conduct of the Venetians, and the permanent benefits, especially in education, which they conferred upon the Greeks, make the easy reconquest of the country by the Turks in 1718 a very strange fact, especially as the decay of the Porte had commenced, and the vices of Ottoman rule had been already known and felt by the Greeks. Finlay attributes to the Venetians the first kindling of the sparks of independence in the nation, and suggests that the good example of the Catholic clergy had a permanent effect upon their degraded and lethargic Orthodox rivals in the affections of the people. He thinks that the generation educated under the Venetians was of a newer and better type, though his picture of the Greek character

\* By far the longest experiment of Western feudalism on the Greeks was that which subsisted (under Venice) at Corfu and the other Ionian islands. But it seems to have left the population no less Greek than the rest; the Corfiotes, even after the later rule of the English, seem to possess all the weaknesses of the other Greeks, and do not seem to have acquired any special Western virtues. Hopf thinks (vii. 188, 6) that a traveller passing from the Ionian islands into Greece can even now see the good results of Venetian occupation. This curious statement ignores the English influence completely, though it has long since overlaid most Venetian traces of culture.

† Finlay adds that the Venetian rule "would not suffer by the comparison" (v. p. 197), a statement which Hopf translates into an assertion of a decided superiority in the Venetians (vii. 187). This seems to show that he does not know the English language more accurately than the English treatment of these islands. I am certain Finlay wrote the sentence loosely, and meant to apply the comparison chiefly, if not wholly, to the Bavarians. Among other analogies the government of Chios by a Genoese Company under the sanction of the State affords a comparison with our own East India Company.

at this very period of his work (v. 203, 204) is anything but flattering. It is indeed hard to see in the conduct of the people at this period any signs of the higher qualities which presently manifested themselves. They seem rather to have grown up first from a more complete fusion of the Albanian settlers with the rest of the nation,\* thus giving a certain element of sturdiness to the national character, which had been depraved by long servility and corruption. Secondly, we must not forget the ingrained love of learning in the nation, which Finlay constantly calls love of pedantry, and most unjustly stigmatizes as a weakness, whereas it is really a clear sign of intellectual superiority in the Greek over the other nations of the east of Europe. This love of learning, this intellectual curiosity, became stimulated, not only by the great strides of liberty among the nations of Europe in the eighteenth century, but by the constant intrigues of Russia, which kept promoting insurrections in the Christian provinces of the Sultan. There should be added the gradual relaxation of Turkish despotism, and the constant advancement to high honors of the Phanariot members of the Greek race. These causes are more proximate and more obvious in explaining the gradual rise of Greek spirit, than the transitory occupation by the Venetians, which, in spite of its ability and mildness, perhaps, as Hopf thinks, on account of the mildness, failed to heal the distempers and secure the affections of the people. But as Finlay remarks over and over again, no foreign domination, however well meant, has ever satisfied the Greeks; it remains to be seen, whether they will be contented by a Government of their own.

The interest of Finlay's volumes increases as he brings us nearer to the present time and within the range of the first beginnings of the Eastern question. The

character and policy of the Ottoman rulers, their great virtues and brilliant abilities, are painted with a very sympathetic hand, and in the War of Liberation there is no figure which stands out more prominently than that of Sultan Mahmud II.,\* whose whole life was a patient and almost heroic attempt to hold together an empire which even sixty years ago was thought in the crisis of its dissolution, and had its vultures wheeling around in anticipation of their prey. Yet it would indeed be surprising if the wonderful military, political, and mercantile organization which the historian describes in the splendid opening chapter of his fifth volume had decayed without flashing out again into brilliant moments of greatness.

The neighboring nations seem ever to have been underrating the Ottoman power. From the ridiculous campaign of Peter the Great on the Pruth, in 1711, to the campaign of last year, when the Russian officers were boasting that they would hunt the Turk without a struggle into Constantinople, the enemies of Turkey have been deceiving themselves about her power of resistance. She has seldom failed to produce able generals when they were required. In the War of Liberation, it appears from Finlay's narrative that Reshid Pasha was far the ablest officer on either side. Her diplomacy has on the whole been marked by more honesty and straightforwardness than those of most of her Christian neighbors. In fact the conduct of the Western powers about the time of the battle of Navarino was a mere tissue of duplicity. Nevertheless the fact that the Sultan has been a professed despot, and that he has regarded his Christian subjects as his slaves—this combined with an utterly corrupt officialism—has permitted Christian sovereigns who were practically as despotic, and whose officials were not less corrupt, to assume that the existence of the Porte in Europe is intolerable, and that even breaches of faith in dealing with it are excusable, as with heretics in the middle ages. These remarks apply specially to Russia, whose policy is sketched by Finlay with clearness, and apparently with fairness, but not without a strong conviction that her meanness, her duplicity, and her selfishness,

\* Finlay observes (vi. p. 28) that within the greater part of the limits of Greece occupied by the Albanians, the Greeks have been as completely expelled as the Celtic race by the Saxons in England. Is it at all clear that many Celtic elements do not underlie the Saxon population of England, though lapse of time has fused the nation into one homogeneous whole? In any case, the districts which are really Albanian, and where Albanian is now spoken, were rather deserted tracts colonized than districts conquered from expelled Greeks.

\* Cf vi. 209 and 309, which are very interesting passages.

have been more consistent than those of her neighbors.

With regard to Finlay's estimate of the Greeks, I have intimated already that his judgments seem harsh and unintentionally unfair. It was impossible that such a war as that of the liberation of Greece could have been fought out without bringing to the surface every adventurer and miscreant in the nation. Long degradation had, as a matter of course, intensified those feelings of revenge, and that love of cruelty, which were dark features in the old Athenians, the most humane people of the most civilized times in Greece. The consistent treachery in the massacre of prisoners, and the breaking of capitulation treaties, which disgraced the Greek armies, are the common feature of all slave insurrections, and, dreadful as these things are, it must be urged, in common justice, that humanity in war is a very late and partial outcome of civilization, and that greater nations than the Greeks seem not to have learned it even at the present day.

The really melancholy spectacle, and that which must have painfully affected all such enlightened phil-Hellenes as Finlay, was the utter ignorance among the Greeks of the very meaning of freedom, when they had attained it. To the mass of the country population, it meant relief from the Ottoman yoke, and yet "during the whole war with the Sultan, the administrative organization of civil and financial business remained the same in free Greece as in Turkey. No improvement was made in taxation, no measures were adopted for rendering property more secure, no attempt made to obtain an equitable administration of justice; no courts of law were established, or financial accounts published" (vi. 230). A people of slaves were suddenly enfranchised, and it was imagined that they would at once know what to do with their liberty.

The fact is that even their leaders were equally ignorant of its meaning. With most of them liberty meant personal aggrandisement, and license to pay dependents and followers out of the public revenue. Accordingly "governments were formed, constitutions were drawn up, national assemblies met; orators debated, and laws were passed according to the fashion of the Liberals of the day. But no effort was made to prevent the Government being virtually absolute, unless

it was by rendering it absolutely powerless. The national assemblies were nothing but conferences of parties, and the laws passed were intended to fascinate Western Europe, not to operate with effect in Greece" (ibid.). When the unhappy nation sought to place itself under the control of some political head who would frame a new order of things, and save the land from anarchy, they only found men of two classes, the very few who attempted honest government, but who had no notion of that municipal freedom which alone trains a country to independence; or the many who at once turned to their own aggrandisement, and made their power a mere source of wealth to themselves and their adherents. It is quite possible that the theory of Capodistrias was the true one, and that Greece would have been best governed during her years of political infancy by a strong and somewhat despotic hand. But the despot should have been some Solon, or Timoleon, some real patriot who, while he crushed out anarchy and disorder, and secured personal safety and the rights of property, set himself at once to establish the law above government officials, and to teach the people the management of their local affairs by selecting the best men among themselves. It was the dire misfortune of Greece that in this crisis she developed no Washington, and that she fell instead under the hands of a Capodistrias.\*

Still more luckless was the refusal of Leopold to become King, and the selection of a prince from Bavaria, a country which, even in the Germany of that day, was noted for parochial despotism. Otho cannot possibly have had the least inkling of the practical meaning of constitutional liberty, though of course all the petty German princes of that period had read enough

\* "To live or die free was the firm resolve of the peasantry of Greece when they took up arms; and no sufferings ever shook that resolution. They never had the fortune to find a leader worthy of their cause. No eminent man stands forward as the type of the nation's virtues; too many are famous as representatives of the nation's vices. From this circumstance the records of the Greek Revolution are destitute of one of history's most attractive characteristics: it loses the charm of a hero's biography. But it possesses its own distinction. Never in the records of States did a nation's success depend more entirely on the conduct of the mass of the population" (vii. 131).

about it to fear it thoroughly, and to apprehend that the day of reckoning must soon come for themselves. Consequently after the frightful anarchy which followed the death of Capodistrias, Greece fell into the clutches of a Bavarian clique, who did what they could to centralize everything, to subdue the people again into political nullity, and to neutralize either by tyranny or by base intrigue all the efforts of Greek patriots to complete the liberation of their sorely tried people.

The Revolution of 1843, a most honorable and reasonable movement, only partially cured these evils, for the country was still ruled by a dishonest king, and his ministers were still the men who had been trained in old and evil times. At last the Revolution of 1862, though accompanied by some painful excesses, got rid of the real source of the evil, and by the banishment of Otho made way for a constitutional sovereign. It is from this year, and not from 1829, the date of the battle of Navarino, that the freedom of Greece really dates. At last Greece has been relieved from the pressure of a cen-

tralizing government, and to a great extent from the frightful evil of brigandage which was almost fostered by the Bavarian king for political purposes. Accordingly Greece has since steadily improved. The Piræus is now full of factories, and the Morea, so long devastated and isolated, is now a well-cultivated and secure country. The provinces along the Turkish frontier have not yet revived, for they have only lately escaped from the oppression, and hardly from the fear, of brigands. But when the frontiers of Greece are rectified, as must surely soon come to pass, when Thessaly and Epirus are joined to the kingdom, and the Turk is no longer within a day's journey of Athens, we may fairly expect that more rapid progress will be made.

I dare not prophesy greater things of the future of the Hellenic people, though in the momentous changes which seem to be impending, they may be called to fulfil a greater destiny, and occupy in the world's history a place more worthy of their ancient fame.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### ON THE DECAY OF FINE MANNERS.

It is scarcely necessary to occupy ourselves with the demonstration that the manners of the community have, during the present century, undergone a serious change for the worse. Their deterioration is a matter of notoriety and universal comment, and the unanimity with which this conclusion is affirmed acquits us of the obligation of proving it. Nor, supposing the point to be contested, would it be an easy matter to establish it. How are you to prove that manners have deteriorated? Manner is so impalpable a thing that there is no crucible in which it can be impounded, no scales, be they ever so fine, in which it can be weighed.

But while we fully recognise the practical impossibility of proving that the manners of society are not as good as they once were, there is not the same difficulty in showing how they have come to suffer degradation. Assuming, then, that the prevalent opinion on the subject is a correct one, let us see if we cannot account more or less clearly for the fact it deplures.

Wherein consist good manners? I think it will be found that the secret or

essence of good manners, as of goodness in all other things, consists in suitableness, or in other words of harmony. When we speak of harmony, we necessarily imply a relation between two things. We signify that the relation between them is what it should be; that the just proportion between them has been observed; and that out of this justness of proportion, this relation as it should be, springs what is designated by the significant word propriety.

What is manner? Manner is the deportment of one individual to another; which is as much as to say, the outward and phenomenal relation of one individual to another. Now, every person—if we make exception of Monarchs—can stand towards other people in three distinct social relations. You may be the superior of the person you are speaking to, you may be his equal, or you may be his inferior; and I venture to affirm that your manner will be good or bad according as it recognizes or fails to observe the fact in each case, respectively. I am not addressing myself to those persons who avow



themselves insensible to subtle distinctions, and whose only notion of distinction between one manner and another is that it is vulgar or the reverse, polite or the opposite. I address myself to those who make the complaint that fine manners have suffered decay, and who are alive to all the infinite shades and gradations of which a really fine manner is susceptible.

And, firstly, as regards the deportment of a person of fine manners to his superior. In this there will be a standing deference, but never a shade of servility; and the inclination of tone, gesture, and language will be as slight, as natural, as graceful, but as perceptible to an observant eye and ear, as the movement say, of a weeping willow in a light breeze. Suppose that two persons are conversing, and a third enters. The third ought to be able to tell at once which is the superior, and which the inferior, supposing the distinction to exist, and though the distinction be by no means a strongly marked one. Ask him how he knows; and he can no more tell you how, than one can say why one face is beautiful and another is not, or than a neuralgic subject can say, save by his own impressions, that there is brewing a thunder-storm. The superiority I speak of may be one either of rank, age, or acquired distinction; but a well-bred person, a person of fine manners, never fails to give it recognition. A man of thirty, who comports himself to a man of seventy as he would to a person of his own age, is wanting in this instinct, and is as much a clown as is one who addresses a woman with the familiarity he employs towards a man. What constitutes good manners in this case is, as I have observed, the maintenance of a just proportion, in plainer language, of a proper distance, between the two people; in other words, the preservation of harmony. The neglect of a just relation makes impropriety or discord.

Quite as subtle but quite as certain a line will mark off the superior from the inferior; though perhaps the distance is created rather by the inferior than by the superior, and by the obligation the latter feels himself under to accept the situation laid down by the other. Here again an absolute stranger ought to find quick indications of the relative position of the two, though he might be sorely put to it to give an account of the faith which is in him.

The relation of equal to equal might, at

first sight, seem to be a much simpler matter. On the contrary, I take it to be considerably more complex. For there are more faults than can be committed in this last of the three relations than in either of the other two. The only mistake an inferior, deficient in fine manners, is likely to commit in dealing with his superior, is to act as though he were the latter's equal; and the only danger to which the superior is subject, in conversing with his inferior, is the danger of asserting, or over-asserting, his superiority, instead of leaving it to the other to establish the fact by insensibly conceding it. But your equal obviously can commit either blunder. He may be arrogant and presuming, or he may show himself apologetic, timid, and uneasy. Either blunder serves to introduce an element of awkwardness and discomfort into the conversation, and, if the blunder be one of large proportions, renders the situation intolerable. You may have your bumptious cad, or your cringing cad. It is difficult to say which is the more insufferable. At last the horrible discrepancy between what you have a right to expect, and what as a fact you encounter, becomes so trying, that it "gives on your nerves," like bells jangled and out of tune. The discord is excruciating. The fellow has violated the laws of harmony. He knows nothing about the just proportion or fitness of things. Suitableness is to him a word without a meaning, and his life is one long unconscious impropriety.

If this analysis of the essence or kernel of good manners and bad manners be correct, it is not difficult to explain why manners should have deteriorated so strikingly during the last forty or fifty years. I must ask the reader to be good enough not to conclude, because I venture to point out what I believe to be the cause of this deterioration, that I have a political or even a social grudge against the cause, or that I am hostile to all the effects it has produced. I am merely seeking for a *vera causa* of the decline of fine manners, and have no *arrière pensée* whatever, either political, social, or religious. A thing is not bad altogether because it induces certain unfortunate results. It is of the nature of nothing human to confer unalloyed benefits; and though fine manners may be a precious possession, and their decay a just theme for lamentation, they are not the most precious of all possessions, and there

are other gifts with which we could even less satisfactorily dispense.

It will not be disputed that it is considerably easier for people to comport themselves properly and justly towards their superiors, towards their inferiors, and towards their equals, when they know who their superiors, who their inferiors, and who their equals are, than when they do not, but are left to ascertain the point as best they may, or to settle it by an effort of their own. Now the time was when no man in England could be in doubt upon the point. There existed a sliding-scale in the social hierarchy; and the precise tariff of deference which was required by one man to another, was as clearly ascertained as the number of inches in a mile, the amount of gills in a quart, or the quantity of firkins in a kilderkin. It must be obvious that this greatly simplified the matter; indeed, that it rendered it quite as simple as to ascertain the current price of native wheat, or the market figure of Flemish wool. From the Sovereign downwards, there was a gradation of ranks, titles, and position; ending, as far as gentlemen were concerned, with the small country squire. It was the habit, the instinct, and in no slight measure the law, of the time, to recognize this gradation; and any man received, and paid, the exact amount of homage and deference custom prescribed.

We have still a Monarch. We have still Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Barons, Baronets, Knights, Esquires, and—gentlemen. But what is a gentleman? No one can any longer answer the question. There are many persons indisputably gentlemen; there are others who hope they are gentlemen; others, again, who are trying hard to become such, or be recognized as such. In plain parlance, there are a number of people who are laboring to assert themselves, and who are going through life with no fixed and definite position in it, but are perpetually seeking to *become* that person's equal, and that other's superior.

How is it possible that such people should have fine manners, or manners at all? They are certain to be bumptious and presuming; it is possible they may, on occasion, be servile likewise, for they are perpetually "trying it on." When they find themselves in the society of persons whom they can hardly help suspecting to

be their superiors in breeding and education, they strive straight-off to annihilate the distinction they know to exist by putting on what they consider the manners of an equal. The "putting on" of this manner is, as might have been expected, a disastrous failure. They only become contemptible or offensive, or both. They parade their inferiority by the very effort to drape it; and their natural superior turns from them with disgust, and a determination never, if possible, to consort with them again.

The treatment by this class of persons of their inferiors is not more happy than their address towards their superiors, or towards those who would willingly be considered their equals, if their manners entitled them to the right of equality. There are no persons so quick to distinguish a true gentleman from a pinchbeck one as those who are called the lower orders. This is so, at least, in rural parts; the yokel not having lost his partly primitive, partly traditional instincts in the matter, by seeing more than one kind of manner reputed gentlemanlike, and never having had his discrimination confused by the practical ambiguities concerning good manners, engendered in towns. Your gamekeeper coachman, groom, stable-help, gardener, watcher, odd-man tells almost at a glance what "sort of customer" he has to deal with. Each master may be kind, either may be cold and "stand-off;" but there is a world of difference between the familiarity of the gentleman, and the familiarity of the man who would like to be a gentleman; and there is nothing in common between the tone of command of the one, and the orders of the other.

There may have been seen, any night we believe during the past twelvemonth, a piece at a well-known London theatre, in which the manners of gentleness and people rich but not gentle are supposed to be depicted and contrasted. The piece has been most successful. I could scarcely wish for more conclusive proof that fine manners have decayed. An audience sensitive to the difference between fine manners and clumsy manners would have turned away with contempt from an exhibition of vulgarity on the part of gentleness and non-gentleness alike, of the most extravagant kind. It is perfectly true that thousands of persons whose manners are not "fine," are admitted into society

supposed to be constituted of gentlemen, and to a certain extent justly supposed to be so constituted. But, in the play in question, the vulgarity of the vulgar is of that outrageous and incredible kind that requires to be seen to be credited. No person who had the faintest notion what fine manners are would suppose that he had found a foil for them in what we should imagine to be a caricature of the manners of Billingsgate or Margate; and no person similarly endowed could witness the performance without pity and annoyance. We do see fine manners caricatured every day of the week; but we see the spectacle off the stage, and with the absolute unconsciousness of the chief performers.

It has frequently been observed that modern manners are too familiar. This is but to say briefly what we have said more at large, to state the fact without analysing it. A person of fine manners is never familiar with his superiors, even ostensibly; never familiar with his inferiors in reality, and not often familiar even with his equals. Horse-play is an extreme type of familiarity, and should be the exclusive amusement of country bumpkins and gutter-children. It is a subject for much regret that this coarse kind of diversion has been found delightful by some of those who are called "the highest in the land." To pull a man out of bed in the middle of the night; to throw his bed-clothes or the contents of his portmanteau out of window on to the lawn; to lock up a gentleman and a lady in the billiard-room at one in the morning, and put out the lights; these and such like performances have been deemed the height of polite enjoyment in more than one country house of ancient dignity and modern notoriety. I observe that a stand is being made against this sort of thing by the wiser and better-bred portion of society, in spite of its having received very august countenance.

The familiarity to which we have incidentally alluded is doubtless an extravagant form of the declension of good manners; but it will be found that excessive familiarity runs through our manners generally, and that to it must be ascribed the decline. People, having forgotten how to comport themselves properly to their superiors—perhaps not being willing to recognise that they have any—soon lose

the secret of how to behave towards their equals.

But, perhaps, one of the most lamentable, if not the most marked feature in the decay of fine manners, is to be observed in the change which has come over the manner of men towards women, or let me say, for fear I should be misunderstood, of gentlemen towards ladies. We will not conjure a storm of remonstrance by presuming to decide who "first began it." But we need not be afraid to say that, even supposing it was men who first led the decline down the path of excessive familiarity, women have so affably followed their lead, that it has become exceedingly difficult for a man to preserve with some women that distance which every well-bred person feels, and every thoughtful person must grant, is indispensable to the maintenance in society of the due relations of the sexes. When a woman playfully tells you you are a "pig," and addresses you with exquisite humor, "Oh, you beast!" it is difficult to observe towards her that fineness of manner which you imagined was her due. If she may call you by such affectionate names, what may you not call her in turn? Why should you trouble yourself to be decorous in the presence of a person to whom decorum is apparently of so little moment? Why should you not swear, loll, expectorate—if you like, go to sleep? Why should you hand her a chair if she wants one? She probably tells you, "I can get it myself." Why should you not take her at her word? Why rise when she rises? You are tired, or at any rate you find it inconvenient. It is a "nuisance" to have to "put oneself about so" for women; and certainly when women cease to thank you for doing so, one of the motives for suffering inconvenience has passed away. This is no question of morals. I dare say women are as good as ever they were. I believe they are. But their manners are indisputably decaying. They no longer silently exact that deference from men which is every woman's natural right, and which no sagacious woman ever forfeits. She will not long receive it, even if she hankers after it, from her "pig" and her "beast." The consequence is that men "swagger" in the presence of women to a degree that even the women we speak of find offensive. They have corrupted

men's manners; and then they complain of the corruption. *Corruptio optimi pessima est*; and there is nothing so sad as lack of fine manners in a gentleman, except the lack of them in a lady.

In the deference which every woman should exact and every man either instinctively or cheerfully concede, we may perhaps catch the indications of the answer to be made to a possible objection. It might be objected, in these days, that it is not agreeable, and is even humiliating, to have to recognise superiority in others, especially when the superiority does not rest upon virtue, but upon purely artificial qualifications. But the recognition of a something due to women, and equally to old age, which a man of fine feeling, no less than of fine manners, should feel, surely puts us upon the trace of a reply to this objection. No one feels humiliated by deferring to a woman, or to a person much older than himself. If it be answered that such deference is paid to their weakness, and is on that account not humiliating, we respond—waiving the extraordinary cynicism of the argument to which we reply—that in that case a weak man need not defer to a strong woman, and also that, as a matter of fact, many persons who are much older than oneself are likewise much stronger. Young men do not defer to their fathers solely out of consideration for their fathers' failing powers. It is a sense of propriety which leads them to be deferential to both parents alike, to the one who is weak, and to the other who is strong. Absolutely artificial superiority, no doubt, is willingly recognised by no one; but while, as a rule, conventional superiority does represent some sort of real superiority, the truly wise man does not refuse to concede a slight shade of deference to superiority merely artificial, provided it is of the sort that is bound up with the general constitution and machinery of the body politic and social. A man would be a fool as well as a clown who, being a commoner, objected to a peer taking precedence of him in so trivial a matter as taking the hostess into dinner. Yet the commoner might well be a great astronomer or dazzling orator, and the peer the greatest numskull that ever walked on two legs. When an astronomical question came to be discussed, or an after-dinner speech had to be made, such a peer would fall

into the background, and the superiority of the commoner would in turn obtain recognition. Indeed, fine manners depend upon "trifles light as air;" but nothing is too trifling for the consideration of the great poet or artist, and nothing too trifling for the fine art of the perfect gentleman.

There is yet another element in modern life which is radically hostile to the cultivation or even the retention of fine manners. This is its extreme hurry and its constant bustle. Fine manners require calm grace; and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub, jostling, and anxiety of the existence of to-day. Fine manners require time; indeed, they take no note of time. A person of fine manners may himself always be punctual; but he can scarcely preserve his fine manners while laboring to compel other people to be so. Fine manners are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. Fine manners take their time over every thing. This is not to say that they are inconsistent with exertion or even with great energy. But the exertion must be equable; the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical. Watch different orders of persons proceeding to take the train from one place to another. Persons of an inferior condition of life appear to be deeply tormented with the idea that they will fail to catch it. They arrive out of breath, though they are ten minutes before the time fixed for starting. They bustle over the taking of their tickets; they scramble for a place in some carriage or other; the whole business is with them one of haste and disquietude. People of a higher grade, but still of what is ordinarily termed a middle condition of life, do not manifest so much incoherent solicitude as all this. But they are fidgety and uncertain. They trouble themselves and their neighbors, instead of taking the matter quietly and as a matter of course. People of fine manner do not exhibit these symptoms of gratuitous distress. They take all reasonable care to be at the station in time, but as they cherish an immovable belief that five minutes are always and invariably of the same length, and that the hour-hand moves no faster even if their own pulse does, they are content to abide by the law of cause and consequence, and entertain no doubt that having given themselves an abundant interval for traversing a well-



ascertained distance, it will be accomplished in the period duly allotted to it. There is perfect repose in the taking of their tickets, in the despatch of their baggage, in the selection of their places. Persons who do not understand that this method of procedure is a second nature with many, and a first nature with some, half-playfully denominate those they see practising it as "cool hands." But where in the world is there any necessity for heat, or for that feverish trepidation which accompanies the smaller movements of people who have not learned, to use a not inapt phrase to be met with in a modern poem, that there is nothing so tedious as haste?

Much might yet be said upon the subject of fine manners and their decay; but an essay had better be suggestive by its brevity than wearisome by its exhaustiveness. But there is one point I must not omit to notice. Many excellent persons, not unnaturally displeased to find that such importance is attached to a quality which seems in no degree to partake of a moral character, labor to argue that the secret of gentlemanliness and fine manners is virtue, generosity, amiability, consideration for others. It seems to me that though the argument may prove that he who employs it has a noble enthusiasm for morality, he allows his worthy partiality to lead him into sophistry, or at least to lose sight of a true distinction, and one that goes to the root of the whole business.

I do not think I should be guilty of exaggeration were I to affirm that some persons of the finest manners have been uniformly and systematically selfish, and that it is possible to perform the most ungracious act in the most graceful manner conceivable. Fine manners are paper-money, not sterling coin; but they are invaluable as currency, whether they be convertible or not into something more solid. But surely the severest moralist would not deny that the most abandoned scoundrel may offer you a chair with the finest air of breeding, though he has just with equal grace deprived some one else of it who stood infinitely more in need of it, while a model of virtue and self-sacrifice may hand it you with such awkwardness as to bruise your shins or tear your dress, though he has been standing the whole night and is almost fainting from fatigue. This, no doubt, is an extreme though by no means an uncommon case; but it is a fortunate circumstance that the tradition of fine manners and the resolution not to part with them often compel a thoroughly selfish man to seem to do a generous thing and in any case to be of use to his neighbor. The worst condition in which we can find ourselves is to be surrounded by people who have neither morals nor manners; who are at one and the same time thoroughly selfish and utterly ill-bred. Society had perhaps better take care lest it fall a victim to the double evil.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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IN PALL MALL.

WHAT do I see?—that face so fair,  
My friend of years too bright to last,  
Living again in beauty rare,  
As yonder omnibus went past.

Amid surroundings rude and low,  
Stood out the gem-like profile clear;  
The mouth curved like a perfect bow,  
The auburn curls that were so dear.

Can there be two with such a face?  
The other, which I thought unique,  
Lies 'neath the ivy's sheltering grace,  
Since many a year and month and week.

Say, shall I follow? Shall I try  
To leave my death-in-life and live?  
The picture lost, alas! I cry—  
Some joy may not the copy give?

Nay, while so much of good and great  
Is round thy path and at thy side,  
Force not the hands of wiser fate  
To give the joy supreme denied

Yet am I thankful for the glance  
Vouchsafed me at thy face divine;  
That for one moment sweet of trance,  
I lived the life that once was mine.

Adieu—thou fadest as a dream;  
The work-day world is back once more:  
Gone is that sudden rosy gleam,  
And, here's the Athenæum door.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAUREL COTTAGE.

A SMALL, quaint, old-fashioned house in South Bank, Regent's Park; two maidens in white in the open verandah; around them the abundant foliage of June, unruffled by any breeze; and down at the foot of the steep garden the still canal, its surface mirroring the soft translucent greens of the trees and bushes above, and the gaudier colors of a barge lying moored on the northern side. The elder of the two girls is seated in a rocking-chair; she appears to have been reading, for her right hand, hanging down, still holds a thin MS. book covered with coarse brown paper. The younger is lying at her feet, with her head thrown back in her sister's lap, and her face turned up to the clear June skies. There are some roses about this verandah; and the still air is sweet with them.

"And of all the parts you ever played in," she says, "which one did you like the best, Gerty?"

"This one," is the gentle answer.

"What one?"

"Being at home with you and papa, and having no bother at all, and nothing to think of."

"I don't believe it," says the other, with the brutal frankness of thirteen. "You couldn't live without the theatre, Gerty—and the newspapers talking about you—and people praising you—and bouquet!"

"Couldn't I?" says Miss White, with a smile, and she gently lays her hand on her sister's curls.

"No," continues the wise young lady. "And besides, this pretty, quiet life would not last. You would have to give up playing that part. Papa is getting very old now; and he often talks about what may happen to us. And you know, Gerty, that though it is very nice for sisters to say they will never and never leave each other, it doesn't come off, does it? There is only one thing I see for you—and that is to get married."

"Indeed."

It is easy to fence with a child's prattle. She might have amused herself by encouraging this chatterbox to go through the list of their acquaintances, and pick out a goodly choice of suitors. She might have encouraged her to give expression to her profound views of the chances and troubles of life, and the safeguards that timid maidens may seek. But she suddenly said, in a highly matter-of-fact manner—

"What you say is quite true, Carry, and I've thought of it several times. It is a very bad thing for an actress to be left without a father, or husband, or brother as her ostensible guardian. People are always glad to hear stories—and to make them—about actresses. You would be no good at all, Carry!"

"Very well, then," the younger sister said, promptly, "you've got to get married. And to a rich man, too; who will buy you a theatre, and let you do what you like in it."

Miss Gertrude White—whatever she may have thought of this speech—was

bound to rebuke the shockingly mercenary ring of it.

"For shame, Carry! Do you think people marry from such motives as that?"

"I don't know," said Carry; but she had, at least, guessed.

"I should like my husband to have money, certainly," Miss White said, frankly; and here she flung the MS. book from her, on to a neighboring chair. "I should like to be able to refuse parts that did not suit me. I should like to be able to take just such engagements as I chose. I should like to go to Paris for a whole year—and study hard!"

"Your husband might not wish you to remain an actress," said Miss Carry.

"Then he would never be my husband," the elder sister said, with decision. "I have not worked hard for nothing. Just when I begin to think I can do something—when I think I can get beyond those coquettish drawing-room, simpering parts that people run after now—just when the very name of Mrs. Siddons, or Rachel, or any of the great actresses makes my heart jump—when I have ambition, and a fair chance, and all that—do you think I am to give the whole thing up, and sink quietly into the position of Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, who is a very nice lady, no doubt, and very respectable, and lives a quiet and orderly life, with no greater excitement than scheming to get big people to go to her garden-parties?"

She certainly seemed very clear on that point.

"I don't see that men are so ready to give up their profession, when they marry, in order to devote themselves to domestic life, even when they have plenty of money. Why should all the sacrifice be on the side of the woman? But I know if I have to choose between my art and a husband, I shall continue to do without a husband."

Miss Carry had risen, and put one arm round her sister's neck, while with the other she stroked the soft brown hair over the smooth forehead.

"And it shall not be taken away from its pretty theatre, it shan't!" said she pettingly; "and it shall not be asked to go away with any great ugly Bluebeard, and be shut up in a lonely house!"

"Go away, Carry," said she, releasing herself. "I wonder why you began talking

such nonsense. What do you know about all those things?"

"Oh! very well," said the child, turning away with a pout; and she pulled a rose, and began to take its petals off, one by one, with her lips. "Perhaps I don't know. Perhaps I haven't studied your manoeuvres on the stage, Miss Gertrude White. Perhaps I never saw the newspapers declaring that it was all so very natural and life-like"—— She flung two or three rose-petals at her sister. "I believe you're the biggest flirt that ever lived, Gerty. You could make any man you liked marry you in ten minutes."

"I wish I could manage to have certain schoolgirls whipped and sent to bed."

At this moment, there appeared at the open French window an elderly woman of Flemish features and extraordinary breadth of bust.

"Shall I put dressing in the salad, Miss?" she said with scarcely any trace of foreign accent.

"Not yet, Marie," said Miss White. "I will make the dressing first. Bring me a large plate, and the cruet-stand, and a spoon and fork, and some salt."

Now when these things had been brought, and when Miss White had set about preparing this salad-dressing in a highly scientific manner, a strange thing occurred. Her sister seemed to have been attacked by a sudden fit of madness. She had caught up a light shawl, which she extended from hand to hand, as if she were dancing with some one, and then she proceeded to execute a slow waltz in this circumscribed space, humming the improvised music in a mystical and rhythmical manner. And what were these dark utterances that the inspired one gave forth, as she glanced from time to time at her sister and the plate?

"*O, a Highland lad my love was born,  
And the Lowland laws he held in scorn.*"

"Carry, don't make a fool of yourself!" said the other, flushing angrily.

Carry flung her imaginary partner aside.

"There is no use making any pretence," said she sharply. "You know quite well why you are making that salad-dressing."

"Did you never see me make salad-dressing before?" said the other, quite as sharply.

"You know it is simply because Sir

Keith Macleod is coming to lunch. I forgot all about it. Oh, and that's why you had the clean curtains put up yesterday!"

What else had this precocious brain ferreted out?

"Yes, and that's why you bought papa a new neck-tie," continued the tormentor; and then she added triumphantly, "*But he hasn't put it on this morning—ha, Gerty?*"

A calm and dignified silence is the best answer to the fiendishness of thirteen. Miss White went on with the making of the salad-dressing. She was considered very clever at it. Her father had taught her; but he never had the patience to carry out his own precepts. Besides, brute force is not wanted for the work; what you want is the self-denying assiduity and the dexterous light-handedness of a woman.

A smart young maidservant, very trimly dressed, made her appearance.

"Sir Keith Macleod, miss," said she.

"Oh, Gerty, you're caught!" muttered the fiend.

But Miss White was equal to the occasion. The small white fingers plied the fork without a tremor.

"Ask him to step this way, please," she said.

And then the subtle imagination of this demon of thirteen jumped to another conclusion.

"Oh, Gerty, you want to show him that you are a good housekeeper—that you can make salad!"

But the imp was silenced by the appearance of Macleod himself. He looked tall as he came through the small drawing-room. When he came out on to the balcony, the languid air of the place seemed to acquire a fresh and brisk vitality: he had a bright smile and a resonant voice.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you a little present, Miss White—no, it is a large present—that reached me this morning," said he. "I want you to see one of our Highland salmon. He is a splendid fellow—twenty-six pounds, four ounces, my landlady says. My cousin Janet sent him to me."

"Oh, but, Sir Keith, we cannot rob you," Miss White said, as she still demurely plied her fork. "If there is any special virtue in a Highland salmon, it will be better appreciated by yourself than by those who don't know."

"The fact is," said he, "people are so kind to me that I scarcely ever am allowed to dine at my lodgings; and you know the salmon should be cooked at once."

Miss Carry had been making a face behind his back to annoy her sister. She now came forward and said, with a charming innocence in her eyes—

"I don't think you can have it cooked for luncheon, Gerty; for that would look too like bringing your tea in your pocket, and getting hot water for twopence. Wouldn't it?"

Macleod turned and regarded this new comer with an unmistakeable "Who is this?"—"Cò an so?"—in his air.

"Oh, that is my sister Carry, Sir Keith," said Miss White. "I forgot you had not seen her."

"How do you do?" said he, in a kindly way; and for a second he put his hand on the light curls as her father might have done. "I suppose you like having holidays?"

From that moment she became his deadly enemy. To be patted on the head, as if she were a child, an infant—and that in the presence of the sister whom she had just been lecturing!

"Yes, thank you," said she, with a splendid dignity, as she proudly walked off. She went into the small lobby leading to the door. She called to the little maid-servant. She looked at a certain long bag made of matting which lay there, some bits of grass sticking out of one end. "Jane, take this thing down-stairs at once! The whole house smells of it."

Meanwhile Miss White had carried her salad-dressing in to Marie; and had gone out again to the verandah, where Macleod was seated. He was charmed with the dreamy stillness and silence of the place—with the hanging foliage all around, and the colors in the steep gardens, and the still waters below.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but you seem to have much more open houses here than we have. Our houses in the north look cold, and hard, and bare. We should laugh if we saw a place like this near us—it seems to me a sort of a toy-place out of a picture—from Switzerland or some such country. Here you are in the open air—with your own little world around you; and nobody to see you; you might live all your life here, and know



nothing about the storms crossing the Atlantic, and the wars in Europe, if only you gave up the newspapers."

"Yes, it is very pretty and quiet," said she, and the small fingers pulled to pieces one of the rose-leaves that Carry had thrown at her. "But you know one is never satisfied anywhere. If I were to tell you the longing I have to see the very places you describe as being so desolate—But perhaps papa will take me there some day."

"I hope so," said he, "but I would not call them desolate. They are terrible at times; and they are lonely; and they make you think. But they are beautiful, too—with a sort of splendid beauty and grandeur that goes very near making you miserable. . . . I cannot describe it. You will see for yourself."

Here a bell rang; and at the same moment Mr. White made his appearance.

"How do you do, Sir Keith? Luncheon is ready, my dear—luncheon is ready—luncheon is ready."

He kept muttering to himself as he led the way. They entered a small dining-room; and here, if Macleod had ever heard of actresses having little time to give to domestic affairs, he must have been struck by the exceeding neatness and brightness of everything on the table and around it. The snow-white cover; the brilliant glass and spoons; the carefully arranged, if tiny, bouquets; and the precision with which the smart little maid-servant—the only attendant—waited: all these things showed a household well managed. Nay, this iced claret-cup—was it not of her own composition?—and a pleasanter beverage he had never drank.

But she seemed to pay little attention to these matters; for she kept glancing at her father, who, as he addressed Macleod from time to time, was obviously nervous and harassed about something. At last she said—

"Papa, what is the matter with you? Has anything gone wrong this morning?"

"Oh, my dear child," said he, "don't speak of it. It is my memory—I fear my memory is going. But we will not trouble our guest about it. I think you were saying, Sir Keith, that you had seen the latest additions to the National Gallery!"

"But what is it, papa?" his daughter insisted.

"My dear, my dear, I know I have the

lines somewhere; and Lord — says that the very first jug fired at the new pottery he is helping shall have these lines on it, and be kept for himself. I know I have both the Spanish original and the English translation somewhere; and all the morning I have been hunting and hunting—for only one line. I think I know the other three—

'OLD WINE TO DRINK.  
'OLD WRONGS LET SINK.  
\* \* \*  
'OLD FRIENDS IN NEED.'

It is the third line that has escaped me—dear, dear me! I fear my brain is going."

"But I will hunt for it, papa," said she, "I will get the lines for you. Don't you trouble."

"No, no, no, child," said he, with somewhat of a pompous air. "You have this new character to study. You must not allow any trouble to disturb the serenity of your mind while you are so engaged. You must give your heart and soul to it, Gerty; you must forget yourself; you must abandon yourself to it—and let it grow up in your mind until the conception is so perfect that there are no traces of the manner of its production left."

He certainly was addressing his daughter; but somehow the formal phrases suggested that he was speaking for the benefit of the stranger. The prim old gentleman continued:

"That is the only way. Art demands absolute self-forgetfulness. You must give yourself to it in complete surrender. People may not know the difference; but the true artist seeks only to be true to himself. You produce the perfect flower; they are not to know of the anxious care—of the agony of tears, perhaps—you have spent on it. But then your whole mind must be given to it; there must be no distracting cares; I will look for the missing line myself."

"I am quite sure, papa," said Miss Carry, spitefully, "that she was far more anxious about these cutlets than about her new part this morning. She was half-a-dozen times down to the kitchen. I didn't see her reading the book much."

"The *res angustie domi*," said the father, sententiously, "sometimes interfere, where people are not too well off. But that is necessary. What is not necessary is that Gerty should take my troubles over to her—

self, and disturb her formation of this new character, which ought to be growing up in her mind almost insensibly, until she herself will scarcely be aware how real it is. When she steps on to the stage, she ought to be no more Gertrude White than you or I. The artist loses himself. He transfers his soul to his creation. His heart beats in another breast; he sees with other eyes. You will excuse me, Sir Keith; but I keep insisting on this point to my daughter. If she ever becomes a great artist, that will be the secret of her success. And she ought never to cease from cultivating the habit. She ought to be ready at any moment to project herself, as it were, into any character. She ought to practise so as to make of her own emotions an instrument that she can use at will. It is a great demand that art makes on the life of an artist. In fact, he ceases to live for himself. He becomes merely a medium. His most secret experiences are the property of the world at large, once they have been transfused and moulded by his personal skill."

And so he continued talking, apparently for the instruction of his daughter, but also giving his guest clearly to understand that Miss Gertrude White was not as other women, but rather as one set apart for the high and inexorable sacrifice demanded by art. At the end of his lecture, he abruptly asked Macleod if he had followed him. Yes, he had followed him; but in rather a bewildered way. Or had he some confused sense of self-reproach, in that he had distracted the contemplation of this pale and beautiful artist, and sent her downstairs to look after cutlets?

"It seems a little hard, sir," said Macleod to the old man, "that an artist is not to have any life of his or her own at all—that he or she should become merely a—a—a sort of Ten-minutes emotionalist."

It was not a bad phrase for a rude Highlander to have invented on the spur of the moment. But the fact was that some little personal feeling stung him into the speech. He was prepared to resent this tyranny of art. And if he now were to see some beautiful, pale slave bound in these iron chains—and being exhibited for the amusement of an idle world—what would the fierce blood of the Macleods say to that debasement? He began to dislike this old man, with his cruel theories and his oracular speech. But he forbore to have

further, or any, argument with him; for he remembered what the Highlanders call "the advice of the bell of Scoon—the thing that concerns you not, meddle not with."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PRINCESS RIGHINN.

THE people who lived in this land of summer and sunshine and flowers—had they no cares at all? He went out into the garden with these two girls; and they were like two young fawns in their careless play. Miss Carry, indeed, seemed bent on tantalising him by the manner in which she petted, and teased, and caressed her sister—scolding her, quarrelling with her, and kissing her all at once. The grave, gentle, forbearing manner in which the elder sister bore all this was beautiful to see. And then her sudden concern and pity when the wild Miss Carry had succeeded in scratching her finger with the thorn of a rose-bush! It was the tiniest of scratches; and all the blood that appeared was about the size of a pin-head. But Miss White must needs tear up her dainty little pocket-handkerchief, and bind that grievous wound, and condole with the poor victim as though she were suffering untold agonies. It was a pretty sort of idleness. It seemed to harmonize with this still beautiful summer day, and the soft green foliage around, and the quiet air that was sweet with the scent of the flowers of the lime-trees. They say that the Gaelic word for the lower regions, *ifrin*, is derived from *i-bhuirn*, the island of incessant rain. To a Highlander, therefore, must not this land of perpetual summer and sunshine have seemed to be heaven itself?

And even the malicious Carry relented for a moment.

"You said you were going to the Zoological Gardens," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am. I have seen everything I want to see in London, but that."

"Because Gerty and I might walk across the Park with you, and show you the way."

"I very much wish you would," said he, "if you have nothing better to do."

"I will see if papa does not want me," said Miss White calmly. She might just as well be walking in Regent's Park as in this small garden.

Presently the three of them set out.

"I am glad of any excuse," she said, with a smile, "for throwing aside that new part. It seems to me insufferably stupid. It is very hard that you should be expected to make a character look natural when the words you have to speak are such as no human being would use in any circumstances whatever."

Oddly enough, he never heard her make even the slightest reference to her profession without experiencing a sharp twinge of annoyance. He did not stay to ask himself why this should be so. Ordinarily, he simply made haste to change the subject.

"Then why should you take the part at all?" said he bluntly.

"Once you have given yourself up to a particular calling, you must accept its little annoyances," she said frankly. "I cannot have everything my own way. I have been very fortunate in other respects. I never had to go through the drudgery of the provinces, though they say that is the best school possible for an actress. And I am sure the money and the care papa has spent on my training—you see, he has no son to send to college. I think he is far more anxious about my succeeding than I am myself."

"But you have succeeded," said Macleod. It was, indeed, the least he could say; with all his dislike of the subject.

"Oh, I do not call that success," said she simply. "That is merely pleasing people by showing them little scenes from their own drawing-rooms transferred to the stage. They like it because it is pretty, and familiar. And people pretend to be very cynical at present—they like things with 'no nonsense about them'—and I suppose this sort of comedy is the natural reaction from the rant of the melodrama. Still, if you happen to be ambitious—or perhaps it is mere vanity?—if you would like to try what is in you"——

"Gerty wants to be a Mrs. Siddons: that's it," said Miss Carry, promptly.

Talking to an actress about her profession; and not having a word of compliment to say! Instead, he praised the noble elms and chestnuts of the park—the broad, white lake, the flowers, the avenues. He was greatly interested by the whizzing by overhead of a brace of duck.

"I suppose you are very fond of animals?" Miss White said.

"I am indeed," said he, suddenly brightening up. "And up at our place I give them all a chance. I don't allow a single weasel or hawk to be killed—though I have a great deal of trouble about it. But what is the result? I don't know whether there is such a thing as the balance of nature; or whether it is merely that the hawks and weasels and other vermin kill off the sickly birds; but I do know that we have less disease among our birds than I hear of anywhere else. I have sometimes shot a weasel, it is true, when I have run across him as he was hunting a rabbit—you cannot help doing that if you hear the rabbit squealing with fright long before the weasel is at him—but it is against my rule. I give them all a fair field and no favor. But there are two animals I put out of the list—I thought there was only one till this week—now there are two; and one of them I hate, the other I fear."

"Fear?" she said: the slight flash of surprise in her eyes was eloquent enough. But he did not notice it.

"Yes," said he, rather gloomily. "I suppose it is superstition—or you may have it in your blood—but the horror I have of the eyes of a snake—I cannot tell you of it. Perhaps I was frightened when I was a child—I cannot remember; or perhaps it was the stories of the old women. The serpent is very mysterious to the people in the Highlands—they have stories of water-snakes in the lochs—and if you get a nest of seven adders with one white one, you boil the white one, and the man who drinks the broth knows all things in heaven and earth. In the Lewis they call the serpent *righinn*, that is 'a princess'; and they say that the serpent is a princess bewitched. But that is from fear—it is a compliment"——

"But surely there are no serpents to be afraid of in the Highlands?" said Miss White. She was looking rather curiously at him.

"No," said he, in the same gloomy way. "The adders run away from you, if you are walking through the heather. If you tread on one, and he bites your boot, what then? He cannot hurt you. But suppose you are out after the deer, and you are crawling along the heather with your face to the ground, and all at once you see the two small eyes of an adder looking at you and close to you"——

He shuddered slightly—perhaps it was only an expression of disgust.

"I have heard," he continued, "that in parts of Islay they used to be so bad that the farmers would set fire to the heather in a circle, and as the heather burned in and in, you could see the snakes and adders twisting and curling in a great ball. We have not many with us. But one day John Begg, that is the schoolmaster, went behind a rock to get a light for his pipe; and he put his head close to the rock to be out of the wind; and then he thought he stirred something with his cap; and the next moment the adder fell on to his shoulder, and bit him in the neck. He was half mad with the fright; but I think the adder must have bitten the cap first and expended its poison; for the schoolmaster was only ill for about two days, and then there was no more of it. But just think of it—an adder getting to your neck!"

"I would rather not think of it," she said, quickly. "What is the other animal—that you hate?"

"Oh!" he said, lightly, "that is a very different affair—that is a parrot that speaks. I was never shut up in a house with one till this week. My landlady's son brought her home one from the West Indies, and she put the cage on a window recess in my landing. At first it was a little amusing; but the constant yelp—it was too much for me. '*Pritty poal! pritty poal!*' I did not mind so much; but when the ugly brute, with its beady eyes and its black snout used to yelp '*Come and kiz me! come and kiz me!*' I grew to hate it. And in the morning, too, how was one to sleep? I used to open my door, and fling a boot at it; but that only served for a time. It began again."

"But you speak of it as having been there. What became of it?"

He glanced at her rather nervously—like a schoolboy; and laughed.

"Shall I tell you?" he said, rather shamefacedly. "The murder will be out, sooner or later. It was this morning. I could stand it no longer. I had thrown both my boots at it; it was no use. I got up a third time, and went out. The window, that looks into a back-yard, was open. Then I opened the parrot's cage. But the fool of an animal did not know what I meant—or it was afraid—and so I

caught him by the back of the neck and flung him out. I don't know anything more about him."

"Could he fly?" said the big-eyed Carry, who had been quite interested in this tragic tale.

"I don't know," Macleod said, modestly. "There was no use asking him. All he could say was '*Come and kiz me!*'; and I got tired of that."

"Then you have murdered him!" said the elder sister in an awe-stricken voice; and she pretended to withdraw a bit from him. "I don't believe in the Macleods having become civilised, peaceable people. I believe they would have no hesitation in murdering any one that was in their way."

"Oh, Miss White!" said he, in protest, "you must forget what I told you, about the Macleods; and you must really believe they were no worse than the others of the same time. Now I was thinking of another story the other day, which I must tell you!"

"Oh, pray don't," she said, "if it is one of those terrible legends!"

"But I must tell you," said he, "because it is about the Macdonalds; and I want to show you that we had not all the badness of those times. It was Donald Gorm Mòr; and his nephew, Hugh Macdonald, who was the heir to the chieftainship; he got a number of men to join him in a conspiracy to have his uncle murdered. The chief found it out, and forgave him. That was not like a Macleod," he admitted, "for I never heard of a Macleod of those days forgiving anybody. But again Hugh Macdonald engaged in a conspiracy; and then Donald Gorm Mòr thought he would put an end to the nonsense. What did he do? He put his nephew into a deep and foul dungeon—so the story says—and left him without food or water for a whole day. Then there was salt beef lowered into the dungeon; and Macdonald he devoured the salt beef; for he was starving with hunger. Then they left him alone. But you can imagine the thirst of a man who has been eating salt beef, and who has had no water for a day or two. He was mad with thirst. Then they lowered a cup into the dungeon—you may imagine the eagerness with which the poor fellow saw it coming down to him—and how he caught it with both his hands. *But it was empty!*



And so, having made a fool of him in that way, they left him to die of thirst. That was the Macdonalds, Miss White; not the Macleods."

"Then I am glad of Culloden," said she, with decision, "for destroying such a race of fiends."

"Oh, you must not say that," he protested, laughing. "We should have become quiet and respectable folks without Culloden. Even without Culloden, we should have had penny newspapers all the same; and tourist-boats from Oban to Iona. Indeed you won't find quieter folks anywhere than the Macdonalds and Macleods are now."

"I don't know how far you are to be trusted," said she, pretending to look at him with some doubts.

Now they reached the gate of the gardens.

"Do let us go in, Gerty," said Miss Carry. "You know you always get hints for your dresses from the birds—you would never have thought of that flamingo pink and white if you had not been walking through here!"

"I will go in for a while if you like, Carry," said she; and certainly Macleod was nothing loth.

There were but few people in the Gardens on this afternoon; for all the world was up at the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's; and there was little visible of 'Arry and his pipe. Macleod began to show more than a schoolboy's delight over the wonders of this strange place. That he was exceedingly fond of animals—always barring the two he had mentioned—was soon abundantly shown. He talked to them as though the mute enquiring eyes could understand him thoroughly. When he came to animals with which he was familiar in the north, he seemed to be renewing acquaintance with old friends; like himself, they were strangers in a strange land.

"Ah," said he to the splendid red deer, who was walking about the paddock with his velvety horns held proudly in the air, "what part of the Highlands have you come from? And wouldn't you like now a canter down the dry bed of a stream, on the side of Ben-an-Sloich?"

The hind, with slow and gentle step, and with her nut-brown hide shining in the sun, came up to the bars, and regard-

ed him with those large, clear, grey-green eyes—so different from the soft dark eyes of the roe—that had long eye-lashes on the upper lid. He rubbed her nose.

"And wouldn't you rather be up on the heather, munching the young grass, and drinking out of the burn?"

They went along to the great cage of the sea-eagles. The birds seemed to pay no heed to what was passing immediately around them. Ever and anon they jerked their head into an attitude of attention; and the golden-brown eye, with its contracted pupil and stern upper lid, seemed to be throwing a keen glance over immeasurable leagues of sea.

"Poor old chap," he said to the one perched high on an old stump, "wouldn't you like to have one sniff of a sea-breeze, and a look round for a sea-pyot or two? What do they give you here—dead fish, I suppose?"

The eagle raised its great wings, and slowly flapped them once or twice, while it uttered a succession of shrill *yawps*.

"Oh, yes," he said, "you could make yourself heard above the sound of the waves. And I think if any of the boys were after your eggs, or your young ones, you could make short work of them with those big wings. Or would you like to have a battle-royal with a seal, and try whether you could pilot the seal into the shore, or whether the seal would drag you and your fixed claws down to the bottom and drown you?"

There was a solitary kittiwake in a cage devoted to sea-birds, nearly all of which were foreigners.

"You poor little kittiwake," said he, "this is a sad place for you to be in. I think you would rather be out at Rutreshanish, even if it was blowing hard, and there was rain about. There was a dead whale came ashore there about a month ago; that would have been something like a feast for you."

"Why," said he, to his human companion, "if I had only known before! Whenever there was an hour or two with nothing to do, here was plenty of occupation. But I must not keep you too long, Miss White—I could remain here days and weeks."

"You will not go without looking in at the serpents?" said she, with a slight smile.

He hesitated for a second.

"No," said he, "I think I will not go in to see them."

"But you must," said she, cruelly. "You will see they are not such terrible creatures when they are shut up in glass boxes."

He suffered himself to be led along to the reptile house; but he was silent. He entered, the last of the three. He stood in the middle of the room, and looked around him in rather a strange way.

"Now come and look at this splendid fellow," said Miss White, who, with her sister, was leaning over the rail. "Look at his splendid bars of color—do you see the beautiful blue sheen on its scales?"

It was a huge anaconda, its body, as thick as a man's leg, lying coiled up in a circle, its flat ugly head reposing in the middle. He came a bit nearer. "Hideous!" was all he said. And then his eyes were fixed on the eyes of the animal—the lidless eyes, with their perpetual, glassy stare. He had thought at first they were closed; but now he saw that that opaque yellow substance was covered by a glassy coating, while in the centre there was a small slit as if cut by a penknife. The great coils slowly expanded and fell again, as the animal breathed; otherwise the fixed stare of those yellow eyes might have been taken for the stare of death.

"I don't think the anaconda is poisonous at all," said she, lightly.

"But if you were to meet that beast in a jungle," said he, "what difference would that make?"

He spoke reproachfully, as if she were luring him into some secret place, to have him slain with poisonous fangs. He passed on from that case to the others, unwillingly. The room was still. Most of the snakes would have seemed dead, but for the malign stare of the beaded eyes. He seemed anxious to get out; the atmosphere of the place was hot and oppressive.

But just at the door there was a case, some quick motion in which caught his eye; and despite himself he stopped to look. The inside of this glass box was alive with snakes—raising their heads in the air—slimily crawling over each other—the small, black-forked tongues shooting in and out, the black points of eyes glassily staring. And the object that had moved quickly was a wretched little yellow frog,

that was now motionless in a dish of water—its eyes apparently starting out of its head with horror. A snake made its appearance over the edge of the dish. The shooting black tongue approached the head of the frog; and then the long, sinuous body glided along the edge of the dish again—the frog meanwhile being too paralyzed with fear to move. A second afterwards the frog, apparently recovering, sprang clean out of the basin; but it was only to alight on the backs of two or three of the reptiles lying coiled up together. It made another spring, and got into a corner, among some grass. But along that side of the case another of those small, flat, yellow-marked heads was slowly creeping along, propelled by the squirming body; and again the frog made a sudden spring, this time leaping once more into the shallow water, where it stood and panted, with its eyes dilated. And now a snake that had crawled up the side of the case put out its long neck as if to see whither it should proceed. There was nothing to lay hold of. The head swayed and twisted—the forked tongue shooting out—and at last the snake fell away from its hold, and splashed right into the basin of water, on the top of the frog. There was a wild shooting this way and that—but Macleod did not see the end of it. He had uttered some slight exclamation—and got into the open air, as one being suffocated—and there were drops of perspiration on his forehead, and trembling of horror and disgust had seized him. His two companions followed him out.

"I felt rather faint," said he, in a low voice—and he did not turn to look at them as he spoke—"the air is close in that room."

They moved away. He looked around—at the beautiful green of the trees, and the blue sky, and the sunlight on the path—God's world was getting to be more wholesome again, and the choking sensation of disgust was going from his throat. He seemed, however, rather anxious to get away from this place. There was a gate close by; he proposed they should go out by that. As he walked back with them to South Bank, they chatted about many of the animals—the two girls in especial being much interested in certain pheasants, whose colors of plumage, they thought, would look very pretty in a dress—but he never referred, either then or at

any future time, to his visit to the reptile house. Nor did it occur to Miss White, in this idle conversation, to ask him whether his Highland blood had inherited any other qualities besides that instinctive and deadly horror of serpents.

## CHAPTER X.

## LAST NIGHTS.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Macleod!—good-night!—good-night!" The various voices came from the top of a drag. They were addressed to one of two young men who stood on the steps of the Star and Garter—black figures in the blaze of light. And now the people on the drag had finally ensconced themselves; and the ladies had drawn their ample cloaks more completely round their gay costumes; and the two grooms were ready to set free the heads of the leaders. "Good-night, Macleod!" Lord Beauregard called again; and then, with a little preliminary prancing of the leaders, away swung the big vehicle through the clear darkness of the sweet-scented summer night.

"It was awfully good-natured of Beauregard to bring six of your people down and take them back again," observed Lieutenant Ogilvie to his companion. "He wouldn't do it for most folks. He wouldn't do it for me. But then you have the grand air, Macleod. You seem to be conferring a favor when you get one."

"The people have been very kind to me," said Macleod, simply. "I do not know why. I wish I could take them all up to Castle Dare, and entertain them as a prince could entertain people!"

"I want to talk to you about that, Macleod," said his companion. "Shall we go up-stairs again? I have left my hat and coat there."

They went up-stairs, and entered a long chamber which had been formed by the throwing of two rooms into one. The one apartment had been used as a sort of withdrawing-room; in the other stood the long banquet-table, still covered with bright colored flowers, and dishes of fruit, and decanters and glasses. Ogilvie sat down, lit a cigar, and poured himself out some claret.

"Macleod," said he, "I am going to talk to you like a father. I hear you have been going on in a mad way. Sure-

ly you know that a bachelor coming up to London for a season—and being asked about by people who are precious glad to get unmarried men to their houses—is not expected to give these swell dinner-parties? And then, it seems, you have been bringing down all your people in drags. What do those flowers cost you? I dare say this is Lafitte, now?"

"And if it is, why not drink it, and say no more about it? I think they enjoyed themselves pretty well this evening—don't you, Ogilvie?"

"Yes, yes—but then, my dear fellow, the cost! You will say it is none of my business; but what would your decent, respectable mother say to all this extravagance?"

"Ah," said Macleod, "that is just the thing—I should have more pleasure in my little dinner-parties if only the mother and Janet were here to see. I think the table would look a good deal better if my mother was at the head of it. And the cost?—oh, I am only following out her instructions. She would not have people think that I was insensible to the kindness that has been shown me; and then we cannot ask all those good friends up to Castle Dare—it is an out-of-the-way place—and there are no flowers on the dining-table there!"

He laughed as he looked at the beautiful things before him; they would look strange in the gaunt hall of Castle Dare.

"Why," said he, "I will tell you a secret, Ogilvie. You know my cousin Janet—she is the kindest-hearted of all the women I know—and when I was coming away she gave me £2,000 just in case I should need it!"

"£2,000!" exclaimed Ogilvie. "Did she think you were going to buy Westminster Abbey during the course of your holidays?" And then he looked at the table before him; and a new idea seemed to strike him. "You don't mean to say, Macleod, that it is your cousin's money?"

Macleod's face flushed angrily. Had any other man made the suggestion, he would have received a tolerably sharp answer. But he only said to his old friend Ogilvie—

"No, no, Ogilvie; we are not very rich folks, but we have not come to that yet. 'I'd sell my kilts, I'd sell my shoon,' as the song says, before I touched a

farthing of Janet's money. But I had to take it from her, so as not to offend her. It is wonderful, the anxiety and affection of women who live away out of the world like that. There was my mother, quite sure that something awful was going to happen to me, merely because I was going away for two or three months. And Janet—I suppose she knew that our family never was very good at saving money—she would have me take this little fortune of hers, just as if the old days were come back, and the son of the house was supposed to go to Paris to gamble away every penny”——

“By the way, Macleod,” said Ogilvie, “you have never gone to Paris, as you intended.”

“No,” said he, trying to balance three nectarines one on the top of the other, “I have not gone to Paris. I have made enough friends in London. I have had plenty to occupy the time. And now, Ogilvie,” he added brightly, “I am going in for my last frolic, before everybody has left London; and you must come to it, even if you have to go down by your cold-meat train again. You know Miss Rawlinson; you have seen her at Mrs. Ross's, no doubt. Very well, I met her first when we went down to the Thames yacht race, and afterwards we became great friends; and the dear little old lady already looks on me as if I were her son. And do you know what her proposal is?—that she is to give me up her house and garden for a garden-party, and I am to ask my friends; and it is to be a dance as well, for we shall ask the people to have supper at eight o'clock or so; and then we shall have a marquee—and the garden all lighted up—do you see? It is one of the largest gardens on Campden Hill; and the colored lamps hung on the trees will make it look very fine; and we shall have a band to play music for the dancers”——

“It will cost you £200 or £300, at least,” said Ogilvie sharply.

“What then? You give your friends a pleasant evening, and you show them that you are not ungrateful,” said Macleod.

Ogilvie began to ponder over this matter. The stories he had heard of Macleod's extravagant entertainments were true, then. Suddenly he looked up and said—

“Is Miss White to be one of your guests?”

“I hope so,” said he. “The theatre will be closed at the end of this week.”

“I suppose you have been a good many times to the theatre?”

“To the Piccadilly Theatre?”

“Yes.”

“I have been only once to the Piccadilly Theatre—when you and I went together,” said Macleod coldly; and they spoke no more of that matter.

By-and-by they thought they might as well smoke outside; and so they went down and out upon the high and walled terrace overlooking the broad valley of the Thames. And now the moon had arisen in the south, and the winding river showed a pale grey among the black woods, and there was a silvery light on the stone parapet on which they leaned their arms. The night was mild, and soft, and clear; there was an intense silence around; but they heard the faint sound of oars far away—some boating-party getting home through the dark shadows of the river-side trees.

“It is a beautiful life you have here in the south,” Macleod said, after a time, “though I can imagine that the women enjoy it more than the men. It is natural for women to enjoy pretty colors, and flowers, and bright lights, and music; and I suppose it is the mild air that lets their eyes grow so big and clear. But the men—I should think they must get tired of doing nothing. They are rather melancholy; and their hands are white. I wonder they don't begin to hate Hyde Park, and kid gloves, and tight boots. Ogilvie,” said he, suddenly straightening himself up, “what do you say to the 12th? A few breathers over Ben-an-Sloich would put new lungs into you. I don't think you look quite so limp as most of the London men; but still you are not up to the mark. And then an occasional run out to Coll or Tiree in that old tub of ours, with a brisk sou'wester blowing across—that would put some mettle into you. Mind you, you won't have any grand banquets at Castle Dare. I think it is hard on the poor old mother that she should have all the pinching, and none of the squandering; but women seem to have rather a liking for these sacrifices; and both she and Janet are very proud of the family name—I



believe they would live on seaweed for a year if only their representative in London could take Buckingham Palace for the season. And Hamish—don't you remember Hamish? He will give you a hearty welcome to Dare; and he will tell you the truth about any salmon or stag you may kill—though he was never known to come within five pounds of the real weight of any big salmon I ever caught. Now then, what do you say?"

"Ah, it is all very well," said Lieutenant Ogilvie. "If we could all get what we want, there would scarcely be an officer in Aldershot Camp on the 12th of August. But I must say there are some capital good fellows in our mess—and it isn't every one gets the chance you offer me—and there's none of the dog-in-the-manger feeling about them: in short, I do believe, Macleod, that I could get off for a week or so about the 20th."

"The 20th? So be it. Then you will have the black-cock added in."

"When do you leave?"

"On the 1st of August—the morning after my garden-party. You must come to it, Ogilvie. Lady Beauregard has persuaded her husband to put off their going to Ireland for three days in order to come. And I have got old Admiral Maitland coming—with his stories of the press-gang, and of Nelson, and of the raids on the merchant-ships for officers for the navy. Did you know that Miss Rawlinson was an old sweetheart of his? He knew her when she lived in Jamaica with her father—several centuries ago you would think, judging by their stories. Her father got £28,000 from the Government when his slaves were emancipated. I wish I could get the old Admiral up to Dare—he and the mother would have some stories to tell, I think. But you don't like long journeys at ninety-two."

He was in a pleasant and talkative humor, this bright-faced and stalwart young fellow, with his proud, fine features and his careless air. One could easily see how these old folks had made a sort of pet of him. But while he went on with this desultory chatting about the various people whom he had met, and the friendly invitations he had received, and the hopes he had formed of renewing his acquaintanceship with this person and the next person, should chance bring

him again to London soon, he never once mentioned the name of Miss Gertrude White, or referred to her family, or even to her public appearances, about which there was plenty of talk at this time. Yet Lieutenant Ogilvie, on his rare visits to London, had more than once heard Sir Keith Macleod's name mentioned in conjunction with that of the young actress whom society was pleased to regard with a special and unusual favor just then; and once or twice he, as Macleod's friend, had been archly questioned on the subject by some inquisitive lady, whose eyes asked more than her words. But Lieutenant Ogilvie was gravely discreet. He neither treated the matter with ridicule nor, on the other hand, did he pretend to know more than he actually knew—which was literally nothing at all. For Macleod, who was, in ordinary circumstances, anything but a reserved or austere person, was on this subject strictly silent—evading questions with a proud and simple dignity that forbade the repetition of them. *'That which concerns you not, meddle not with':* he observed the maxim himself, and expected others to do the like.

It was an early dinner they had had, after their stroll in Richmond Park; and it was a comparatively early train that Macleod and his friend now drove down to catch, after he had paid his bill. When they reached Waterloo Station it was not yet eleven o'clock; when he, having bade good-bye to Ogilvie, got to his rooms in Bury Street, it was but a few minutes after. He was joyfully welcomed by his faithful friend, Oscar.

"You poor dog," said he, "here have we been enjoying ourselves all the day, and you have been in prison. Come, shall we go for a run?"

Oscar jumped up on him with a whine of delight; he knew what that taking up of the hat again meant. And then there was a silent stealing down-stairs; and a slight, pardonable bark of joy in the hall; and a wild dash into the freedom of the narrow street when the door was opened. Then Oscar moderated his transports, and kept pretty close to his master as together they began to wander through the desert wilds of London.

Piccadilly?—Oscar had grown as expert in avoiding the rattling broughams and hansoms as the veriest mongrel that ever led a vagrant life in London streets,

Berkeley Square?—here there was comparative quiet, with the gas-lamps shining up on the thick foliage of the maples. In Grosvenor Square he had a bit of a scamper; but there was no rabbit to hunt. In Oxford Street his master took him into a public-house and gave him a biscuit and a drink of water; after that his spirits rose a bit, and he began to range ahead in Baker Street. But did Oscar know any more than his master why they had taken this direction?

Still further north; and now there were a good many trees about; and the moon, high in the heavens, touched the trembling foliage, and shone white on the front of the houses. Oscar was a friendly companion; but he could not be expected to notice that his master glanced somewhat nervously along South Bank when he had reached the entrance to that thoroughfare. Apparently the place was quite deserted; there was nothing visible but the walls, trees, and houses, one side in black shadow, the other shining cold and pale in the moonlight. After a moment's hesitation Macleod resumed his walk—though he seemed to tread more softly.

And now, in the perfect silence, he neared a certain house, though but little of it was visible over the wall and through the trees. Did he expect to see a light in one of these upper windows, which the drooping acacias did not altogether conceal? He walked quickly by, with his head averted. Oscar had got a good way in front, not doubting that his master was following him.

But Macleod, perhaps having mustered up further courage, stopped in his walk, and returned. This time he passed more slowly, and turned his head to the house, as if listening. There was no light in the windows; there was no sound at all; there was no motion but that of the trembling acacia-leaves as the cold wind of the night stirred them. And then he passed over to the south side of the thoroughfare; and stood in the black shadow of a high wall; and Oscar came, and looked up into his face.

A brougham rattled by; then there was utter stillness again; and the moonlight shone on the front of the small house, which was to all appearance as lifeless as the grave. Then, far away, twelve o'clock struck, and the sound

seemed distant as the sound of a bell at sea in this intense quiet.

He was alone with the night, and with the dreams and fancies of the night. Would he, then, confess to himself that which he would confess to no other? Or was it merely some passing whim—some slight under-chord of sentiment struck amid the careless joy of a young man's holiday—that had led him up into this silent region of trees and moonlight? The scene around him was romantic enough; but he certainly had not the features of an anguish-stricken lover.

Again the silence of the night was broken by the rumbling of a cab that came along the road; and now—whatever may have been the fancy that brought him hither—he turned to leave, and Oscar joyfully bounded out into the road. But the cab, instead of continuing its route, stopped at the gate of the house he had been watching, and two young ladies stepped out. Fionaghal, the Fair Stranger, had not, then, been wandering in the enchanted land of dreams, but toiling home in a humble four-wheeler from the scene of her anxious labors? He would have slunk away rapidly but for an untoward accident. Oscar, ranging up and down, came upon an old friend, and instantly made acquaintance with her, on seeing which, Macleod, with deep vexation at his heart, but with a pleasant and careless face, had to walk along also.

"What an odd meeting!" said he. "I have been giving Oscar a run. I am glad to have a chance of bidding you good-night. You are not very tired, I hope?"

"I am rather tired," said she, "but I have only two more nights, and then my holiday begins."

He shook hands with both sisters, and wished them good-night, and departed. As Miss Gertrude White went into her father's house she seemed rather grave.

"Gerty," said the younger sister, as she screwed up the gas, "wouldn't the name of Lady Macleod look well in a play-bill?"

The elder sister would not answer; but as she turned away there was a quick flush of color in her face—whether caused by anger or by a sudden revelation of her own thought it was impossible to say.

## CHAPTER XI.

## A FLOWER.

THE many friends Macleod had made in the south—or rather those of them who had remained in town till the end of the season—showed an unwonted interest in this nondescript party of his; and it was at a comparatively early hour in the evening that the various groups of people began to show themselves in Miss Rawlinson's garden. That prim old lady—with her quick, bright ways and her humorous little speeches—studiously kept herself in the background. It was Sir Keith Macleod who was the host. And when he remarked to her that he thought the most beautiful night of all the beautiful time he had spent in the south had been reserved for this very party, she replied—looking round the garden just as if she had been one of his guests—that it was a pretty scene. And it was a pretty scene. The last fire of the sunset was just touching the topmost branches of the trees. In the colder shade below, the banks and beds of flowers, and the costumes of the ladies, acquired a strange intensity of color. Then there was a band playing; and a good deal of chatting going on; and one old gentleman with a grizzled moustache humbly receiving lessons in lawn-tennis from an imperious small maiden of ten. Macleod was here, there, and everywhere. The lanterns were to be lit while the people were in at supper. Lieutenant Ogilvie was directed to take in Lady Beauregard when the time arrived.

"You must take her in yourself, Macleod," said that properly constituted youth. "If you outrage the sacred laws of precedence"—

"I mean to take Miss Rawlinson in to supper," said Macleod; "she is the oldest woman here, and I think my best friend."

"I thought you might wish to give Miss White the place of honor," said Ogilvie, out of sheer impertinence; but Macleod went off to order the candles to be lit in the marquee, where supper was laid.

By-and-by he came out again; and now the twilight had drawn on apace; there was a cold clear light in the skies, while at the same moment a red glow began to shine through the canvas of the long tent.

He walked over to one little group who were seated on a garden chair.

"Well," said he, "I have got pretty nearly all my people together now, Mrs. Ross."

"But where is Gertrude White?" said Mrs. Ross, "surely she is to be here?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said he. "Her father and herself both promised to come. You know her holidays have begun now."

"It is a good thing for that girl," said Miss Rawlinson, in her quick, *staccato* fashion, "that she has few holidays. Very good thing she has her work to mind. The way people run after her would turn any woman's head. The Grand Duke—is said to have declared that she was one of the three prettiest women he saw in England: what can you expect if things like that get to a girl's ears?"

"But you know Gerty is quite unspoiled," said Mrs. Ross, warmly.

"Yes; so far," said the old lady, "so far, she retains the courtesy of being hypocritical"—

"Oh, Miss Rawlinson! I won't have you say such things of Gerty White!" Mrs. Ross protested. "You are a wicked old woman—isn't she, Hugh?"

"I am saying it to her credit," continued the old lady, with much composure. "What I say is, that most pretty women who are much run after are flattered into frankness. When they are introduced to you, they don't take the trouble to conceal that they are quite indifferent to you. A plain woman will be decently civil, and will smile, and pretend she is pleased. A beauty—a recognised beauty—doesn't take the trouble to be hypocritical. Now Miss White does."

"It is an odd sort of compliment," said Colonel Ross, laughing. "What do you think of it, Macleod?"

"These are too great refinements for my comprehension," said he, modestly. "I think if a pretty woman is uncivil to you, it is easy for you to turn on your heel and go away."

"I did not say uncivil. Don't you go misrepresenting a poor old woman, Sir Keith. I said she is most likely to be flattered into being honest—into showing a stranger that she is quite indifferent, whereas a plain woman will try to make herself a little agreeable. Now a poor lone creature like myself likes to fancy that people are glad to see her; and Miss White pre-

tends as much. It is very kind. By-and-bye she will get spoiled like the rest; and then she will become honest. She will shake hands with me, and then turn off, as much as to say, 'Go away, you ugly old woman, for I cannot be bothered with you, and I don't expect any money from you, and why should I pretend to like you?'

All this was said in a half jesting way; and it certainly did not at all represent—so far as Macleod had ever made out—the real opinions of her neighbors in the world held by this really kind and gentle old lady. But Macleod had noticed before that Miss Rawlinson never spoke with any great warmth about Miss Gertrude White's beauty, or her acting, or anything at all connected with her. At this very moment, when she was apparently praising the young lady, there was a bitter flavor about what she said. There may be jealousy between sixty-five and nineteen; and if this reflection occurred to Macleod, he no doubt assumed that Miss Rawlinson, if jealous at all, was jealous of Miss Gertrude White's influence over—Mrs. Ross.

"As for Miss White's father," continued the old lady, with a little laugh, "perhaps he believes in those sublime theories of art he is always preaching about. Perhaps he does. They are very fine. One result of them is that his daughter remains on the stage—and earns a handsome income—and he enjoys himself in picking up bits of curiosities"

"Now that is really unfair," said Mrs. Ross, seriously. "Mr. White is not a rich man, but he has some small means that render him quite independent of any income of his daughter's. Why, how did they live before they ever thought of letting her try her fortune on the stage? And the money he spent, when it was at last decided she should be carefully taught"

"Oh, very well!" said Miss Rawlinson, with a smile; but she nodded her head ominously. If that old man was not actually living on his daughter's earnings, he had at least strangled his mother, or robbed the Bank of England, or done something or other. Miss Rawlinson was obviously not well disposed either to Mr. White or to his daughter.

At this very moment both these persons made their appearance, and certainly, as

this slender and graceful figure, clad in a pale summer costume, came across the lawn, and as a smile of recognition lit up the intelligent fine face, these critics sitting there must have acknowledged that Gertrude White was a singularly pretty woman. And then the fascination of that low-toned voice! She began to explain to Macleod why they were so late. Some trifling accident had happened to Carry. But, as these simple, pathetic tones told him the story, his heart was filled with a great gentleness and pity towards that poor victim of misfortune. He was struck with remorse because he had sometimes thought harshly of the poor child, on account of a mere occasional bit of perversity. His first message from the Highlands would be to her.

"*Oh Willie brewed a peck o' maut*" the band played merrily as the gay company took their seats at the long banquet-table, Macleod leading in the prim old dame who had placed her house at his disposal. There was a blaze of light and color in this spacious marquee. Bands of scarlet took the place of oaken rafters; there were huge blocks of ice on the table, each set in a miniature lake that was filled with white water-lilies; there were masses of flowers and fruit from one end to the other; and by the side of each *menu* lay a tiny nosegay, in the centre of which was a sprig of bell-heather. This last was a notion of Macleod's amiable hostess; she had made up these miniature bouquets herself. But she had been forestalled in the pretty compliment. Macleod had not seen much of Miss Gertrude White in the cold twilight outside. Now, in this blaze of yellow light, he turned his eyes to her, as she sat there demurely flirting with an old admiral of ninety-two, who was one of Macleod's special friends. And what was that flower she wore in her bosom—the sole piece of color in the costume of white? That was no sprig of blood-red bell-heather, but a bit of real heather—of the common ling; and it was set amid a few leaves of juniper. Now the juniper is the badge of the Clan Macleod. She wore it next her heart.

There was laughter, and wine, and merry talking. '*Last May a braw wooer*' the band played now; but they scarcely listened.

"Where is your piper, Sir Keith?" said Lady Beauregard.



"At this moment," said he, "I should not wonder if he was down at the shore, waiting for me."

"You are going away quite soon then?"

"To-morrow. But I don't wish to speak of it. I should like to-night to last for ever."

Lady Beauregard was interrupted by her neighbor.

"What has pleased you, then, so much?" said his hostess, looking up at him. "London? Or the people in it? Or any one person in it?"

"Oh!" he said, laughingly, "the whole thing. What is the use of dissecting? It is nothing but holiday-making in this place. Now Miss Rawlinson, are you brave? Won't you challenge the Admiral to drink a glass of wine with you? And you must include his companion—just as they do at the city dinners—and I will join too."

And so these old sweethearts drank to each other. And Macleod raised his glass, too; and Miss White lowered her eyes, and perhaps flushed a little as she touched hers with her lips; for she had not often been asked to take a part in this old-fashioned ceremony. But that was not the only custom they revived that evening. After the banquet was over; and the ladies had got some light shawls and gone out into the mild summer night; and when the long marquee was cleared, and the band installed at the farther end; then there was a murmured talk of a minuet. Who could dance it? Should they try it?

"You know it?" said Macleod to Miss White.

"Yes," said she, looking down.

"Will you be my partner?"

"With pleasure," she answered, but there was some little surprise in her voice, which he at once detected.

"Oh," said he, "the mother taught me when I was a child. She and I used to have grand dances together. And Hamish, he taught me the sword-dance."

"Do you know the sword-dance?" she said.

"Any one can know it," said he, "it is more difficult to do it. But at one time I could dance it with four of the thickest-handed dirks instead of the two swords."

"I hope you will show us your skill to-night," she said, with a smile.

"Do you think any one can dance the

sword-dance without the pipes?" said he, quite simply.

And now some of the younger people had made bold to try this minuet; and Macleod led his partner up to the head of the improvised ball-room; and the slow and graceful music began. That was a pretty sight for those walking outside in the garden. So warm was the night that the canvas of one side of the marquee had been removed; and those walking about in the dark outside could look into this gaily-lighted place with the beautifully-colored figures moving to the slow music. And as they thus walked along the gravel-paths, or under the trees, the stems of which were decorated with spirals of colored lamps, a new light arose in the south to shed a further magic over the scene. Almost red at first, the full moon cleared as it rose, until the trees and bushes were touched with a silver radiance, and the few people who walked about threw black shadows on the greensward and gravel. In an arbor at the furthest end of the garden a number of Chinese lanterns shed a dim colored light on a table and a few rocking-chairs. There were cigarettes on the table.

By-and-by, from out of the brilliancy of the tent, stepped Macleod and Fionaghal herself, she leaning on his arm, a light scarf thrown round her neck. She uttered a slight cry of surprise when she saw the picture this garden presented—the colored cups on the trees, the swinging lanterns, the broader sheen of the moonlight spreading over the foliage, and the lawn, and the walks.

"It is like fairy-land!" she said.

They walked along the winding gravel-paths; and now that some familiar quadrille was being danced in that brilliant tent, there were fewer people out here in the moonlight.

"I should begin to believe that romance was possible," she said, with a smile, "if I often saw a beautiful scene like this. It is what we try to get in the theatre; but I see all the bare boards and the limelight—I don't have a chance of believing in it."

"Do you have a chance of believing in anything," said he, "on the stage?"

"I don't understand you," she said, gently; for she was sure he would not mean the rudeness that his words literally conveyed.

"And perhaps I cannot explain," said

he. "But—but your father was talking the other day about your giving yourself up altogether to your art—living the lives of other people for the time being—forgetting yourself—sacrificing yourself—having no life of your own but that. What must the end of it be?—that you play with emotions and beliefs until you have no faith in any one—none left for yourself—it is only the material of your art. Would you not rather like to live your own life?"

He had spoken rather hesitatingly; and he was not at all sure that he had quite conveyed to her his meaning—though he had thought over the subject long enough and often enough to get his own impressions of it clear.

If she had been ten years older, and an experienced coquette, she would have said to herself, "*This man hates the stage because he is jealous of its hold on my life,*" and she would have rejoiced over the inadvertent confession. But now these hesitating words of his seemed to have awakened some quick responsive thrill in her nature, for she suddenly said, with an earnestness that was not at all assumed—

"Sometimes I have thought of that—it is so strange to hear my own doubts repeated. If I could choose my own life—yes, I would rather live that out than merely imagining the experiences of others. But what is one to do? You look around, and take the world as it is. Can anything be more trivial and disappointing? When you are Juliet in the balcony, or Rosalind in the forest, then you have some better feeling within you, if it is only for an hour or so."

"Yes," said he, "and you go on indulging in those doses of fictitious sentiment until—— But I am afraid the night air is too cold for you. Shall we go back?"

She could not fail to notice the trace of bitterness, and subsequent coldness, with which he spoke. She knew that he must have been thinking deeply over this matter; and that it was no ordinary thing that caused him to speak with so much feeling. But of course, when he proposed that they should return to the marquee, she consented. He could not expect her to stand there and defend her whole manner of life. Much less could he expect her to give up her profession merely because he had exercised his wits in getting up some fantastic theory about it. And she began to think that he had no right to talk to her in this bitter fashion.

When they had got half way back to the tent, he paused for a moment.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," he said in a low voice. "I have spent a pleasant time in England, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for letting me become one of your friends. To-morrow morning I am going back home. I should like you to give me that flower—as some little token of remembrance.

The small fingers did not tremble at all as she took the flower from her dress. She presented it to him with a charming smile, and without a word. What was the giving of a flower? There was a cart-load of roses in the tent.

But this flower she had worn next her heart.—*Good Words.*

#### CAN WE SEPARATE ANIMALS FROM PLANTS?

WHEN the representative poet of the Lake School ventured to affirm it as his belief

. . . . . that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes,

he might be thought, in the opinion of most persons, to have ventilated an opinion of poetic beauty no doubt, but one much too transcendental and improbable for either popular or scientific belief. It is, however, both curious and instructive to note that the progress of science, and more especially the rapid march of investigation within recent years, has placed Wordsworth's "faith" on a perfectly sure

basis, and has in fact transformed a poetic thought into a dictum of natural science. The idea of the impossibility of drawing clear and absolute lines of distinction between the animal and plant worlds may possibly be received with doubt or may be rejected altogether by those unaccustomed to note the signs of the times in matters scientific. To affirm, as a matter of scientific certainty, that the one side of living nature is not separable from the other by any tests known to us, may appear to be a procedure which not even the *imprimatur* of authority can justify. That, on the other hand, there exist certain grounds for

the expression of such a belief, may be readily shown; and in what follows we may attempt to explain the difficulties which beset the entire subject of the distinctions which one may imagine capable of being drawn between the animal and its plant-neighbor.

A point of distinction between animals and plants which might appear to be one of the most stable and fixed, is that founded on the belief that plants possess no sense allied to the nervous perceptions of animals. That a flower should "feel" any sensation whatever, not to speak of "pain," when a careless hand has riven the petals from its stalk, or sharply sundered the blossom from its parent stem, appears to be a proposition of unwarrantable kind. The most ardent of antivivisectionists, or the most tender-hearted of ordinary mortals to whom pain is a great and ever-present reality, would naturally regard without a pang of remorse the operations of a gardener, who, armed with scissors, amputated his subjects at will; or the acts of the hedger and ditcher, who, with pruning-hook, ruthlessly slashes a hedge into proportions of symmetrical kind. Not a sigh or a groan escapes the vegetable creation. Travailing and pain appear to be unknown and undreamed of within its limits; and a garden or forest may therefore, in the popular estimation, be regarded as a huge repository of life wherein the tide of a dull, passive existence, destitute of all sensation, rolls silently along.

If, however, we step "forth into the light of things," and regard the plant from a more intimate and philosophic point of view, we may speedily find occasion to modify the opinions which the superficial survey of the vegetable world has tended to evolve. Let us turn for a moment to the lower borders of the animal world, and inquire how feeling, sensation, or the property of nervousness is therein subserved. The functions of a nervous system may be simply but correctly expressed in the statement, that through its action the living being is brought into relation with its surroundings. The higher the nervous system, the more delicate and perfect is the relationship brought about between the living form and its environments. The lower we proceed in the animal series, the feebler do the nervous functions and manifestations become; and at first sight

it appears somewhat hard to believe that the irregular movements of an animalcule, and its ill-defined actions in the seizure of food, are related in any degree with the purposive and definite acts of the higher being. Great as is the transition between the higher animals with their complex nervous systems, and the low animalcule—whose body, consisting of a speck of living jelly, shows no traces of organs of any kind—they may nevertheless be shown to be closely connected parts of an unbroken sequence in the chain of life. Their community becomes clear when we discover the similarity of purpose served by the nervous system of the one and by the indefinite acts of the other; and their differences in this respect, and in others to be hereafter mentioned, are seen to be differences not of kind, but merely of degree. The acts whereby the higher animal secures its food and nourishes its frame, and which depend on the workings of complicated systems of organs, do not surpass in reality the apparently simple action whereby the animalcule engulphs a food-particle within its soft and shapeless body. If anything, the balance of complexity is on the side of the animalcule, which feels without nerves, digests without a stomach, and utilises the primitive substance of its body in all the affairs and concerns of its life.

Is this sensitiveness, apparently universal in the animal world, altogether unrepresented in the plant creation? A short ramble, in imagination, through the garden of a philosophic botanist will furnish materials for a reply to this query. Here, for example, is the common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), known to every school-boy of botanical tastes, with its symmetrical three-bladed leaves, which have procured for it in the minds of some Hibernian patriots the reputation of being the veritable shamrock itself. The three leaflets in the wood-sorrel are borne at the extremity of the leaf-stalk. At mid-day, and when the rays of the sun fall directly on the leaflets, the organs are seen to lie flat and expanded, with their edges in contact. If at this period we tap the leaf-stalk smartly, or shake the plant, each leaflet will be seen to fold upon itself in a gradual fashion, but with so deliberate a motion that no doubt can be entertained of our stimulation having been the cause of the shrinking. Ultimately the leaves will be

found to depend in a loose manner from the stem; and if we watch the *Oxalis* at the decline of day, we may see a like action of leaf-closure to follow upon the approach of darkness. Of a much more definite character is the irritability displayed by the compound leaves of the sensitive plants (*Mimosa*), the praises of which Shelley has sung in his flowing rhythm. The main leaf-stalk in the mimosa gives off four divisions, each bearing a double row of little leaflets. When allowed to remain at rest and undisturbed in the day-time, the leaflets are expanded, but when darkness approaches the leaflets droop and become folded together, and the main leaf-stalk itself falls downwards in an attitude of rest. Thus true is it, as Shelley has said, that the sensitive plant

... opened its fan-like leaves to the light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

More important, however, is it for us to note that the same results follow after the sensitive plant has been artificially stimulated. When we touch the leaf, or tap some of the leaflets only, the latter structures will become huddled together on their stalks, and the main leaf-stalk will droop as before and as if in terror and alarm; whilst after all sense of irritation may be presumed to have passed away, the leaf-stalk will raise itself, and the leaflets become once more expanded. The mimosa is, moreover, found to be sensitive to stimulation of a kind known to affect the animal organisation. The contact of certain chemical substances with the leaflets produces contraction, and electricity produces the same effect. More curious still is the fact that the plant on being exposed to the vapor of chloroform, exhibits at first its usual symptoms of irritation, whilst a prolonged exposure to this influence causes, as in animals, complete insensibility to outward impressions; the plant remaining in a narcotised state, with expanded and non-sensitive leaflets. Not less remarkable is the fact that with the sensitive plant, as with man himself, habit and custom appear to render it less sensitive to stimulation. The jolting of a coach produced at first in the mimosa all the symptoms of irritability, but as if it had become accustomed to the motion, the leaflets soon expanded themselves, and remained for the rest of the journey in a stable and extended condition. ◊

In the *Dionaea muscipula*, or "Venus fly-trap," the irritability of plants is, perhaps, more plainly exemplified than in the preceding illustrations, whilst the purpose served by the sensitiveness of the *Dionaea* is also plainly apparent. The leaves of the Venus' fly-trap possess very broad stalks, and the leaf-blade is also greatly expanded, and is divided in the middle by a kind of hinge, permitting the leaf to fold in two upon itself. The leaf-margins are also deeply cut, so as to fringe the blade with a set of prominent filaments. When the *Dionaea* leaf is expanded, we may perceive three filaments projecting from the surface of each half; and when any one of these organs is touched, the halves of the leaf become folded together. That the purpose of this action is clearly associated with the capture of insects, is apparent from the fact that in the closed condition of the plant unfortunate members of the insect-class may be found to be retained, and to be undergoing a literal process of dissolution and digestion. When an insect stumbles unwittingly against the hairs of the broad-leaf surface which, as it lies spread open so temptingly appears to invite the animal to rest upon it, the leaf closes on the victim. If the insect is of small size it will make its escape between the interstices of the filaments that fringe the leaf-margin, and which are gradually being interlocked like the teeth of a rat-trap; the plant being thus saved the profitless labor and trouble of digesting so small a morsel. But if the insect is of tolerable size, its efforts to escape between the filaments will serve simply to stimulate the plant to a greater degree of action, and cause it to enclose its victim the more speedily in this veritable "iron cage" of Nature's invention.

Of the sensitiveness of many other plants we may not speak in detail, and the brief mention of several other cases of plant irritability will serve to conclude our preliminary observations on the latter subject. The *Hedysarum gyrans*, or "Moving Plant" of India, has a large leaflet which in the light moves with an oscillating motion from side to side, and two small leaflets, which in the darkness as well exhibit a continual jerking motion. Many of our common plants may be said to illustrate a low or diffuse sensitiveness in an equally plain manner. The familiar daisies—the "flowres white and rede" of



Chaucer—close their florets on the approach of twilight, and the marigolds similarly guard their blossoms from the evening's chill. The sun-flowers still turn towards the sun in some degree, even if it be admitted that their interest in the direction of the solar rays is less marked than was formerly supposed—nay, even the plain and common-place fact that plants grow and flourish in situations where they can most readily obtain the genial heat of the sun, appears to form an argument in favor of the general sensitiveness of the plant world.

How may these facts of plant sensibility be explained? is a question which naturally follows upon the consideration of the preceding cases. The only answer which will in any degree satisfy the inquiring mind will require to be founded upon some sufficient explanation of the causes of the sensitiveness in question. Unfortunately the highest penetration of the botanist, aided as he is by the improved appliances of microscopic research, has failed as yet to detect in plants the slightest traces of a nervous system. No structures approaching to, or suggestive of nerves, have been found within the confines of the plant-economy, and hence the observer might be tempted to dismiss the question of nerves and no nerves with a negative reply as far as the plant is concerned; whilst the idea of plant-sensibility being in any way related to the nervousness of animals, might similarly be consigned to the limbo of fancy and improbability. But where physical demonstration fails us, we are entitled to employ the inductive method in the search after truth. Analogy, if not always to be depended upon as an unerring guide, may, nevertheless, be accepted as a valuable helpmate in research; and in the present instance we shall find that analogy and induction together will go very far to assist us in forming a reasonable comprehension of the question at issue. Turning to the consideration of the sensitiveness of plants for a single moment, we may remark on the entire agreement of the appearances and symptoms of their nervousness with that of animals at large. The act of a sensitive plant which droops its leaflets on being touched, or the action of a "Venus' fly-trap" in the quick closure of its leaves under stimulation, are in truth explicable on no other grounds than on a belief that the plants "feel." It is by no

means necessary for the reception or support of such an opinion that any approach to "consciousness" or to allied states should be associated with such sensation on the part of plants. We must indeed be very careful to regard consciousness as an unnecessary condition in plant-sensation, and, as we shall presently learn, in the nervous acts of many animals also. There is an entire and perfect correspondence between the start of the animal on being touched and the dropping of a mimosa leaf. Whilst in the case of the Venus' fly-trap and in its capture of insects, the adaptation of sensitiveness to the wants of its life and to the plant's nutrition, is as strongly suggestive of true nervous irritability as is the act of a sea-anemone which captures and devours the crab that has stumbled against its outspread tentacles. The physiologist need wish for no more complete analogy, in short, than that presented by the case of these highly sensitive plants and most of their animal neighbors, and he looks in vain for any fact which shall justify the idea that the irritability of plants and the nervousness of animals are separated by differences of kind.

The case for the uniformity and similar origin of irritability in animals and plants becomes strengthened very considerably when we investigate more closely the relations and nature of nervousness in lower animals. The contention that feeling and sensation are the exclusive property of the animal can be justified only on the assumption that in all animals there exist the means—namely, nerves—for exercising sensation. This belief, natural enough in its way, receives direct, contradiction and flat denial from the avowal of the zoologist that many animals, including some by no means of the lowest grade, utterly fail to show the slightest traces of nerves. The very lowest animals, the bodies of which consist of a uniform matter—the "protoplasm" of the biologist—exhibit, as has already been remarked, no traces of any organs whatever. The task of finding nerves in the body of a low animalcule, which, despite its lowness of grade, can be proved to be a true animal as far as all its functions are concerned, is simply hopeless. Yet such a being not only "feels" when a particle of food touches the margin of its body, but acts upon the "information received," and engulphs and digests the morsel. A colony of "bell-animal-

cules," supported each on a delicate stalk, will shrink in terror and alarm into a shapeless mass when the observer taps the slide of glass on which they are supported for observation under the microscope. These animalcules possess no nerves and are moreover destitute of all the structures which are the natural heritage of ordinary animals; yet that observer would be accounted something worse than foolhardy who would either deny their sensitiveness, or who would suggest that it was of essentially different nature from that exhibited by higher animals. The jelly-fishes, which every seaside observer knows so well, may be seen to exhibit the highest degree of sensibility to light, especially around the margin of the bell-shaped body. When any part of the body is touched, the central mouth supported on its stalk is moved toward the irritated point, and thus invariably indicates the part which has been touched. If a cross-cut be made in the soft body of the jelly-fish so as to break the continuity of the track along which the irritability or nerve-impulse travels, the central mouth will move in an erratic fashion when the sensitive margin of the body is touched, as if in uncertainty regarding the exact quarter from which the stimulus has come. Here sensitiveness not merely exists, but can be shown to travel in well-defined lines from the sensitive and outward parts to the receiving and sensitive centre within. There would be no hesitation in saying that a jelly-fish was sensitive, and that in a high degree, but what of its nerves? At the very most its nerves are represented by almost hypothetical tracts, which recent research has with some success endeavored to detect; but in any case no zoologist could hope to show the existence of the definite nerve elements of higher animals within the soft tissues of the animal. Is not the jelly-fish, therefore, in the same position as the sensitive plant or the Venus' fly-trap? If the non-existence of nerves in plants is to be taken as implying an absence of nerve-power or that the sensations of plants are different from those of animals, in what category shall we class the bell-animalcules, the jelly-fishes, the sensitive zoophytes, the sea-anemones, and a host of other animals, in which either no nerves can be discerned, or in which the march of research has suggested the existence of the bare rudiments

of a nervous system and nothing more? The reply to this question is perfectly clear. It may be left for the science of the future to demonstrate the exact nature and seat of the irritability of plants, but there is meanwhile no justification for the belief that plant-irritability is anything less than a form of nervousness, or of the sensibility found in its highest development in animals.

How does the Wordsworthian thought appear in the light of such reflections? is a query which may be asked by way of conclusion to these considerations; and how does the answer to this query affect the larger question of the distinctions between animals and plants? The obvious reply must be that if the "faith" of the poet is not entirely justified, it finds after all a certain measure of definite support. Speculative philosophy may lead to the belief that enjoyment after all is a relative matter, and that the closure of a daisy when the sun's rays no longer descend upon it, is indicative of a certain measure of unconscious delight in influences that are genial, and of an instinct, equally unconscious of course, to guard itself from the undesirable and succeeding chill. The closure of a daisy, and the allied instances of sensitiveness to temperature and to other conditions noticed in various flowers, strongly suggest a parallelism between their nervousness and that of lower animals. The sensitive plant, the Venus' fly-trap, and their neighbors, may be said to stand at the head of the plant world, if the place and rank of plants is to be determined by the perfection of their sensations. And although there is unquestionably a large measure of difference between the nervous acts of higher animals and those of plants and lower animals combined, there is to be recognized at the same time a continuous and unbroken sequence whereby the power in virtue of which a sensitive plant droops its leaf, becomes correlated with the mental acts which direct the highest instincts of man and which rule the destinies of nations.

Turning to consider some of the other features in animal and plant existence, with the view of distinguishing between the two worlds of life, we find several very marked and well-defined points for discussion in the community of form and appearance which the animal world presents when compared with the plant world, and

*vice versd.* There is no character in ordinary life which we are more disposed to rely upon as a guide to the separation of the plant from the animal than outward appearance. Nor is our faith in this test misapplied, if the objects of our study belong to the higher ranks of either kingdom. But the requirements of the popular system of distinction will not satisfy the truly scientific mind. The object of the investigator is to discover whether there are any absolute distinctions to be drawn between animals and plants. The idea that because we may distinguish an ox from the grass it eats, or a bird from the tree amidst the foliage of which it builds its nest, we can therefore determine the boundaries of the two groups of living beings when considered in all the fulness of their details, is seen to be an idea of abstract nature, and to apply to a limited portion only of the animal and plant worlds. Any definition of an animal or of a plant, to be either satisfactory or useful to the scientific man or to mankind at large, must include all animals and all plants. And we must therefore be prepared to submit our definitions to this latter test as to one of crucial nature.

That the differences between the higher animals and plants are sufficiently pronounced, is an observation which the learning of childhood and the experience of succeeding years amply endorse. Our knowledge of Nature must, however, be measured by larger bounds than those which ordinary observation would set; and when we proceed to compare animal life with plant life, in the lower phases of each kingdom especially, we then witness how confusing is the semblance evolved by our comparison, and how literally impossible is the task of drawing any boundary line whatever between the two worlds of living nature. Example, however, in this, as in very many other matters, is better than precept, and we may appeal with every confidence to Nature herself to illustrate the difficulties which lie in the way of separating animals from plants.

A handful of chopped hay infused in boiling water, and allowed to cool, forms, as most people are aware, a medium in which myriads of the lowest forms of life will appear, provided the infusion be left freely exposed to the atmosphere. The microscopic examination of a drop of our hay-infusion, after the liquid has ex-

hibited signs of turbidity and commencing decomposition, reveals to us the presence of minute living organisms, amongst which the minute specks known as *Monads* are highly characteristic. Each monad consists of an infinitesimal speck of living matter, within which few or no traces of structures or organs are to be perceived. The microscopic investigation of a monad, in any case, would exhibit no recognisable traces of the organs we are accustomed to see exemplified in higher animals or plants. The length of these microscopic specks is about the  $\frac{1}{3000}$ th part of an inch, and in the commoner species the little body is pear-shaped, and bears one or more delicate filaments or *cilia* at the slender extremity. By means of these organs, the monads propel themselves swiftly through the miniature sea in which they live; the spectacle presented to the eye of an observer who regards a drop of the hay-infusion under the microscope, reminding him of nothing so much as the jostling crowds and traffic in the thoroughfares of a great city. Very common and familiar objects of scientific study as are the monads, we are nevertheless placed in the dilemma of being utterly unable to determine in which group of living beings they should be placed. They may be animals it is true, and their active habits would primarily suggest a popular reason for their being included in the zoologist's domain; but, on the other hand, they may with equal scientific propriety be termed plants from sundry peculiarities in their mode of reproduction and development. The more we know about these tantalising organisms, the deeper we appear to plunge into the maze of perplexity which invests their real nature; and the investigation of the entire life-history of several species has left us as ignorant of their exact nature as before. Mere appearance or form in this case literally counts for nothing, and deeper distinctions also fail to determine the nature of these living specks. As will be presently pointed out, the nature of the food on which a living being subsists affords, to a certain extent, a guarantee of its own nature. The power possessed by plants of building up their living tissues from the inorganic or lifeless materials afforded by the soil, and the necessity of living matter—derived from plants or from other animals—as a chief element in the bill of fare

of the animal, have rightly enough [been regarded as points of value in deciding the nature of living organisms. To offer to a lion, or to a man, carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and mineral matters as food, would be a proceeding partaking of the nature of a physiological insult; whilst a plant, on the contrary, would regard surroundings in which these elements were well distributed, in the light of a veritable land of plenty. What can be said, however, in the light of these remarks, of the nature of a certain fungus or fungoid growth, found growing in tan-pits and upon putrefying plants, and which the botanist knows under the name of *Ethelium*? This organism, when undergoing development, not only becomes endowed with powers of movement, and thus to begin with violates a well-known distinction between animals and plants, but, in addition, appears to demand for its due nutrition, the substance of animals or of other plants. It thus becomes like an animal in the matter of its feeding. Nor is this all. The food of plants consists, as a little reflection will show, of liquid or gaseous matters alone; the animal possessing a mouth or analogous aperture, and being thereby enabled to receive solid food within its body. But *Ethelium* is known occasionally to feed like an animal on solid nutriment, and along with its neighbors becomes a collective *bête noire* of the biologist in respect of the surprising and puzzling readiness with which it models its life to the plan of the animal on the one hand, or to that of the plant on the other. Hence to the question, "Is *Ethelium* an animal or a plant?" no definite reply can at present be returned; and neither botanist nor zoologist may venture to place this organism on the *index expurgatorius* of their respective sciences until its exact nature has been definitely ascertained.

The contention that animals may invariably be distinguished from plants, and *vice versa*, by their form, is one which a little illustration derived from either kingdom will readily set aside. We have seen that the monads may, as far as form is concerned, be animals, but it may no less strenuously be maintained on this ground that they are plants, since many lower plants closely resemble animalcules in external appearance. A sponge is a familiar example of an animal organism, which

presents a very marked resemblance to a plant. Our common fresh-water *Spon-gilla*, found growing in rivers and canals in the form of a green mass, is as like a plant-organism as can well be imagined. And although, indeed, there are still some naturalists who think the sponges should be relegated to the domain of the botanist, the balance of opinion is decidedly in favor of their animal nature. More plant-like still are the zoophytes, with which the oyster-dredger and fisherman are familiar, and which are cast up on sea-shores after storms. Each zoophyte grows as a rooted and fixed organism, and possesses a stem and branches. Before me, as I write, is a beautiful specimen of a *Plumularia*, a comparatively common genus of zoophytes, which raises its stems in clusters from the oyster-shell, to which it is attached, and which, as preserved for the museum, presents the most realistic reproduction of a plant-organism that can well be imagined. Each zoophyte is a literal colony of animals. Its branches, instead of leaves, bear small cells, in each of which a little living animal resides. Nor does the resemblance to a plant cease with this likeness in outward form. The animal buds of the zoophyte are continually falling off like the leaves of the tree, but are as continually being replaced by new organisms which are produced by a veritable process of budding. And as the plant produces its flowers and thereby develops seeds from which a new generation of plants will spring, so this curious animal tree will develop its reproductive-buds, and from these latter, eggs will be developed; these eggs ultimately reproducing, each by a process of budding, the form of the zoophyte from which they sprang. Crabbe wrote of the zoophytes in a past generation that—

Involved in sea-wrack here you find a race,  
Which science, doubting, knows not where to place;

On stone or rock is dropped the embryo seed,  
And quickly vegetates a vital breed.

Even if our knowledge of the zoophytes has progressed since the days of the parson-poet, such an advance does not in any degree dispel the wonder with which we regard the animal form growing and existing in the marvellous likeness of the plant. From amongst our pond weeds and from the sea we may obtain the ani-



mals collectively named *Polyzoa*, and which, like the zoophytes, present the closest possible resemblance to plants. Nor are these polyzoa organisms of low grade. On the contrary, they are closely related to the oysters and other molluscs; yet, despite their high rank, they exist as veritable plants, and enlarge their colonies by budding after the manner of the zoophytes. It forms, perhaps, one of the best proofs of the success of Nature's mimicry in this respect, that seaside visitors of botanical tastes almost invariably gather the familiar "Sea-mats," or *Flustra*, for seaweeds; these polyzoa—true animals be it remembered—presenting each an exact *facsimile* of a piece of pale-brown seaweed. And in this light are these animals duly preserved in seaweed herbaria as an undetermined species of seaweed, until some better-informed friend disperses "sweetness and light" by a discourse on the animal nature of the supposed seaweeds, and demonstrates by aid of a microscope the countless little cells, in each of which a little living animal was once contained. With the corals growing in the likeness of plants, and other groups of animals possessing plant-like forms at hand, there can be little hesitation in pronouncing that distinction between animals and plants which is founded on form and outward appearance, to be both fallacious and unsound.

That animals move, and plants are rooted, may be true in a general and abstract sense. But should the distinction of motion on the part of the animal, and fixation on that of the plant, be brought forward as a touchstone in enabling us to distinguish between the two groups of living beings, it will be found to share a like fate with the distinction founded on form.

Witness the zoophytes, polyzoa, corals, sea-squirts, and sponges, in proof of the assertion that all animals do not move; and consider the case of the lowest plants or *Algæ*—exemplified by seaweeds and their allies—in support of the counter-assertion that all plants are not rooted and fixed. As you bend over the microscope and scrutinise a portion of the contents of the phial of water you have lately gathered from amongst the recesses of

over and over upon itself, is the living globe known to the naturalist as the *Volvox globator*. Familiar as this organism was to microscopic investigators, it is only within comparatively recent years that it has been duly relegated to the care of the botanist as a true plant. The reasons which formerly influenced naturalists in regarding *Volvox* as an animal, originated chiefly in its entirely free condition. At no period of its life is it fixed, and as it rolls through its native waters, its motor powers are seen to be of the highest order. This little organism exists as a little hollow sphere, around the edge of which numerous little green bodies, each provided with two vibratile "tails," are found. The little filaments or "tails" constitute the locomotive organs of this pseudo-animalcule, which in its manner of reproduction and in its phases of development presents itself as an undoubted plant. The *volvox* is in reality only one of many organisms which have been drafted into the domain of the botanist, after having been located for longer or shorter periods in that of the zoologist. And when we consider that our common seaweeds commence their existence as little actively-swimming specks of living matter—the *spores* of the botanist—we may naturally hesitate before according the possession of locomotive powers with the credit of distinguishing for us between animals and plants.

Not a few of the puzzles of physical science have been solved by the subtle art of the chemist. Is it entirely hopeless to appeal in the present difficulty to chemical science for a touchstone, which shall enable us satisfactorily to say of any given organism, "This is an animal," or "This is a plant?" "Vain are the hopes," it may be said, which the puzzled biologist builds upon the knowledge of his chemical neighbors; for after a recital of the results which have accrued from the analysis of living beings, his dilemma becomes literally "confusion worse confounded." The chemist, to begin with, knows of no single element or substance which is absolutely confined in its distribution to either the animal or plant series. Starches, sugars, and other compounds, long regarded as the property of the plant, are now found within the animal economy either naturally or as the results of abnormal action; whilst certain substances most character-

The green mantle of the standing pool,  
you may obtain abundant demonstration  
of the last-mentioned fact. There, rolling

istic of plants, and which might reasonably be regarded as being the exclusive products of plant-life, are known to occur in animals. The *chlorophyll*, or green coloring matter of plants, is one such substance. Wherever a green leaf is found, this substance occurs, and a highly important function it subserves; inasmuch as, through the action of sunlight upon the chlorophyll, the deadly carbonic acid gas emitted by animals is split up into its component carbon and oxygen; the former element being retained as an item in the food of the plant, and the latter being returned to the atmosphere to serve its purpose in the breathing of animals. But notwithstanding the intimate relationship of chlorophyll to the physiology of plants, it is found to occur in many animals, and, regarding its purpose in the animal economy, we possess as yet no information whatever—unless, indeed, we may suppose that such animals are thereby enabled to utilise carbonic acid like plants. The *Hydra*, or common fresh-water polype, and many animalcules, are thus colored green with chlorophyll, and regarded from a chemical standpoint alone, should therefore be considered to be plants and not animals. The well-known “sea-squirts,” or *Ascidians*, found on all our coasts, and which have been credited in certain evolutionary theories with having furnished a far-back ancestor of man himself, are likewise interesting objects to the naturalist, from the fact that the outer wall of their bodies is almost entirely composed of a starchy substance found in plant-tissues at large, and named *cellulose*. It was little to be wondered at that the discovery of this fact was regarded with amazement and incredulity by naturalists, who foresaw the breakdown of the purely chemical distinctions between animals and plants. Judged by the chemist alone, a sea-squirt would be regarded as a plant, since it elaborates a substance otherwise unknown in animal tissues, and, like a dishonest manufacturer, infringes the patent rights of the plant.

The elementary knowledge which shows how plants decompose carbonic acid and purify the atmosphere which has been tainted by the animal, might at first sight be regarded as providing us with a chemical distinction of some weight between the two groups of living things. An organism which was capable of breathing oxygen, might thus be regarded as an ani-

mal; whilst the capability of inhaling carbonic acid, might conversely be regarded as a distinctive feature of the plant *régime*. But these distinctions are after all dependent on conditions, which are singularly liable to variation, even in the ordinary life of a plant. That a plant may decompose the carbonic acid gas, two conditions are demanded—sunlight and green coloring matter. Remove either, and the operation on carbonic acid, so characteristic of the plant, becomes converted into that of the animal. A green plant in the dark becomes an animal in its respiration, in that it breathes oxygen and exhales carbonic acid; and so likewise does the plant which has no green coloring matter. A fungus, for example, as far as its breathing is concerned, is practically an animal; since it possesses no chlorophyll, and is therefore, light or no light, compelled to inhale oxygen, and to emit the carbonic acid gas which is seized by its green-colored neighbors. The difference between ordinary plants and animals in respect of their breathing, as has well been expressed, is one which vanishes with the sunlight; and a distinction of such variable nature cannot therefore be depended upon in the endeavor to separate the one group from the other. Reference has been casually made to the familiar fact that whilst animals can subsist on living matters only, plants as a general rule feed on lifeless materials obtained from the soil. Of old, this feature was made much of, in connection with another opinion, which laid stress on the apparently well-founded notion that animals could subsist on solid food, and that the presence of an internal digestive cavity or stomach adapted to receive such nutriment, was to be regarded as a feature highly characteristic of the animal world. The march of research has, however, in this respect, as in so many others, shown us that neither the nature of the food, nor the manner of digesting it, can be regarded as an absolute and infallible test of animal or plant nature. Judged by the strict standard of its food, a fungus is as truly an animal in its feeding as in its breathing. It subsists on other plants, on decayed organic or living matter, or on animals. The microscopic fungi which cause skin-diseases in man, the toadstools and fungi which flourish amidst putrefying material, and many lower plants still which exist

amongst organic fluids, testify strongly, if in a somewhat unsavory fashion, to the futility of attempting to draw hard and fast lines of demarcation between animals and plants on the grounds of presumed differences between the food of the two series of organisms. And the distinction drawn from the presumed invariable existence in animals of a stomach-sac, is seen to fare no better when subjected to cross-examination under the light of modern knowledge. In 1828, Cuvier laid great stress on this latter point, but we now know of parasitic worms, of a whole host of low animals, and of other tolerably high animal forms which want a digestive system altogether. The parasite which depends on its host not only for the necessities of life, but for lodgment and protection, becomes an elementary animal in most, if not in all, points of its structure. Living, it may be, in the digestive tract, in the very kitchen, so to speak, of its host, it obtains the ready-made food of the latter, and hence proceeds a waning of its own digestive powers; the digestive organs with which it may have been originally provided becoming rudimentary, and finally disappearing altogether, in accordance with the immutable law of the use and disuse of parts. This much, indeed, we know for certainty, by watching the development of some parasites, which in their young and free state possess a complete digestive system, but which, after attaching themselves to their hosts, lose at once their organs and independence—parasitism, in lower as in higher life, being thus observed to bring its own reward in the shape of wholesale degradation and retrogression. But we may find that some animals which can in no sense be termed parasites may want an alimentary apparatus, and may actually present striking exceptions to the members of their own species and to those of the opposite sex. The female Rotifers, or “wheel-animals,” possess a complete digestive system and a high organisation in other respects, whilst the males are insignificant creatures, and in the absence of an alimentary canal must exist by the imbibition of fluid matters. And thus, if the presence of digestive organs is to be taken as an absolute characteristic of the animal, many parasites, the male rotifers, and other forms, must be excluded from the lists of zoologists—an alternative, it need

hardly be remarked, which naturalists, for logical and common-sense reasons, would by no means be inclined to adopt.

Neither the art of the chemist nor the acumen of the naturalist has succeeded, as far as we have been able to trace, in discovering any justifiable grounds for the clear and distinct separation of animals from plants. It may be asked whether microscopic research can include the accomplishment of this latter task in the list of its triumphs, and whether any test of animal or plant nature is discoverable hidden within the minute structure of the bodies of either set of organisms? The plain diversity existing between the structure of the animal and the plant was regarded in the years when the microscope was a mere magnifying glass, as implying a distinction of very definite and deep-seated nature. With the improvement of the microscope the differences between the minute structure of animals and plants gradually diminished. Microscopic research revealed likenesses rather than differences in the composition of living beings; and in the years 1837–38 these ideas of similarity, which had been thus growing upon microscopists, took definite shape in the construction of the well-known “cell-theory.” This theory maintained that the elementary tissues of all living beings—animals and plants alike—originated from, and were composed of, the minute elementary bodies known as *cells*. Every tissue subjected to the microscope was found to be capable of being resolved into cells of one kind or another. When a living body grows, it may truly be said to grow through the increase and multiplication of its cells; and these latter bodies present in their own life and growth a condensed epitome of the life of the body at large. Nor is this idea, which regards the living body as essentially an aggregation of cells, to be regarded simply as a speculative thought assisting us in comprehending how the vitality of the bodily parts is carried on. The development of an animal or a plant is really the development of many cells out of one primitive cell—the egg, germ, or seed—endowed with powers and possibilities of special kind. And when we study the exact history of the lowest animals and plants, we find that these organisms appear before us as single and simple cells, adapted to live a separate and independent

existence. A red snow-plant, dyeing the Arctic landscape with the ruddy hue of itself and its myriads of neighbors; a yeast-plant, capable of producing in certain classes of liquids the complicated action of fermentation; and many lower forms of animal life, are simple and single cells, and nothing more. Thus, by aid of the microscope, we are able to analyse out the structural elements of the animal and the plant, until we find them exhibiting a most confusing identity, both of form and function.

The ideas of 1837-8, however, were destined in their turn to pave the way for a still wider comprehension of the structure of living bodies. Aided by the advance of chemical science, the microscopist was soon forced to ask whether cells might not represent a certain grade of finished and completed work, and whether there might not exist a prior stage in development, in which the unity of the animal and plant was to be more clearly and unmistakably perceived? What preceded the cell, and from what was the cell itself formed? were the queries which the next generation of physiologists set themselves to solve. From unprofitable discussions concerning the part or element of the cell which was to be regarded as the centre of its life and activity, the attention of biologists was turned to the primitive substance, hitherto greatly overlooked, which formed the basis of the cell. This substance was found to be present in every living cell. In the lowest animals a speck of this matter was found to represent the entire body; and without this substance, it was plain, life itself could not be made manifest. These ideas—the speculations of the last generation—are the facts of the present age, and some such information as these facts contain, is well known to every reader who has, even in a casual manner, investigated the claims of "protoplasm" to be regarded as the universal matter of life, from which the vital forces of nature manipulate, mould, and form monad and man alike. From cells we have gone a step backward, and nearer to the primitive state of animals and plants, with the result of finding that the separation of the two groups of living beings has become a sheer impossibility. Not the art of the chemist, nor the skill of the microscopist, can determine the differences between the little

speck of protoplasm which is destined to become the lordly oak, and that which will become the fungus investing its stem. The germ of the monad, and the protoplasmic speck which is destined to develop into the form and semblance of man himself, appear essentially the same to the furthest physical research of our day. The differences which unquestionably do exist between these germs have their seat in the potentialities and possibilities of development which have been impressed upon or are contained within the germ in each case; but these differences are apparent in results and effects only, and leave untouched the grander and mysterious similarity out of which the results arise.

At the close of our brief ramble in search of a philosophic touchstone for the clear distinction of the animal from the plant, we find ourselves called upon to contemplate a phase of nature widely different from the ordinary conceptions of the relationship existing between the two great groups of living nature. Wordsworth's couplet is, after all, much nearer a truthful expression of the case, than the popular idea which extends to the whole of living nature the distinctions that are serviceable for the higher ranks of life alone. That at present we do not know the essential attributes of the animal or the special and unmistakable characteristics of the plant, is a grave truth, painful as the admission may prove to the philosophic mind. And so long as there exist beings which live in a literal "No Man's" territory, which occupy a biological casual-ward, and which defy our every effort to lodge them permanently in either the animal or the plant kingdom, so long will biology present a fit subject for the most earnest attack of the investigator. The entire fabric of living nature is, in truth, a great tree, the branches of which diverge most widely in their highest levels, but which, in its lowest parts, unites and blends all diversities in a common and inseparable unity. The consideration of the absolute unity of life, however, will certainly not lessen the wonder and interest with which we must regard the forces and powers, which, from a common basis and origin, have evolved the varied and complex order of living nature.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



## "IL RÈ GALANTUOMO."

THE combination of mortal diseases by which King Victor Emanuel was struck down in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and twenty-seventh of his reign, found perhaps no man in his dominions more prepared for the event than himself. I do not mean, in making this statement, to refer merely to the fact that for a short time before his decease the king had not been in the enjoyment of his usual health. I allude rather to a much more singular occurrence,—that for at least the full term of a year he had been in the habit of broaching in his intercourse with those most nearly attached to his person, a topic which they certainly would never have dared to introduce, and of expressing his belief that the part which he was best qualified to perform in the great national drama, had been almost achieved; that it would perhaps be well if other actors appeared upon the stage, and that if it pleased Providence to remove him, his sole feeling would be that of gratitude for having been permitted to do so much. He held this language at a time when his robust frame and iron constitution seemed as able to defy or overcome the most serious attacks of illness as in his two previous illnesses, separated by intervals of about ten years, and no sinister indication of any kind gave warning to his family, his statesmen, and his people, of the evil which would so soon befall them.

What King Victor Emanuel himself felt and expressed will be not indeed the first or second thought of those whom the intelligence of his sudden death has shocked, and almost stunned. Their first thoughts will be those of deep sympathy with his children and his people, of apprehension as to the effects which his death may produce on the fortunes of the new European state which he chiefly contributed to found, of anxiety as to the fitness of his successor to continue in the same spirit his father's work, of doubt whether the complications of the Papal and Eastern questions may not be increased by the substitution of a new personal element, with a character as yet unknown, for another with which European statesmanship has been long familiar. Such, I repeat, must be naturally and necessarily the first thoughts of all on learning the

sad news. But to those whose inclination and duties have led them to devote a more special and unbroken attention to the story of King Victor Emanuel's career from the day when he received the crown from his father, Charles Albert, after the rout of Novara, to the day when he breathed his last on his little iron camp-bed in the ground-floor of the Quirinal Palace, to those who during that period of almost twenty-nine years have most closely studied his character, and followed his career, his reign presents itself as a marvellously harmonious and completed epic. And the key to the whole poem is to be found in the title which the instinctive discernment and love of his people so early gave him, "*Il Rè Galantuomo*," "*King Honestman*." Honesty of purpose: that was what Italy most wanted in the young sovereign who received from his father's hand a sceptre under circumstances which would have made the stoutest heart to quail. The little kingdom of Sardinia had been wont to look on the army as its backbone. At Novara it found itself betrayed by a general, and its different divisions more intent on firing upon each other than upon the enemy; Sardinians firing during the engagement upon Genoese, and then sacking the shops of Novara as a worthy pendant to the last feat, and the old troops of Savoy deliberately turning their backs on their comrades, and marching off the field. This frightful disorganization of an army was only the too faithful reflection of the discord and dissension between the various political parties in the State. Piedmontese cursing Lombards, and declaring that the Royalists of Piedmont had been sacrificed to the Republicans of Milan, the population of Genoa denouncing that of Turin, rising in open revolt, and only reduced to silence by the stern action of an armed force. The cannons of the Austrian conqueror frowning from the bastions of Alexandria, whilst in every town and village throughout the country reactionary priests, doing the work of Rome, were pointing the moral that all these national calamities were but the just penalty paid by a people for disobeying the Roman pontiff. Such was the kingdom of Sardinia in the first months of the new king's reign.

He summoned a parliament to help him in his fearful task. The members of his first parliament only brought to, and reproduced in, the chambers of Turin, the political and moral anarchy of which the whole country was the scene. The king made a second appeal to his people, spoke to them in the famous proclamation of Moncalieri, in terms of reproach, of exhortation, of warning, such as has seldom fallen to the lot of a constitutional king to use: "I have done my duty; why have you not done yours?" To the honor of the Sardinian people, be it said, the strong outspoken appeal went straight to, and sank deeply in, their hearts.

King Victor Emanuel's second parliament furnished him at length with the fitting instruments by which the work of constitutional government was to be carried on, and since the meeting of that second parliament, the like instruments have never yet been wanting, and the regular functions of constitutional government have not been even for a single day interrupted or delayed.

It would be impossible to overrate the services rendered by King Victor Emanuel during the long struggle for constitutional freedom and national independence, and when we now look back upon all that he was and did, it is difficult to repress the feeling that much even of what was deemed his personal eccentricity, contributed to the result. Forty years ago Vinet wrote some admirable papers to prove that marked individuality of character was the thing most wanted in the nineteenth century. Mr. John Stuart Mill has written a good deal to the same effect, and the readers of Lord Macaulay's *Life* will doubtless recollect the criticism to which these opinions of Mr. Mill gave rise.

If a strongly-marked individuality, if a total absence of conventionalism, are things as greatly to be desired in domestic and social life as freedom, unity, and independence are in the life of states, it would be difficult to deny that the life of King Victor Emanuel must often have proved quite as suggestive to his subjects in its private as in its public phases. The two sides were in truth closely connected. He inherited from the example given, and the sacrifices made by, his father, the task of freeing his country from every foreign yoke. He equally derived from the whole

experience of his youth and early manhood, the conviction that by nothing in the performance of his task could he be so fettered and restrained as by the vast and strong network of court usages and court etiquette, with all the crouching and fawning creatures of sycophancy and espionage, its eavesdropping chamberlains, its wily oily chaplains, its eternal contrast to plain dealing, and truth, and nature. The resolve to free Italy from the foreigner became with him an idea so absorbing and so engrossing, that it never let him go for a single moment; and not even the hold which philanthropy had on Howard's mind, was stronger than that which patriotism had on the mind of Charles Albert's son. In an almost equal degree, and for a kindred reason, the feeling of King Victor Emanuel towards an ordinary court-life was not one of mere dislike or repugnance, it was that of detestation, of abhorrence.

Superficial observers, ignorant of the king's true character, were quite unable to reconcile the contradictory facts that, whilst his usual mode of life might be termed almost rough and coarse, he perfectly understood and even rigidly exacted on state occasions the most minute forms of court ceremonial. There really was no contradiction whatever. The court ceremonial relates to the royal office, and ought therefore not only to be done, but to be done with care, and neither the high dignitaries of his own state, nor the ministers of foreign states accredited to his government, ought ever to be furnished with the slightest excuse for neglecting the signs which reflected more important realities. Every Italian knew that King Victor Emanuel infinitely preferred chamois hunting on the mountains of Piedmont, or wild boar hunting amidst the juniper thickets of San Rossore, to receptions of other royal personages, whom, in many cases, he had never seen before, and would perhaps never see again. But however great the attractions of the chase, they never prevented the king from abandoning at a moment's notice his favorite sport, and hurrying to his capital to do the honors of his kingdom if so required. Next to the chase his chief delight was in farming, and those who only saw him at La Mandria, might, if familiar with the traditions of English history, have imagined that they were beholding a counter-

part of George III. at Windsor. The resemblance was somewhat treacherous, for our Farmer George, in the intervals of his agricultural pursuits, saw many fair provinces torn from his empire, whilst Farmer Victor's care for his flocks and herds did not divert him from the task of building a new empire up. The real fact was that whether in contact with or at a distance from his ministers, whether farming or hunting, his mind was always occupied with the same idea. It formed not the sole, but the chief, subject of his reading, and he rarely went to bed without reading an hour or more in the royal logbook, constructed according to his own direction, and for his own special use. He had in his cabinet two secretaries, whose sole duty was to read during the day all the more striking passages in the journals of Europe that bore on the acts of his government, or on the relations between Italy and Europe. If written in French or Italian, the scissors did the necessary work, and the extracts were pasted down. If in German, English, or any other European language, of which the king was ignorant, one of the secretaries, a Venetian polyglot, rendered the foreign notice or commentary into Italian for the Sovereign's use. That formed King Victor Emanuel's nightly reading.

He exacted with unsparing rigor from his secretaries that, in the performance of their task, they should always give the preference to dissentient or hostile criticism. He possessed, according to the testimony of all the statesmen who had most intercourse with him, whether Cavour or Ricasoli, La Marmora or Minghetti, great natural talent, an extraordinary power of taking in the bearings of a political situation at a single glance, a shrewd estimate of character, and that peculiar development of memory in reference to all the persons he had ever seen or spoken to, which appears to be as inherent in royal personages as the power of a shepherd to distinguish the faces of his sheep. To these natural gifts he united, after the fashion just described, a continuous course of reading on the subject which after all it was most important for him to know. Foreign statesmen, when conversing with him for the first time, were often surprised at his knowledge of the views held by the politicians of other countries. When one knows how

constant and familiar was his mental intercourse with the first publicists of the Continent, there was nothing surprising in the matter. And it may fairly be questioned whether, for the special task which he had set before him, this very peculiar discipline, these lonely readings under the Alpine tent, the Tuscan shooting-box, or the Roman villa, were not more useful and suggestive than the eternal recurrence of the same court-conventionalisms from which he could scarcely have disentangled himself had he lived in the usual court fashion. His reading was not, however, confined to this daily chronicle of Italian and European politics; he delighted in books of voyages and travels, and sometimes at the close of a day's Alpine sport would get his huntsmen to sit on the grass around him, while he read aloud for their amusement something by which he had been more especially interested when reading the night before.

Even this slight insight into the private life and personal character of the king may suggest the conclusion that King Victor Emanuel's decided individuality was of a kind not inharmonious with his great patriotic task. The man—the honest man—took precedence of the king, and the title of *Rè Galantuomo* was but the national expression of that belief. As in the case of the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in France, his deep, broad, strong humanity was the foundation of Victor Emanuel's influence. In contrasting the character of Henri IV. with the last false and sanguinary rulers of the House of Valois, we think not so much of the valor in arms or the skill in diplomacy which the first Bourbon king displayed, as of the kindliness and geniality and generosity which endeared him to all classes of his subjects, and of the thousand traits of good humor by which, in the most common occurrences of life, the intercourse of the man with his fellow-men was marked. Doubtless the Bourbon was of a higher and a more varied intellectual type. No future Nodier or Ampère of Italian letters will ever point, in the columns of the *Pasquino* or the *Fischietto*, to such exquisite morsels of fun and satire as the editors of the *Satire Menippée* ascribed to the pen of the royal leader of the Huguenots. Yet Victor Emanuel will leave his own stamp, and it will remain as long as the name of Italy and the story of her struggles shall

endure on that field of letters in which he most loved to toil. Each of his royal speeches, from 1849 to 1878, marks an epoch in the history of Italian regeneration, and in each of those speeches the most forcible and spirit-stirring passages, such as the famous "I am not insensible to the cry of pain which comes to me from all parts of Italy," are from the king's own pen.

How far Victor Emanuel merited the title of "King Honestman," by his bearing during the long national movement, may be best estimated by a rapid review of the successive influences employed to divert him from his straightforward path. "Get rid of the constitution" was the language addressed to him by Marshal Radetzki, just after his accession to the throne; "all will then be well. You will find in Austria your warmest friend, and she will help you to the possession of Modena and Parma." And the simple answer was, "I cannot; I must keep my oath to my people." "Abolish the constitution," was urged in blind good faith by a large section of the old Piedmontese aristocracy, and the chief military men; and the counsel was echoed, in more affectionate and imploring tones, by an Austrian mother and an Austrian wife. He stood firm. Then came the Sicardi laws, placing priest and layman on the same level of civil equality; and the storm rose higher and howled louder. To the Councils preceding the passing of the law he showed greater boldness and more true political sagacity than his own ministers. "If you deal with priests at all, don't merely tease and worry them; do enough to render them innocuous." Such was the language held by him to his cabinet. The two chambers voted the law, but the royal assent was not yet given. Might it not at the last moment be withheld? His old tutor, Bishop Charvaz, implored him to withhold his signature. His mother threw herself on her knees at his feet; but the maternal influence which turned back a Coriolanus from his march against Republican, did not deter Victor Emanuel from his onward course against Papal, Rome. Then, as if to mark the wrath of Heaven against the impious foe, wife and mother and brother were all struck down by the hand of death, almost at the same time. "It is too much—it is far too much to bear," he exclaimed, in an agony

of grief. "Wife, mother, brother, all taken away, and the priests yelling in my ears that it is the just punishment of my sins, and that I shall never enter Paradise. But my road to Paradise shall be the happiness of my people.—(*La mia Via del Paradiso sarà la felicità del mio popolo.*)" Great and patriotic ministers stood by his side, but even those ministers were not always agreed amongst themselves. The chivalrous, high-minded, but too morbidly sensitive and fastidious Massimo d'Azeglio took fright at the violent language of the Turin press, and was willing to have trenched on the freedom of that press at the suggestion of foreign powers. Count Cavour held a bolder tone.\* Victor Emanuel sided with Count Cavour, made him his premier, and had to witness before long a Turin mob brought together by joint clerical and protectionist influences, attacking the premier's dwelling, and shouting beneath the windows of the royal palace, "We want bread, not laws." Again, Victor Emanuel stood firm by free trade, as he had stood firm against Jesuit assaults.

Then came the Crimean war, in which the participation of Sardinia, chiefly through the king's cordial concurrence, was openly denounced in Parliament as a piece of Quixotic folly. King Victor Emanuel had then to bear up against, first the rebuffs of the French and English governments, which did not receive his offers of alliance with much cordiality, and next, against the, for a time, dissentient views of his own minister of war, La Marmora, and the, to the very last, most honest opposition of his own minister of foreign affairs, Dabormida. How the negotiations at the Paris conference of 1856 prepared the way for the memorable events of 1859 is known to all the world, but those only who lived in Italy during that period and saw a little of what was then passing behind the scenes can estimate the difficulties by which the king and his great minister were surrounded in their task. If at Paris the old traditions of French diplomacy and an infinite variety of court influences were brought to bear upon Napoleon III., at Turin the jealousy of rival statesmen was as constantly seeking to undermine Count Cavour. Suc-

\* See article on Count Cavour in ECLECTIC for April.



cessful as the war of 1859 was, its abrupt termination by the Villafranca armistice called into existence a host of political and diplomatic embarrassments more threatening at the time to the Italian cause than the cannons of the still unoccupied Quadrilateral. And here at this precise moment the true strength of King Victor Emanuel's character made itself felt. Cavour had withdrawn dismayed and to all appearance broken-hearted to Switzerland. His successor, Rattazzi, was writing to the provisional governors of the revolted provinces desirous of annexation to Sardinia, and to the Sardinian ministers at foreign courts, telling them not to indulge in delusive hopes, as there was no chance of obtaining better conditions. The king, on the contrary, hoped bravely on, and told Tuscans and Romans to share his hopes. As the national prospects brightened there came another cloud, nothing less dark and ominous than the menace of a religious war. And when all these difficulties were overcome, and the successes of Garibaldi in the following year had placed nine millions of Neapolitans under the Sardinian dominion, it almost appeared as if the fresh difficulties, the democratic hopes, and provincial rivalries called into being by the Garibaldian movement would neutralise the advantages which it had procured. Then followed the death of Count Cavour, and in every corner of the civilized world might be heard the mournful prediction that the hopes of Italy were buried in the tomb of her greatest statesman. But seventeen years have elapsed since Count Cavour was laid in that tomb, and the onward march has never been arrested; and foremost in the van was still to be seen the figure of King Honestman, trusted by Venetians and Romans whilst they were still held down beneath the Austrian and Papal yoke, and permitted by Providence to justify their trust by the final liberation of Venice and of Rome.

A portrait to be true must have its shades equally with its lights; but the writer who pens a notice of the late King of Italy with a whole nation around him weeping for the monarch's loss, may be pardoned if at such a moment he refrains from adding these shades in the presence of the darker and more solemn shadows which have sunk down on the Palace of

the Quirinal. In speaking of the late king I have mentioned in connection with his name that of Henry IV. of France. The people to whom the first Bourbon king gave peace and order were willing to overlook, in their gratitude for such boons, the faults which they could not ignore; and reverting to that large-souled humanity which was common to both princes, I believe that the memory of King Victor Emanuel will become associated in the mind of posterity with the thousand little traits of good temper and good humor, of personal tact and keen sagacity, with which it was associated in the minds of his own contemporaries. Of the anecdotes illustrating his ready tact one or two known as quite authentic may be given. When the conflict between Church and State in Piedmont was at its height a deputation of noble ladies from Chambéry waited on the king, imploring him to revoke the decree by which the Nuns of the Sacred Heart were expelled from their city. They saw no prospect, such was the declaration made by them to the king, of having their daughters properly educated if the pious sisterhood should be removed. The king heard them very attentively, and at the close of their appeal most courteously replied: "I believe you are mistaken. I know that there are at this moment in the town of Chambéry many ladies much better qualified to educate your children than the Sisters of the Sacred Heart." The ladies looked surprised, exchanged inquiring glances with each other, until at last one of them, addressing the king, begged him to point out the pious teachers of whose existence they were ignorant. "The pious teachers," replied the king, bowing more courteously than before, "are yourselves; your daughters can have no persons better qualified to superintend their education than their own mothers." The ladies of Chambéry offered no further remarks, but left the royal presence-chamber in silence.

An equally characteristic trait was furnished when, after the annexation of Tuscany, he visited Pisa for the first time. On driving to the cathedral, where an immense crowd had gathered to welcome him, he found the great gates closed by order of the reactionary archbishop, Cardinal Corsi. After a delay of one or two minutes it was found that a small side entrance

had been left open, and the king proceeded towards this door. But the crowd of Pisans resenting the insult offered to the king broke out into indignant and even menacing cries against the cardinal-archbishop. Victor Emanuel, waving his hand from the top of the steps, told them to be calm, exclaiming at the same time in a good-humored tone—"It's all right. His Eminence is only teaching us by a practical instance the great truth that it is by the narrow gate we have a chance of getting to heaven."

Beloved as he was by all classes of his subjects he seems to have inspired an unusual degree of affection amongst the humble classes with whom he came most in contact, and of all the tributes to his kind-heartedness spontaneously paid in the Italian capital during the last hours of his life none perhaps was much more touching than the token of sorrow offered by the groups of peasants and farm laborers who came in from the estates of Castel Porziano, Belladonna, Porta Salara, &c., and remained in the garden of the Quirinal Palace, asking the news every five minutes, and not leaving until all was over. Immense as is the shock which his

unexpected death has given to his own family, to all who knew and loved him, and to the entire Italian people, the calamity has not been without its compensations and consolations. It has bound together by the sentiment of a common loss the various members of the great national family. It has made them once more pass in review with the mind's eye the various forms of degradation and suffering which they not long ago endured, and has rekindled the feeling of joy and gratitude for their deliverance. It has taught them that in the battle of life, which in one form or another, for one cause or another, all men, either as individuals or as classes, must be prepared to fight—the best sword is simple honesty, the best buckler is unwavering faith. It was by the use of such weapons that King Honestman came forth triumphant in the successive campaigns of the long national warfare, and no better prayer can be breathed at the dawn of a new reign than that in these matters of singleness of heart and honesty of purpose the son and successor of King Honestman may tread in his father's steps.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

ROME, Feb. 10, 1878.

## THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

BY MONSIEUR JOHN LEMOINNE.

In the first days of March 1871, when France, after a desperate and hopeless struggle, looked around her, and, seeing that she was alone, like the stag at bay, submitted to fate, the new German Emperor telegraphed to the Czar of Russia the following words:—

Never will Prussia forget that it owes it to you that the war has not taken the greatest dimensions. May God bless you for it! Your grateful friend for life.

WILHELM.

To which the Czar replied:—

I feel happy at having been able to prove to you my sympathies as a devoted friend. May the friendship which ties us together secure the happiness and glory of both countries!

These simple words were the philosophy of the Franco-German war, as they are now of the Eastern war. The events of 1878 are, through an unbroken chain, the

consequence of the events of 1870; it is history repeated, or even the same chapter. From the beginning of the present war it was plain that Germany was returning to Russia what Russia had done for Prussia eight years ago. When that invalid, impotent, bewildered man, whom I will not attack in a foreign paper, ran headlong into a war for which he had prepared nothing, Prussia had secured more than the neutrality of Russia. She had virtually and effectually secured her alliance and her help, for Russia had undertaken to maintain and to enforce the neutrality of Europe, especially of Austria and Italy. She kept her word, and France was left alone. When the patriotic old man, the first citizen of France, who had bravely protested against that guilty and insane war—when M. Thiers went all over Europe to feel the pulse of governments, our fate was already sealed. Neither Austria nor Italy could move; their hands were

tied by the pressure of Russia, the decided supporter of Prussia. No wonder then that the brand-new Emperor of the Germans returned thanks, after Providence, to his faithful ally and nephew; no wonder also that on the present momentous occasion Germany said to Russia: 'What you did for me, I shall do for you. Go on, go ahead; do your business as I did mine; fulfil your history as I did mine. I will be master of the camp and enforce neutrality everywhere.' And so she has done.

This real gist of the question has perhaps not been sufficiently understood from the beginning, however clear it may appear now. The link between the two last Eastern wars was not perceived, as it ought to have been the very day that on the demand of Russia and Prussia, after the close of the Franco-German War, a conference met in London for the alteration of the Treaty of Paris and the restoration of Russian dominion in the Black Sea. For the last twenty-five years, that is since the fall of Sebastopol, Russia has had but one aim and only purpose, to repair her damages, reoccupy the Black Sea, resume her patient, eternal, natural, and fatal move towards the Mediterranean, and destroy the whole work of the Crimean War. So long as she saw before her the united opposition of England and France she was obliged to keep quiet and to wait; but the occasion came when the two Western Powers were divided, and one of them utterly incapacitated. In fact, what is called the Eastern Question has always been a Western question. It has ever been sleeping and postponed when France and England could act together, and it has been let loose the moment England was alone and France was no longer France. This was very soon seen when, in the Conference of London, Russia, in spite of the resistance of England and the posthumous groans of English opinion, enforced the modification of the Treaty of Paris and resumed the command of the Black Sea.

What could we do then? We had no longer any voice in the matter, and England in her turn was left alone as she had left us. I beg you should not misapprehend that word. We are not so devoid of justice or common sense as to blame England for her total inaction during the French War. No sensible man amongst us

could have expected that she would make herself answerable for our insanities. That is not the real question. What we do say is, that England looked at our misfortunes, not only without uneasiness, but with satisfaction; that the triumphs of Germany met with all her sympathies; that all the principal organs of English public opinion clearly expressed that feeling; and that even now they take care to celebrate the anniversary of Sedan as another Waterloo and the downfall of French military supremacy. Well, what has England gained by the momentary prostration of France? There is another military despotism now ruling the Continent. Is it more congenial, more sympathetic to you? This we may see when we see where Holland or Belgium is driven or dragged in a larger readjustment of Europe.

This disruption of the alliance between the two Liberal nations of Western Europe has changed the equilibrium of the Continent, and has opened the way to the Eastern Question which had been stopped at Sebastopol. The Crimean War was for France a purely dynastic enterprise. After all, the French nation had no vital interest in the matter, but the then absolute ruler of the country had a great personal interest in securing the alliance of England. Meeting the cold shoulder whenever he turned to the established monarchies, he found in the English connection the best means of making his way into the family of old governments; and France paid for that letter of introduction. The work was done, and all the Powers came to Paris for the Congress.

This is the work which Russia and Germany are now undoing. The protocols of London were the first leaf torn out of the Treaty of Paris; the new Congress which is now in contemplation will achieve its destruction. If it did not look too much as an abdication, it would be better for France not to take part in that Congress. Not only we cannot, but we will not interfere in any way; we are not yet able to take in the council of nations the place which belongs to us. There may be some unexpected remodelling of Europe in which we shall be allowed no part; we may be called upon to assent to things done without us and against us; and who knows whether some sudden and subterranean question may not be started as the

Italian question was in the Congress of Paris in spite of the protest of Austria? It would be idle to suppose that Germany, so lately Prussia, will protect the old equilibrium which she has herself overturned, that she will uphold treaties that she has torn into pieces, and that, being herself the child and offspring of military conquest, she will oppose the thorough right of conquest. She will allow Russia to use it to the end. Military power is now everywhere stronger than diplomacy. England has tried diplomacy, so has Austria; they have both been baffled.

I shall not speak of France. She has nothing to do in the matter, her government has been silent, and her newspapers would have done much better by taking no part in the controversy, being unable to take any part in the fight. But England has been led away and astray by the preposterous illusion that Austria would stand in the way of Russia. That was a grievous mistake. There is no longer the Austria of old; the present one is what Prince Metternich called Italy, a geographical expression. There is Austria proper, German Austria, and there is Hungarian Austria, with quite opposite interests, a house divided against itself. In the year 1866, when the military power of Austria was crushed at Sadowa, Hungary profited by the misfortunes of the old country, was treacherous to the Hapsburg dynasty, and since that time has had the upper hand in diplomacy. The very moment war began between Russia and Turkey, the Hungarians resumed their peculiar idea, the translation of the Imperial centre from Vienna to Pesth. To be sure Prince Bismarck would have no objection to that, but German Austria has. The day when the nominal Austrian monarchy became Hungarian, that very day the German provinces of the old empire would fly to the northern centre of attraction, to the great German agglomeration. This is what the Austrian dynasty and the old German element upon which it rests understand well, and they would not and will not drift into a conflict with Russia.

From the beginning, Hungarian diplomacy has been intriguing all over Europe, trying through a sequel of petty means, in England and in France, to raise an opposition which she herself dared not openly support. But this Magyar race, a people of hussars as the Poles were a people of lancers, was not a match for the steady, heavy, ponderous, laborious, and productive German race. The egregious mistake of England and France was in imagining that the triple Imperial alliance would be dissolved; it was a profound error.

The alliance of the three Continental Empires has deeper foundations than are dreamed of in our philosophy of daily events. It is of no use disguising the matter; it is a conservative, a monarchical, a dynastic alliance against European revolution; it is still the Holy Alliance. Kings and dynasties have also their freemasonry. The Austrian Imperial Government, the Austrian military party headed by Archduke Albert, will not make war against Russia, because they cannot forget that after the French outburst of 1848, which set fire to all Europe, it was Russia who crushed the Hungarian insurrection and maintained the integrity of the monarchy. Nor will Prussia interfere against the progress of Russia, because she does not forget that Russia secured in 1870 the inaction of Europe. Reflecting minds in France know and feel that, and have not wasted their time in protests against incontestable facts. France had nothing to do but to look on and to wait for better times. As for England, who feels safe because materially apart from the Continent and out of reach of our revolutions, she did not see clearly enough that the triple Imperial alliance had deeper motives of existence, that common conservative and domestic interests were stronger than rivalries, that the compact between Russia and Germany was founded upon Western as much as Eastern combinations, and that it was, and still is, a contract of mutual insurance between monarchical governments against liberal propaganda.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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#### LEO XIII.

A GOOD many Protestants will be greatly disappointed with the result of the Papal election, for the Cardinals assembled in

Conclave have deserved very well of the Catholic world. They have acted with all requisite formality, but they have act-



ed very promptly; they have disputed exceedingly little, and their choice has fallen upon a man whom, for the present, at all events, all classes appear disposed to honor. It is always dangerous and usually impossible to decide on the character of a new Pope, because, if the man believes his creed—and the days of unbelieving Popes have long since passed away—the Papal crown itself must gravely modify his character. A man cannot really think himself the delegate of God on earth, the depositary of the power of defining divine truth, and responsible for the spiritual welfare of 200,000,000 of Christians, and remain the same man he was before those tremendous prerogatives were committed to his charge. He must be affected to the last degree for good or for evil by the change,—a change, too, which comes so suddenly. The Pope has no heir-apparent, no successor even reasonably certain of his seat. A Pope has frequently appeared, even to his intimates, to have changed his character with his election; and the old and melodramatic legend of Sixtus Quintus—a very cruel, though very vigorous Pope, as we read history—must, in some sense, be true of every successive wearer of the tiara. With this reserve, however, every known fact of his career speaks well for the character and the ability of Leo XIII. In a great Bishopric he has been markedly popular with a flock whom it is hard for an ecclesiastic to content. He created as Nuncio at Brussels an opinion in the mind of Leopold I., no mean judge of men, and harassed beyond expression by the religious dissensions in his country, that he was a wise and moderate as well as a good man. As a young man, he cleared all brigands out of the district of the Papal States within his jurisdiction, and beat down unsparingly the nobles who protected them, or who yielded to their threats. He bore with patience and without repining the late Pope's concealment of his Cardinalate for seven years, and when at last he was admitted to the Vatican and made Cardinal Camerlengo, he so bore himself in that place, usually fatal to the popularity of its possessor, that he enjoyed from the first the favor of his master and the largest following in the Conclave. All these things—none of which are denied or questioned—indicate a strong and patient man, who can take up a great

burden of power, who knows how to conciliate men, and who can wait till his opportunity arrives. Then, Leo XIII. is a man of learning, and friendly to learning, and a man of the grave and stately presence which is acceptable in an ecclesiastical ruler, well as his predecessor contrived to dispense with it, and to assume a dignity of another and less frequent type. Altogether, the Conclave appear to have chosen a man of the highest character, ability, and experience within their reach, the object of such elections, but one very seldom attained.

Whether the new Pope will be "moderate," in the sense in which the word is used in Rome, is another question, and one on which first impressions are very likely to be deceived. He does not belong to the Irreconcilable party, but he owes his election to the sudden adhesion of a rival, Cardinal Franchi, at heart a politic Ultramontane; he is believed to uphold strongly the pretensions of his Church, and he cannot have found favor with Pio Nono as an ecclesiastical Liberal. Never having been a King, he may be less resentful at the loss of the temporal sovereignty, and being experienced in government, he may make, unconsciously, more allowance for the difficulties of secular rulers than an ordinary priest would do. But it is most unlikely that any Pope will sanction the occupation of the City of Rome, though he may give up the fiction of being a prisoner, quite impossible that he should tolerate the Falk Laws, and absurd to suppose that he can reinterpret Infallibility, or withdraw in any way that strange "counsel of perfection," the much-abused and little-read Syllabus. "Moderation" in a Pope very often implies, in hostile mouths, infidelity to his own position, which no modern Pope, whatever his opinions, has the slightest temptation to be guilty of. He must remain Vicar of Christ,—that is, a ruler of the Church insensible to earthly pressure, and incapable of earthly compromise, or sink into a mere Bishop, whom Catholics will only obey *ex officio*, and whom outsiders will not in their hearts respect. It is said the Kings and Premiers, Prince Bismarck especially, are very pleased with the nomination, but it is just possible that within twelve months they may have changed their tone, and have recognised that there are more dangerous men than

Pio Nono. A good many hints are abroad, which as yet are only hints and may be blunders, that Leo XIII. is one of that still limited number of great Catholics who believe that the future of the Papacy rests on the adhesion of the democracy, who see a road to power through democratic agencies, and who will rely, as in Belgium and Ireland, on the convictions of the people. He told good Catholics at Perugia *not* to abstain from the ballot-box, when the Vatican was supposed to be urging abstention; and is believed to have approved the course of Riario Sforza, the Archbishop of Naples, who, great aristocrat as he was, rebuilt his power in Naples through the adhesion of the common people. If that is his tendency, if he sanctions free institutions, requiring electors only to listen to

their clergy—and he gained his political experience as Nuncio in Belgium—there may be a new future before the Papacy, and we do not know that the Kings will love it any more than they do when it is supposed to be throwing the Syllabus daily at their heads. It is too early yet for an opinion, however. All that we know is, that a very strong and determined man, who has been very successful in very difficult and diverse offices, has mounted the Chair of St. Peter, and tranquilly accepted the control of the most powerful and wide-spread organisation in the world, an organisation which has at this juncture the two-fold advantage of being very nearly as free as it can be, and of honestly thinking itself subjected to hideous persecution.—*The Spectator*.

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ALBATROSS NOTES.

FAR out in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, often two thousand miles and more from the nearest land, sails the albatross in its graceful and powerful flight; now following in the wake of the ship, to catch any chance morsel that may have fallen from the cook's waste-basket; now skimming along the water, and occasionally snapping up some small ocean-waif from the crest of a wave; or with a few vigorous strokes of its broad wings, gliding easily round and round the vessel, though she may be going at the rate of a dozen knots an hour.

No passenger to southern lands can have failed to note the extraordinary powers of flight of this magnificent bird, and the wonderful ease with which it sweeps for some minutes together through the air on expanded motionless pinions, rising and falling slightly, and taking advantage of the gravity of its own body and the angle at which the wind strikes its feathered sails to prolong the course of its flight with the least possible effort. Seldom, except in very calm weather, may it be seen to alight upon the water, from which it rises with difficulty, running for some distance along the surface. The ends of the wings clear of the water, it turns towards the breeze, and rises into the air in a gentle curve, in exactly the same manner as a paper kite. That the albatross follows a ship for many days in

succession, sleeping at night upon the water, and coming up with her in the morning, there can be no doubt. We have watched them for several consecutive evenings during fine weather, in the latitude of the trade-winds, settling down on the water at sundown, and preening their feathers, until they became mere specks in the field of the telescope; but they were with us again in the morning soon after sunrise; some strangers among them perhaps, but several which, from some peculiarity of marking, we knew to be our companions of the day before. In one instance, a conspicuous mark had been made by a pistol-bullet in the wing of an old brown-headed and curiously pied bird, by which he could be identified beyond doubt. The second or third flight-feather had been shot away, leaving a clearly defined gap in the wing as it came between the light and the eye; and this bird followed us for three days after having been fired at, though we had been sailing an average of nearly eight knots an hour. One of the most striking examples of their endurance on the wing, however, is the fact, which we have more than once observed, that the same birds which had been unweariedly following us in the day, accompanied us throughout the whole of the succeeding night, as could be easily verified by the light of the moon.

It is a not uncommon practice with pas-

sengers to endeavor to catch these noble birds by a bait fastened to a hook and buoyed with corks. That such a cruel practice should ever be tolerated, even 'to relieve the monotony of the voyage,' is to us inconceivable, and can only be accounted for as the last resource of a brutally morbid fancy.

The albatross is essentially the scavenger of the ocean, and we doubt whether it makes any attempt to capture living fish unless when very hungry, for we have seen flying-fish rising in quantities while the albatrosses made no attempt to catch them. That the nautilus is sometimes eaten is evident, for we have taken it from the stomach; but the chief food is dead fish and other refuse. In the South Atlantic we passed the dead body of a small whale, on and around which were at least a hundred of these birds, either gorged or gorging themselves with the blubber; and guns discharged at them failed to induce many of them to take wing. We had on one occasion an opportunity of observing how rapidly these birds collect about a carcase. Like vultures or ravens, when an animal dies they discover it very speedily, and flock to the scene of the banquet. On a hot still evening in the South Atlantic a horse died, and when cast overboard next morning, the gases already formed by decomposition enabled it to float. The few albatrosses in our company immediately settled down upon it; but in less than an hour we could see through the telescope a great cloud of the birds on the sea and hovering round the unexpected prize, the almost entire absence of wind having kept us within two or three miles of the spot. It may be that the (usually) white plumage enables stragglers, far out of human ken, to see their fellows gathering in the neighborhood of food; others again from still more remote distances may see them, and so on; until stragglers over hundreds of miles of space may be gathered to one common rendezvous.

The greater part of the year is passed by them at a distance from land; but they flock to barren and almost inaccessible rocks to breed. There the female lays her one dirty-white egg in a slight depression upon the bare earth, the sitters being frequently so close together that it is difficult to walk without touching them. They are totally indifferent to the presence of man, and merely indicate their resent of

his intrusion into their nursery by snapping at him as he passes. The parents share the labor of incubation and rearing the young, and when this is over, they all go seawards together, and silence and solitude once more reign where all had lately been clamorous and busy life.

The range of the albatross is very considerable, and it may be met with to the extreme limits of the temperate zones of both hemispheres, in the South Atlantic and North and South Pacific Oceans, both at sea and near headlands and isolated rocks. During the months of May and June in the northern, and the months of November and December in the southern hemisphere these rocks are tenanted by countless numbers of albatrosses and their smaller brown relations, known to sailors under the name of 'Mollymawks.' No one who has visited an albatross nursery will readily forget the scene. Placidly sitting upon the one precious egg is the parent, male or female as the case may be; and as far as the eye can reach over the surface, the rock is crowded with the sitters, indifferent to the presence of the human visitor. They know nothing of man's destructive nature, and they fear him not. Many of them have never seen that curious biped before, and those which have chanced to see him on his ships and to have suffered from his guns, are more likely to have then regarded him as a part of the white-sailed monster which traversed their ocean domain, than a separate creature; and fail to recognise him as he 'molests their ancient solitary reign.'

While viewing the interminable white forms thus crouching upon the earth, above wheel in graceful circles hundreds of their mates, sending congratulations in a hoarse piping voice to those beneath on the progress of the all-important business of rearing the family. Here and there sit callow uncouth nestlings; and from seawards come the parents to discharge the contents of their maws into the insatiable stomachs of the expectant young. Now and again one of the 'bread-winners' of the family swoops past the observer on its twelve feet of outspread wings, so near that he feels the shock of the divided air, and can realise the immense strength of the muscles which propel the creature, who, however, is a coward in spite of his size; for the skua gull, a bird many times smaller than himself, will often attack him

and compel him to disgorge the product of his last foraging expedition.

As soon as the albatross has reared its young, a penguin frequently takes possession of the deserted nest, and in the very cradle of a bird destined to traverse the ocean on unwearied wings lies a nestling whose wings will never develop into anything more than a pair of paddles! Great numbers of albatrosses are caught by the natives of the North Pacific coasts, who use the inflated intestines as floats for their fishing-nets, and barter the hollow wing-

bones with traders for the European markets—these bones being familiar to us as pipe-stems. The large webbed feet when inflated make good tobacco-pouches. We have also seen the quills of the flight-feathers converted into floats for roach-fishing; and many a Thames angler patiently watches from his chair in the punt a feather which has probably helped to carry its former owner over the length and breadth of the Pacific.—*Chambers' Journal*.

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### CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

MODERNIZED BY R. H. HORNE.

[*The Father-Poet appears to be sojourning in some country town which he is unable to leave for want of money.*]

#### I.

To you, my Purse, and to no other wight,  
Complain I, for thou art my lady dear;  
I'm very sorry now that thou art light,  
For certés thou dost make me heavy cheer.  
I were as lief laid out upon my bier;  
For which, unto your mercy thus I cry—  
Be heavy again! or else I needs must die.

#### II.

This day vouchsafe now, ere that it be night,  
That I of you the blissful sound may hear;  
Or see your color, like the sun so bright,  
That in his yellowness had never peer.  
Thou art my life, thou art my heart's star dear,  
Queen of great comfort and good company!  
Be heavy again! or else I needs must die.

#### III.

Now, Purse, who art to me my body's light  
And saviour—being down in this world here—  
Out of this town, oh, help me by your might!  
Since that thou wilt not be my treasure sheer,  
For, like a monk, I'm shaved close to the ear;  
Therefore I pray unto your courtesy,  
Be heavy again! or else I needs must die.

—*Temple Bar.*

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SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

BY THE EDITOR.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, one of the best known of the younger generation of English scientists, was born in London on the

30th of April, 1834. His father, Sir John William Lubbock, though a banker, like his son, was also somewhat celebrated for







Engraved for the Liberator by J. J. Cade, New York.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

his scientific tastes and writings; and a remote ancestor of the eighteenth century was also a writer on chemical, botanical, and medical topics. Sir John was educated first at a private school and afterwards at Eton, but before reaching the age of fifteen was compelled by the illness of two partners to take a responsible position in the great banking-house of which his father was a member. Unlike most of the English gentry, therefore, he is not a graduate of either of the universities; but his absorption in the business of the bank was not so entire as to prevent the prosecution of his studies, and he very early evinced his interest in those natural history investigations in which he has since won his scientific fame, being stimulated thereto by living in near neighborhood to the great naturalist, Darwin. He began his contributions to philosophical and scientific journals as early as 1853, and at the age of twenty-three contributed to the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society." The most generally known and widely interesting of his researches are those upon certain groups of insects and crustacea, and upon wild flowers considered in relation to their fertilization by insects. Perhaps the most valuable and interesting of his labors in this field have been his minute observations of the habits of ants. The account may be found in

full in the *Journal of the Linnean Society*, and treats scientifically and by illustration of the intelligence, affections, personal character, memory, behavior, and habits of ants at home and among strangers, sober and intoxicated, and under the influence of chloroform. A popular summary of these observations, written by Sir John himself, appeared in the *ECLECTIC* for June, 1877.

Besides his studies in natural history, Sir John has been greatly interested in ethnology and archæology, and in 1867 published his "Prehistoric Times." "The Origin of Civilization and Primitive Condition of Man" (1870) is considered one of the best works on its special subject, and is noteworthy as applying to the origin and progress of man that great principle of Natural Selection "which," as he says, "is to biology what the law of gravitation is to astronomy."

In 1865 Sir John succeeded to the baronetcy, and in 1870 was elected to Parliament, having in 1868 received the high compliment of a nomination from the University of London from which he retired in favor of Mr. Lowe. He is now Vice-Chancellor of that University, a D.C.L. of Oxford, a magistrate, and a Fellow of the Royal, Linnean, Geographical, and Geological Societies, and of other scientific bodies in England and elsewhere.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Volume I. With Eight Maps. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Green did not take the trouble to particularize the features in which the present work will differ from the "Short History of the English People," upon which it is based. The prevalent impression regarding it appears to be that it is merely a revised library edition of the earlier work; but even this first volume shows that it will be very much more. The substance of the "Short History" is inserted almost entire in the new text, but the latter is greatly amplified, new topics and fresh illustrative details are introduced, and the narrative is made at once simpler, clearer, and more copious. Moreover, the arrangement is wholly different from what it was in the older work; the facts are grouped under new headings, and these headings may be said to correspond more nearly to the great natural divisions of the

national history. The present volume, covering the first thousand years from the conquest of Britain by the Angles to the war of the Roses, is divided into four books, entitled, respectively, "Early England" (449-1071), "England under Foreign Kings" (1071-1214), "The Charter" (1204-1291), and "The Parliament" (1307-1461). Much of the complexity occasioned by the more minute subdivisions of the "Short History" is thus avoided, and the attention of the reader is concentrated upon the successive strides in that great development of political and civil liberty which is the most suggestive and instructive fact in the history of the English people.

But perhaps the chief point of superiority of the new work over the old will be in the larger space devoted to the later periods of the History. In the earlier work the portion of the narrative covering the eighteenth century was so meagre as hardly to meet the requirements even of the most cursory student of

history, while that covering the present century was the barest possible outline sketch. In the new work the narrative of the period covered by the first volume has been expanded little more than a fifth, and as there will be four volumes in all, the last three centuries (which were the weak point of the "Short History") will evidently be treated with a much greater amplitude of detail.

Even these, however, are not the only improvements that distinguish the new work from the old. In the interval that has elapsed between the composition of the two, Mr. Green has not abated the ardor of his studies, nor neglected the additional aids that have been afforded him by the researches of other inquirers. Professor Stubbs' "Constitutional History of England" (invaluable for the earlier and more obscure periods) has enabled him to clear up many of the obscurities of the earlier political history of the English and Norman peoples; and the errors, omissions, and imperfections pointed out by critics have been carefully considered and in great part removed. The style, too, though still animated and picturesque in a high degree, is more sobered and polished, and no longer conveys the impression (which was a mistaken one even in the case of the earlier work) that the author is sometimes more anxious to achieve a literary effect than to attain to impartial historical truth. At the same time the fact should be emphasized that the "History of the English People," like the "Short History," is essentially a popular work. The laborious machinery of the scholar is kept in the background; detailed notes and references are dispensed with; and if the following volumes fulfil the promise of the first, it will be sober truth to say that Mr. Green has traversed the whole vast field of English history with a narrative as fascinating as that with which Macaulay illuminated the comparatively brief period between James II. and William III.

In print, paper, size of volume, and general appearance, the new work is all that could be desired, and this alone would give it no slight advantage, in point of attractiveness, over the earlier book. The eight maps are an extremely useful feature.

**FOUR YEARS WITH GENERAL LEE:** Being a Summary of the more Important Events touching the Career of General Robert E. Lee in the War between the States; together with an Authoritative Statement of the Strength of the Army which he Commanded in the Field. By WALTER H. TAYLOR, of his Staff. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book belongs to the same class as Captain Wilkinson's "Narrative of a Blockade-

Runner," noticed in our last number; and, though less interesting to the general reader, is permanently valuable for the same reason—viz., that it furnishes material which will be found extremely useful to the future historian of the Civil War. Colonel Taylor, as Adjutant-General of the Army of Northern Virginia, was beside General Lee through all his campaigns, and his relations with him appear to have been of an extremely close and confidential nature; yet of revelations concerning Lee's character and personality (which, of course, would be the chief interest of such a book) there is very little, beyond a few anecdotes, which are brought in merely incidentally, as if apart from the main purpose of the work. Nor is the summary sketch of Lee's campaigns, or rather battles, possessed of much freshness or interest in view of the many full and excellent narratives that have preceded it: its view-point is too professional for the general reader, and yet it is too deficient in detail to satisfy the military student.

The truth is that the branch of his subject which stands last in the title is the principal one which induced Colonel Taylor to write his book. Few topics connected with the Civil War have provoked more discussion than the relative strength of the Army of Northern Virginia (Confederate) and the Army of the Potomac (Federal) in their successive great battles. The data for determining Federal strength are easily accessible, and have often been published; but the widely-varying numbers assigned to the Confederate armies have been rather guesses than estimates, and have depended more upon the prepossessions of the different writers than upon any evidence which an impartial historian would recognize. Now, Colonel Taylor, as Adjutant-General of the Army of Northern Virginia, was in a position to know more of the strength of that army than perhaps any other man on either side, and he has undertaken to furnish an "authoritative statement" of it, based upon data in his possession, upon his personal recollections and memoranda, and upon the field and monthly reports now among the Confederate archives in the War Department at Washington. The statement is for the most part tabular in form, is very detailed and minute, and if partaking of the nature of an estimate rather than of an authoritative official return, is at least based on intelligible and *bona fide* evidence. Considering how much personal feeling and professional pride are still involved in the question, it can hardly be hoped that Colonel Taylor's estimates will be universally accepted as conclusive; but there can be no doubt whatever that his discussion of the subject is by far the most important



yet offered to the public, or that his data must henceforth be adopted as the basis for any further investigation.

As regards intrinsic interest, the extracts (all too brief) from Colonel Taylor's war-diary are by far the most attractive portions of the narrative; and should his book reach a second edition, it is to be hoped that he will be induced to print the diary entire as an appendix. Contemporary observations vitalize history as nothing else can.

HOME INTERIORS. By E. C. GARDNER. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

It may sound rather paradoxical to say it, but it is unquestionably a fact that Mr. Gardner's very marked literary faculty has been the main hindrance to his writing such a book as he designed. His object, as we learn from his preface, was "to plant simple stepping-stones for those who are likely to be left somewhat behind in the headlong race for greater refinement of taste and a higher degree of æsthetic culture," and he has wisely decided to have nothing to do with the historical reminiscences with which such books are usually lumbered; but his literary facility is so great that his pen fairly runs away with him, and throughout the greater part of the volume the reader finds it difficult to decide whether he is reading a vivacious parlor comedy or being inoculated with art-doctrine. It would hardly be regarded, however, as a serious objection if a book which aims at instruction should also prove entertaining; but we cannot help thinking that had the author's mind been occupied exclusively, or even chiefly, with the advice he was giving, that advice would have been less vague and general in character. No one doubts that Mr. Gardner *could* give suggestions as to the furnishing and decoration of a house which would be both sound and practical, but there is extremely little in his book that would prove really useful to the class of persons described in the passage which we have quoted from his preface. The tastes of such persons cannot be adequately guided by general remarks upon "harmony," "contrast," and "modulation" of color, "tone," "conventional decoration," and the like; and yet, in common with most other writers on the subject, Mr. Gardner seems to think that these expressions convey perfectly definite impressions. Even where his suggestions are most practical he does not guard with sufficient care against possible misconceptions, and we can imagine the horror with which he would repudiate the applications which the average reader would be apt to make of his remarks upon the decorative treatment of doors and his description of the achievements of the "prophet" of Worcester.

In short, for those whose tastes are already formed, or who are familiar with at least the elementary principles of art-decoration, "Home Interiors" will be highly useful—chiefly because of its suggestions as to economical devices; but for those who go to it in search of simple explanatory rules and specific directions which they can *realize* in their own houses, it will be apt (like most other treatises on household art) to prove disappointing.

ON ACTORS AND THE ART OF ACTING. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Amateur Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The contents of this volume consist of papers published at different times in various periodicals, as some new play or actor happened to challenge the critic's attention; but Mr. Lewes has judged wisely in thinking that they can be made to subserve something more than the temporary purpose for which they were written. They differ very widely from the crude mass of unsystematized opinions that usually constitutes what is called "dramatic criticism," and though inspired by a special occasion, and written with that lightness of touch which must necessarily characterize good magazine work, they enter very searchingly into the principles, function, and methods of the dramatic art. We know of no work, indeed, in which the philosophy of that art, its relation to other arts, the intellectual claims of actors in comparison with other professional workers, the adequacy of their rewards, and their proper position as artists, are discussed in a manner at once so free from prejudice on the one hand and bias on the other, and with such amplitude of knowledge and experience. Mr. Lewes has seen all the great actors and actresses of the past fifty years, is as familiar with the Continental stage as with that of England, and looks upon the theatre as an instrument of refinement and mental culture, and not as a mere provider of transient amusement. Readers of his book will derive from it not only a vivid impression of the great performers of the last generation, but a clearer and higher idea than they probably ever had before of the true aim and requirements of the art of acting, and of those facts of human nature upon which it is based.

Of the artists to whom separate articles or chapters are assigned, we may mention Edmund Kean, Charles Kean, Macready, Charles Mathews, Farren, Rachel, Frédéric Lemaître, and Salvini; and besides these there are chapters on "Natural Acting," on "Shakespeare as Actor and Critic," on foreign actors on the English stage, and on the drama in Paris in 1865, in Germany in 1867, and in Spain in 1867. All of these abound in acute critical

observations and suggestions, and at the same time convey an exceptionally vivid idea of the personality and methods of different actors.

AN AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1878. Edited by AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress. New York: *American News Co.*

This is on the whole the most creditable and successful attempt that has been made to prepare a national or American almanac equally comprehensive in scope, varied in subject, and accurate in detail with those which have attained such wide acceptance in England and Germany. Pertinent and important facts and statistics are given concerning all the countries of the world; and for the United States there is scarcely a practical question in politics, commerce, taxation, finance, coinage, public debts, expenditures, and the like, that is left unanswered. For bringing to light obscure facts in American history and for procuring the latest and most trustworthy statistics, Mr. Spofford's public position gives him peculiar advantages; and his trained habits of methodical and systematic work have stood him in good stead in the reduction and arrangement of his material. Most of the statistics are presented in the most compact tabular form, and every item of information is conveyed in the most precise and concise language possible. The size of the volume is sufficient to show, to those familiar with similar works, that it contains a vast store of material; but the reader will probably be astonished at the immense variety of its topics and the copiousness of its data. Some confusion is noticeable in the arrangement, owing to the necessity of finding places for the numerous statistical tables, but a comprehensive index renders everything in the volume easily accessible. The literary portions of the work are interesting and tolerably fresh, and the "Almanac" ought to secure an assured and permanent place in our periodical literature.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE late Father Secchi's work on the Sun, translated by Mr. R. A. Proctor, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Longmans.

A PRIZE has been offered at Frankfort for the best essay on the systems of philosophy of Schopenhauer, Geiger, and Noiré.

THE Italian Senate has passed a resolution to collect and publish in book form all the royal speeches and addresses made by the late King Victor Emmanuel during his reign.

MR. TENNYSON is said to be engaged upon a new historical drama, which will complete the trilogy of dramas upon great characters

and events in English history which the poet laureate originally contemplated, and of which two, "Queen Mary" and "Harold," have already appeared.

COLLECTORS of books relating to tobacco, its uses, cultivation, manufactures, etc., may be interested to hear that Mr. Arnold is preparing for the press a catalogue of his unique collection, containing upwards of five hundred separate works.

THE memoirs of the late Prince Metternich will be published in English, French, and German simultaneously. The German original will be printed in eight volumes. Prince Richard Metternich, it is stated, is now going over the work, and omitting such portions as are likely to prove painful to the feelings of living personages.

It has been suggested that a literary congress should be held in Paris during the forthcoming Exhibition. The proposition has already been discussed by the Société des Gens des Lettres, and a resolution passed to offer the presidency of the embryo association to Victor Hugo.

THE Museum of the Louvre has just acquired a copy of the "Book of the Dead," which bears the name of a princess named Nedjem, mother of Her-hor, the high priest of Ammon, who usurped the royal power at the close of the dynasty of the Ramses, the fifteenth dynasty of Manetho. This large and important papyrus, which is in admirable condition, will be on exhibition very shortly in the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre.

UNDER the title of "Word for Word from Horace," Mr. W. T. Thornton, C.B., has in the press a literal rhythmic version of the Odes of Horace. The volume will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The same publishers have in preparation a volume of selections from the poems of Mr. Matthew Arnold, which will be added to their well-known "Golden Treasury Series."

POLAND is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the literary activity of the popular historian and novelist, J. I. Kraszewski. A selection from his writings has been published at Warsaw with great success, and subscriptions have been raised throughout Poland for the purchase of an estate for the veteran writer. The Russian Government has granted him permission to revisit his native country during the year of jubilee.

PROF. SPIEGEL has just finished the third and last volume of his "Eranische Alterthumskunde," containing the last three chapters of the History of the Persians, from the time of Alexander the Great to the Moham-

medan conquest, and two chapters on the public and private life, and on science and art in Persia. A complete index for the three volumes concludes the work.

THE Paris press is thus divided among the political parties. The Republican party possess twenty-two newspapers, with a circulation of 200,000 copies; the Legitimists, six newspapers, with a circulation of 25,000 copies; the Orleanists five newspapers, with a circulation of 30,000 copies; the Bonapartists seven newspapers, with a circulation of 70,000 copies. The *Figaro*, which has the largest circulation of any Paris newspaper, cannot be classed under any head.

THE *Evénement* says that the following is a complete list of the manuscripts left by M. Thiers:—1. An uncompleted work on the "Origine et la Destinée de l'Homme;" 2. "Histoire de l'Indemnité du Guerre de Cinq Millions," terminated; 3. Some notes on various political events in the time of Louis Philippe; 4. The history of several episodes of the Presidency of M. Thiers (among others the opening of the National Assembly of Bordeaux and Versailles; the Commune; and the election of M. Barodet); 5. A voluminous correspondence on the varied subjects.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK had, before his death, made considerable progress with an Autobiography, which commences nearly eighty years ago, and comprises "recollections" of many well-known literary characters. This work will be completed and edited by his widow, Mrs. Eliza Cruikshank, who has been assisting in its preparation throughout, and arrangements have already been made for its publication. It will contain numerous illustrations prepared by George Cruikshank expressly for the book.

A NEW publishing society, the Hercules Club, is to be added to the list of organizations of this sort so much in favor in England. The plan of the society principally provides that its founders and fellows shall take names from the characters of Homer and Shakespeare, by which they shall be known at all meetings. The club proposes "independent research into the material of early Anglo-American literature, chronology, and history," and will issue carefully edited and beautifully printed reprints of rare books and MSS., of which the ten scheduled for the first year are already through the press. Among these are Captain John Smith's "True Relation" as to Virginia, and his "Description of New England." The subscription is six guineas for the year's issue, of which but 176 copies are printed. The Chiswick Press is the business headquarters of the club.

DON MARCOS DE LA ESPADA is about to have published in Madrid a work of importance to the geographical historian; it is the history of various journeys made in the fourteenth century by a missionary. The unknown author made several important journeys in Africa, between the years 1320 and 1330, not only along the coast from Morocco to Sierra Leone, and thence to Dahomey, but also from Senegal into the interior. He visited the Soudan, reached Dongola, and hence traversed the Nile to Damietta.

At a meeting recently held in Manchester, to discuss the question of opening Free Libraries on Sundays, the result of the Sunday opening in Birmingham, as given by the chairman of the Libraries Committee in that town, was stated. He says that "The Library and Art Gallery are opened on Sunday afternoons and evenings. The success has been complete, and there are many who were thoroughly opposed to the movement at its commencement whose opposition has now ceased in the light of experience of its working."

ONE of the leading publishing houses of Paris is making arrangements for the speedy appearance of an enormous work, "*Études sur l'Exposition de 1878*," under the direction of M. E. Lacroix. This work is intended to be a complete record of the progress made in all the arts up to the present date, and its thoroughness and value have been assured by the promised co-operation of a large number of leading authorities. The French Ministers of Public Works, of Commerce, and of Agriculture, have already promised all necessary assistance on the part of the Government, so that the undertaking will start under the most favorable auspices.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

NEW OBSERVATIONS ON DIGESTION.—The *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Sciences, Paris, give an account of a patient who, through entire closure of the esophagus or gullet, could get neither food nor liquid into his stomach, and had to undergo the operation of gastrotomy. Through the opening thus made the operator passed different substances and took note of the time they remained in the stomach. Starch, fat, and flesh disappear in from three to four hours; milk is digested in an hour and a half or two hours, and alcohol and water are absorbed in from thirty-five to forty-five minutes. One day a small quantity of pure gastric juice was taken from the stomach for experiment: it is described as colorless, viscid, yet easily filterable,

having little odor, and not putrefying spontaneously. The acidity of the gastric juice varies but slightly whether mixed with food or not, the mean being 1.7 gram of hydrochloric acid to one thousand grams of liquid. "The quantity of liquid," we are informed, "found in the stomach has no influence on its acidity; the latter is almost invariable whether the stomach be nearly empty or very full. Wine and alcohol increase the acidity, while cane-sugar diminishes it. If acid or alkaline liquids are injected into the stomach, the gastric juice reassumes its normal acidity in about one hour. It is more acid during digestion than when digestion is not going on, and the acidity increases towards the end of the process. Since the stomach is generally empty at the end of four hours, and hunger does not supervene till about six hours after a meal, it would seem that hunger does not result solely from emptiness of the stomach." This last remark is not in accordance with the opinions of other physiologists; but we venture to suggest that in common with the limbs, the stomach needs rest, and finds it in the two hours of quiet above mentioned. We would further remark, that the theory that sugar does not create acid in the stomach is contrary to all ordinary medical teaching, and even of daily experience.

**TEMPERATURE OF FLAMES.**—In the *Gazetta chimica Italiana* an account is given by F. Rosetti of some experiments on the above subject. To examine the temperatures he employs a thermo-electric element, consisting of an iron and a platinum wire wound closely together and connected with the galvanometer. This latter was graduated to various temperatures by observing the deviation consequent on bringing the element in contact with a copper cylinder heated to known temperatures; these being determined by introducing the cylinder into a calorimeter. With such an arrangement he has investigated the flame of a Bunsen's burner, finding that in the same horizontal strata there were but slight alterations in the temperature, with the exception of the dark interior portion. Thus, where the external envelope showed 1,350 deg., the violet portion of the flame was 1,250 deg., the blue 1,200 deg., but the internal portion much lower, its temperature gradually decreasing from the base of the flame upwards. A flame produced by the combustion of a mixture of two volumes of illuminating gas and three volumes of carbonic oxide, showed a temperature of 1,000 deg.

**HEAT OF THE BODY.**—Among the reports received by the British Army Medical Department from Army surgeons on service abroad

is one giving an account of observations on the temperature of the body by Surgeon-Major J. Crosse Johnston, M.D., in medical charge, 43d Regiment. He states that the normal temperature of the body in temperate climates is given in text-books as being about 98.4 deg. in the axilla, and that Dr. Becher's observations, quoted by the late Dr. Parkes, indicate an increase under exposure to high temperatures in the proportion of 0.5 F. for each degree of increase in the temperature of the atmosphere. Dr. Johnston, at Bellary, in September, 1876, with the mean temperature 81.7 deg., made observations night and morning for seven consecutive days upon sixteen men in fair health, and who had been not less than three years resident in India, and he found that the heat in the armpit had a mean of only 97.63 deg., which is not only below what would result from the application of Dr. Becher's formula, but actually less than the standard of temperate climates. Some doubt having arisen as to the accuracy of the thermometers employed, very careful supplementary observations were made, and Dr. Johnston states that 320 readings showed a mean of 97.74 deg., nearly corresponding with the result first obtained. It would seem, therefore, that the temperature of the body is rather less in inter-tropical than in temperate climates.

**RECENT FRENCH INVENTIONS.**—Communications addressed to the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, Paris, describe a method for preventing the deposit of soot in chimneys; but as yet no details are published: also an apparatus for stopping runaway horses (in harness), by completely closing the blinkers; and a way to deaden the blows of a hammer moved by machinery. In this case, the anvil is supported on a float in a reservoir of water. Another subject is a tramway car in which compressed air is the motive-power, as proved during some months on the line between Courbevoie and Puteaux, and the Round Point in the Champs-Élysées. This car has room for thirty passengers, is served by a conductor, and a mechanic who has entire charge of the machinery, which with a number of iron tubes is all placed between the wheels, under the floor, where it occasions no inconvenience to any one. A powerful air-pump at the starting station, forces air enough into the iron tubes for the journey to and fro, and the car travels smoothly and without noise or smoke, and can be stopped and started more readily than a horse-car. Mr. Mékarski, the inventor of this car, has been thanked by the Société for having solved the problem of a locomotive which can be used with safety in crowded streets. Of course there are appliances for regulating the



pressure of the air, and for preventing the deposit of hoar-frost in the tubes, consequent on rapid expansion of air; but for a description of these and other particulars we must refer to the *Bulletin* published by the Society.

**MORPHOLOGY OF THE HUMAN TEETH.**—Dr. E. Lambert, of Brussels, after a careful study of the characters of the teeth in the different races of man, has formulated the important conclusions at which he arrives as follows:

In the *white* race the triturating surface of the canines does not project beyond that of the other teeth; the two premolars are of equal volume; the first true molar is the largest; and the last, or "wisdom-tooth," the smallest.

In the *black* race all these peculiarities are reversed; the canines project beyond the adjoining teeth, the posterior premolar is larger than its fellow, and the true molars increase in size backwards.

In the *white* race the molars usually have only *four* cusps; in the *black*, *five*. If in the *white* race there are five, it is the first molar that has them; in the *black* race it is the last.

In the *yellow* race there is usually, as in the *black*, a slight increase in the size of the true molars from front to back, and there is a fifth cusp on the hindmost molar.

In the *black* race the incisors are larger in diameter than in the *white*, and the triturating surface of the canines is larger than in the adjoining teeth.

In the *black* race there is a slight diastema, which does not exist in the *white*, and the inner tubercle of the premolar is less developed than the outer, as in the Anthropoid apes. The first lower premolar, also, has often a feebly developed inner tubercle, which is another slight manifestation of resemblance to the apes.

In the *black* race the upper molars have the antero-posterior diameter equal to the bilateral; in the *white* it is always smaller, whilst the *yellow* race show an intermediate form.

There is more difference in the teeth between the *black* and *yellow* races than between the *yellow* and *white*; but the Malay branch, the type of the brown race of D'Omalus, seems to be transitional between the *black* and *yellow* with respect to the general volume of the teeth, the number of cusps of the large lower molars, and the tendency to increase of size in the molars posteriorly.

The American race, the red race of D'Omalus, which is usually united with the *yellow*, presents so nearly the same dentary characters as the *black* race that Dr. Lambert unites the two. The Australians, Tasmanians, and New Caledonians in some respects present an exaggeration of the dentary characters of the African negro, and they are also more strongly prognathous.

The crania from the caves of Furfooz (Belgium) have the lower molars decreasing in size backward, as in the *white* race; and this is also the case with seventy neolithic crania exhumed at Hastières. But the palæolithic lower jaw from La Naulette (Belgium) approximates most to that of the Australian and New Caledonian races, thus showing a resemblance in the age of the mammoth between man in Belgium and the existing races of the antipodes.

**AN IMPROVED SEWING MACHINE.**—A Vienna mechanician has, according to *Nature*, recently succeeded, after many fruitless trials, in constructing a sewing machine which does not require the person working at it to submit to the unpleasant and unhealthy necessity of constant bodily exertion, viz., setting the machine in motion by the foot. Since, for pecuniary reasons, the application of electricity, steam, or water power was impossible, the inventor of the new machine was restricted to gravitation or elasticity, and he, preferring the latter force, has contrived to make springs strong enough to keep an ordinary sized machine in motion for hours. A system of cog-wheels is arranged underneath the surface of the table upon which the machine is fixed, and by a handle at the side the spring is wound up with the greatest facility. The velocity at which the machine works is entirely at the option of the person using it, and can be regulated *ad libitum*, and in the simplest manner.

"HEAT IS LIFE—COLD IS DEATH."—The saying "heat is life—cold is death" has a striking illustration and confirmation in the reports now regularly submitted by Dr. Russell to the Glasgow Sanitary Committee. The death-rate rises and falls with the regularity of the thermometer. So many degrees less heat, so many more deaths, and *vice versa*. In a recent fortnightly report Dr. Russell says:—"The death-rate in the first week of the fortnight was twenty-one; in the second week, twenty-five. The mean temperature in the former week was 40·8 deg. F., in the latter 39·5." He attributes the low rate of the first week to the high mean temperature of the preceding fortnight, which was 47·3 deg., and adds:—"This is a good illustration of a law which we frequently observe in these reports of temperatures and death-rates—that a week of low temperature produces a rise in mortality the week following." This, remarks the *Sanitary Record*, explodes another popular notion, not specially of the old, but of the young and strong, that a good sharp frost with a plentiful accompaniment of snow is the most healthy winter weather we can have.

**ANOTHER POMPEII.**—Another Pompeii has, reports *Nature*, been accidentally discovered

in the neighborhood of Mount Gargano, near Manfredonia. There were found an ancient temple of Diana, a magnificent portico about twenty metres long, with an underground necropolis of great extent. A large number of important inscriptions has already been forwarded to, and exhibited by, the National Museum of Naples. The discovered city is the ancient Sipuntum, near Arpinum, mentioned by Strabo and Titus Livius. The houses are nearly twenty feet beneath the cultivated soil. This town was at the time engulfed in consequence of a terrible earthquake. The Italian Government has ordered researches to be made on a large scale.

**ENGRAVING ON GLASS.**—A new method of engraving on glass was described by M. Planté at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, electricity being utilised for the purpose. The surface of a plate of glass or crystal having been covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash, and a horizontal platinum wire, connected with one of the poles of an electric battery, being placed in the liquid along the edges of the glass, any design may be easily drawn on the glass by touching it with the point at the other end of the platinum wire. The wire forming the "pencil" is insulated, the tip alone remaining uncovered, and by simply using the wire as an ordinary pencil and tracing imaginary lines on the surface of the glass, the design is permanently reproduced and distinctly engraven thereon. Flat surfaces may be easily treated in this manner, but the difficulty of keeping convex surfaces covered with the nitrate of potash is likely to prove an obstacle to the general adoption of the system. By means of a specially constructed bath, however, it may be possible to overcome the difficulty.

**BEEF-EATING PLANTS.**—Mr. Francis Darwin has carried out a series of successful experiments to test the question whether carnivorous plants really benefit by the insects which they capture and kill. About 200 plants of *Drosera rotundifolia* were cultivated in soup plates during most of last summer. Each plate was divided as to its contents by a wooden partition; but was wholly screened by gauze. One half the plants in each plate had a few small bits of roast meat fed to them, at intervals, by being placed on the leaves; the weight of the meat being about the fiftieth of a grain. The plants in the other half of each plate were not so favored; otherwise all were treated alike. At the end of the season the fed plants weighed 21.5 per cent more than the others; the flower stems, seeds, and capsules of the fed plants were about 2½ times

heavier, and the seeds weighed about 3.8 times more than the unfed ones. This seems conclusive proof that the plants under natural conditions are largely benefited by the capture of insects, which are assimilated as plant-food through the leaves.

**LIQUID AND SOLID OXYGEN.**—The rumor mentioned in our last month's issue has been verified, and we now know that hydrogen and nitrogen have yielded to the power of the physicist, and that there is no longer, in our part of the universe, any such thing as a permanent gas. After Pictet in Geneva had led the way by liquefying oxygen, Cailletet followed in Paris with the other two; but Pictet has since gone farther, and has obtained liquid hydrogen in considerable quantity, and has produced solid particles of oxygen. In communicating these facts to a scientific body in Paris, Mr. Dumas, the eminent chemist, stated to his hearers they might take it for granted that in swallowing a glass of water they were really drinking a metallic oxide.

#### VARIETIES.

**THE COSSACK OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.**—It was not until the great war with Napoleon Bonaparte, in the early years of the present century, that the Cossacks first became generally known in Europe as a part of the Russian army. Afterwards they acquired a sort of melodramatic halo from Byron's poem of "Mazeppa," written in 1818. As a species of irregular cavalry—daring in spirit, hardy in constitution, rapid of movement, and always self-reliant—they are undoubtedly valuable troops. Some of them are enrolled in regiments of the Guard and of the Line; but for the most part they maintain their separate and distinctive organisation. They form the bulk of the forces employed in Siberia, and are always ready when any hard or difficult service is to be performed. Of infantry they furnish but few; the Cossack is generally a horseman. Unlike other Russians, the Cossacks have at all times enjoyed a remarkable degree of freedom. Serfage has never existed among them; with the haughtiness of a military race they have combined something of the wild liberty that belongs to pastoral and nomadic tribes, accustomed to the spacious life of the desert. The Cossack commune owns the entire territory on which it is encamped, and all its members have an equal right to the use of the land, together with the pastures, hunting-grounds, and fisheries. The people pay no taxes to the Imperial Government, but are bound to perform military service. The Cossacks of the Ukraine have for a long time lost, to a very

great extent, the military organisation for which they were once as famous as their brethren; yet, when France invaded Russia in 1812, they were able to equip, at their own expense, a force of 18,000 cavalry. The other tribes are still admirable auxiliaries, and in any great war are certain to distinguish themselves. Until recently, every male Cossack from fifteen to sixty years of age was bound to render military service, if called on to do so; and the total number of Cossacks under arms has been lately computed at 129,000. One half of this force is kept in readiness for immediate service; the other forms the reserve; but the whole may at any time be called out at once, and the strength of the regiments may be augmented at the Emperor's pleasure. Each of these warriors is obliged to equip, clothe, and arm himself at his own expense, and to keep his horse; and it is only when on active service beyond the frontiers of his own country that he receives any pay, rations, or provender. In time of war the period of service is unlimited; during peace it is confined to three years. The artillery and train are provided at the expense of Government, and the Emperor makes certain yearly payments to the Cossack communities, as a means of securing their services and allegiance. The uniform of these irregular cavalry regiments is not the same in all instances; but for the most part the men wear a short tunic and a long great-coat, blue trousers tucked into high boots, and a black sheep-skin cap. They ride small, wiry ponies, very indifferent to look at, but capable of an extraordinary degree of fatigue; and are armed with a long lance, a carbine, a revolver, a curved sword, and a formidable whip.—*History of the Russo-Turkish War*, by Edmund Ollier.

**COLOR OF THE HAIR.**—The varieties of color which characterise the hair of different nations are interesting to note. The complexion, which sympathises with the color of the hair, or, rather, with which the color of the hair sympathises, depends much on accidental circumstances—a florid complexion, for instance, being usually the result of healthfulness of employment and wholesome food. In the south of England the hair is usually darker than in the Midland Counties, and, again, in Lancashire and Yorkshire it is principally of a handsome brown. The females of Lancashire are especially celebrated for the beauty of their eyes and hair. The Highlanders of Scotland are generally brown-haired, but in some districts rather sandy. "Partington's Encyclopædia" says: "They are seldom bald-headed, and in this respect differ from the Lowlanders, whose hair is usually more scanty." Amongst the Irish peasantry the

hair is generally dark, and in some districts particularly black, especially about Roscrea and its vicinity. "This character," observes the authority just quoted, "may be noticed to prevail throughout a great portion of the south of Ireland." The distinguishing trait of the Irish peasantry is the low eyelash, which is particularly dark and thick, more so than among other people, except the natives of Savoy. In Normandy not a trace of the red hair, supposed by some to belong to the early Norman physiognomy, is now seen. In Burgundy the light-brown hair and grey eyes have succeeded to the asserted rutilous character of its ancient conquerors. The prevailing colors of hair in France are, however, dark brown and black. The German peasantry are a fair-complexioned, grey-eyed race, with hair of some shade of brown, in some districts flaxen or yellowish, but very seldom red. The Spaniards and Italians are famous for their black hair, but that of the former is often coarse, while that of the latter is silky and beautifully glossy.—*The Perruquier*.

**SMALL BIRDS AND FRUIT.**—The longer we live the greater difficulty we find in ascertaining the truth even about the simplest matters of fact. Take the case of the small birds, for example. According to one set of witnesses they are, in proportion to their size, the biggest thieves imaginable; and, unless thinned off by arguments addressed to them in the shape of lead, they will strip your garden of the choicest fruit and vegetables. According to another set of witnesses, they are, from a gardening point of view, the greatest benefactors imaginable, for they eat millions of destructive insects; and if, after a dinner composed of slugs and hairy caterpillars, they take one of your half-ripe strawberries by way of dessert, who such a curmudgeon as to grudge them the relish? Now which of these descriptions are we to believe? We should prefer to believe the latter, which depicts the dickerbirds as such gentlemanlike, considerate little fellows; but we suspect that, as in most other cases, the truth lies somewhere between the extremes, and that our small feathered friends are neither so black nor so rose-colored as they have been painted. It is well-known that in France, where at one time small birds were almost extinguished by the merciless war waged against them by bold sportsmen of the type depicted in Seymour's caricatures, insects increased so much as to threaten farmers and gardeners with ruin. It is also worth noting that, where man does not interfere, or interferes only as a feeble savage unprovided with firearms, Nature keeps up the balance of numbers among her various children with an admirable regularity. But

when civilised man comes on the scene, he upsets Nature's ingenious arrangements. For example, he shoots and entraps the hawks, and kites, and weasels, and polecats, which are the natural foes of the smaller graminivorous birds; while, by setting before their eyes acres of luscious garden dainties, he tempts these said small birds to marry and have babies more rapidly than when the bulk of the country was in its natural condition of forest, marsh, or heath. Hence we think that the gun should be occasionally used to redress the balance, though at the same time we should try the more merciful plan recommended by Mr. Davidson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who says that, if provided with bread-crumbs and granary refuse, small birds will repay tenfold, by their destruction of insect pests, any little damage they cause to vegetables.—*Graphic*.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN COREA. — When children have reached the age of puberty, their parents betroth and marry them, without consulting them, without troubling themselves about their tastes, and often even against their inclinations. The only thing that is considered, is the rank of the two contracting families; the character and feelings of the future couple are not taken into account at all. The father of the man puts himself into communication with the father of the girl, *viva voce*, if they live near one another, and by letter, if at a distance; they discuss the different conditions of the contract, make all arrangements, and fix upon a day for the ceremony, which appears most favorable according to the calculations of the fortune-tellers. In some respects these preliminaries to marriage, it will be seen, resemble those in vogue among the Chinese. An evening or two before the day appointed for the marriage, the lady obtains the assistance of a friend to put up her hair, and one of the bridegroom's relations or acquaintances does the same for him. Those who are chosen to perform this ceremony, are selected with great care, and are called *pok-siou* (in Chinese *pai-shou*), i.e. "lucky hands." The following is an explanation of this somewhat odd practice. The children of both sexes wear their hair in a single tress which hangs down their backs, and they always go barcheaded; as long as they are unmarried, they are considered children (*ahai*), they are obliged to dress their hair in this way. They can then play childish tricks and pranks, without any notice being taken of them, for they are not supposed to be capable of serious thought or action. But marriage brings civil emancipation, at whatever age it may be contracted, even if the bridegroom be no more than twelve or thirteen years old.

Henceforth they are men and women, and must put away childish things; the new wife takes her place among matrons, and the young husband has the right of speaking at meetings of men, and also of wearing a hat for the future! After the hair has been "put up" for marriage, the men wear it knotted on the tops of their heads, a little to the front. According to ancient tradition, they ought never to cut a single hair off, but especially at the capital, young men who wish to turn their personal advantages to account, and avoid wearing too thick a bundle of hair, have the tops of their heads shaved. Married women, on the contrary, not only preserve all their hair, but procure some false hair in addition, in order to make the two braids, in which their hair is arranged, appear as thick as possible; those of all classes at the capital, and ladies of noble rank in the provinces, make with these two braids a species of large chignon, which is kept together by a long silver or copper pin, placed crosswise, and falls back over the neck; among the lower classes in the provinces these braids are rolled round the head like a turban and knotted over the forehead. Spinsters, who object to the holy estate of matrimony, and bachelors, who, though well on in life, have not been able to find a help-mate, secretly "put up" their hair themselves, and make believe that they have been married, in order that they may not be treated as children all their lives. This, of course, is a grave violation of national custom, but still it is winked at.—*Sunday Magazine*.

#### A STRANGE SINGER.

Joy's the shyest bird  
Mortal ever heard;  
Listen rapt and silent when he sings;  
Do not seek to see,  
Lest the vision be  
But a flutter of departing wings.

Straight down out of heaven  
Drops the fiery leaven,  
Beating, burning, rising in his breast;  
Never, never long  
Canst thou bear the song,  
All too high for labor or for rest.

Hope can sit and sing  
With a folded wing,  
Long contented in a narrow cage;  
Patience on the nest,  
Hour by hour will rest,  
Brooding tender things in hermitage.

Singers true and sweet,  
Mockers bright and fleet,  
Close about thy door they flit and call;  
One that will not stay  
Draws thy heart away;  
Listen! listen! It is more than all.

—*Carl Spenser*.



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